RELIGIOUS FOLK SONGS OF THE NEGRO

AS SUNG ON THE PLANTATIONS

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PREFACE

THE slave music of the South presents a field for research and study very extensive and rich, and one which has been scarcely more than entered upon.

There are evidently, I think, two legitimate methods of treating this music: either to render it in its absolute, rude simplicity, or to develop it without destroying its original characteristics, the only proper field for such development being in harmony.

Practical experience shows the necessity, in some cases, of making compensation for its loss in being transplanted. Half its effectiveness in its home depends upon accompaniments which can be carried away only in memory. The inspiration of numbers; the overpowering chorus, covering defects; the swaying of the body; the rhythmical stamping of the feet; and all the wild enthusiasm of the Negro camp-meeting—these evidently cannot be transported to the boards of a public performance. To secure variety and do justice to the music, I have, therefore, treated it by both methods. The most characteristic of the songs are left entirely or nearly untouched. On the other hand the improvement which a careful bringing out of the various parts has effected in such pieces as *"Some o' dese mornin's,"* *"Bright sparkles in de churchyard,"* *"Dust an' ashes,"* and *"The church of God,"* which seemed especially susceptible to such development, suggests possibilities of making more than has ever yet been made out of this slave music.

Another obstacle to its rendering is the fact that tones are frequently employed which we have no musical characters to represent. Such, for example, is that which I have indicated as nearly as possible by the flat seventh in *"Great campmeetin',"* *"Hard trials,"* and others. These tones are variable in pitch, ranging through an entire interval on different occasions, according to the inspiration of the singer. They are rarely discordant and often add a charm to the performance. It is of course impossible to explain them in words, and to those who wish to sing them, the best advice is

INTRODUCTION

IN publishing this new and enlarged edition of the Hampton songs, little explanation is needed, for it is done in response to a demand. Ever since the publication of the first edition in 1874, when the band of Hampton Student Singers were helping to raise the walls of Virginia Hall by its concerts in the North, there have been frequent requests for their music. Meanwhile, though the old favorites have not been neglected, many more melodies, striking and beautiful, have been brought in by students from various parts of the South. The field seems almost inexhaustible. Their origin no one exactly knows. An old "Aunty," questioned on the subject, declared that " When Mass'a Jesus He walk' de earth, when He feel tired He sit a-restin' on Jacob's well and made up dese yer spirituals for His people." A half-familiar strain, recalling some old ballad or psalm-tune, now and then suggests a possible solution for some of them; and, as Lowell said of Chaucer, "If one can transmute lead into gold, why ask where one got one's lead ?" So strikingly original, as well as of such quaint, pathetic, even artistic beauty, are most of them, that they justify Edward Everett Hale's assertion that they are "the only American music."

A consideration of the slave music of the South, from the musician's standpoint, was made by Mr. Thomas P. Fenner, who trained the original band of Hampton Student Singers and arranged the songs in the first edition of this book, his preface to which is subjoined. The disposition which he noticed in the freedmen to be ashamed of the songs of slave times still exists. Some of the old ring is lost with the experience that called it forth. Yet the people are still natural musicians and it is easy to arouse in the more advanced an intelligent interest in the characteristic music which excites

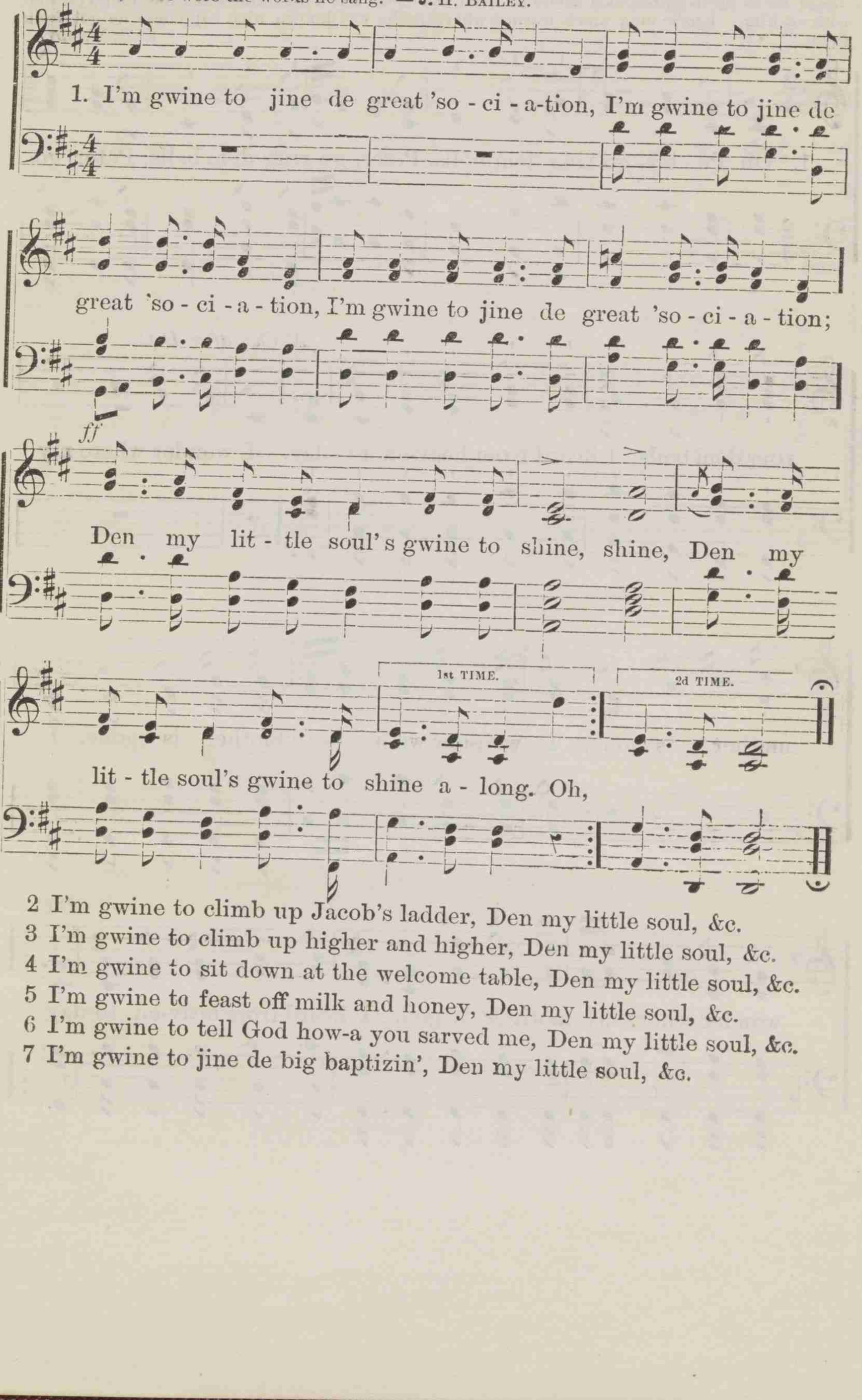
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RELIGIOUS FOLK SONGS OF THE NEGRO

Oh, den my little Soul's gwine to Shine.

"This was sung by a boy who was sold down South by his master; and when he parted from his mother, these were the words he sang."—J. H. Bailey.



2 I'm gwine to climb up Jacob's ladder, Den my little soul, &c.
3 I'm gwine to climb up higher and higher, Den my little soul, &c.
4 I'm gwine to sit down at the welcome table, Den my little soul, &c.
5 I'm gwine to feast off milk and honey, Den my little soul, &c.
6 I'm gwine to tell God how-a you sarved me, Den my little soul, &c.
7 I'm gwine to jine de big baptizin', Den my little soul, &c.

that most useful in learning to pronounce a foreign language: *Study all the rules you please; then—go listen to a native.*

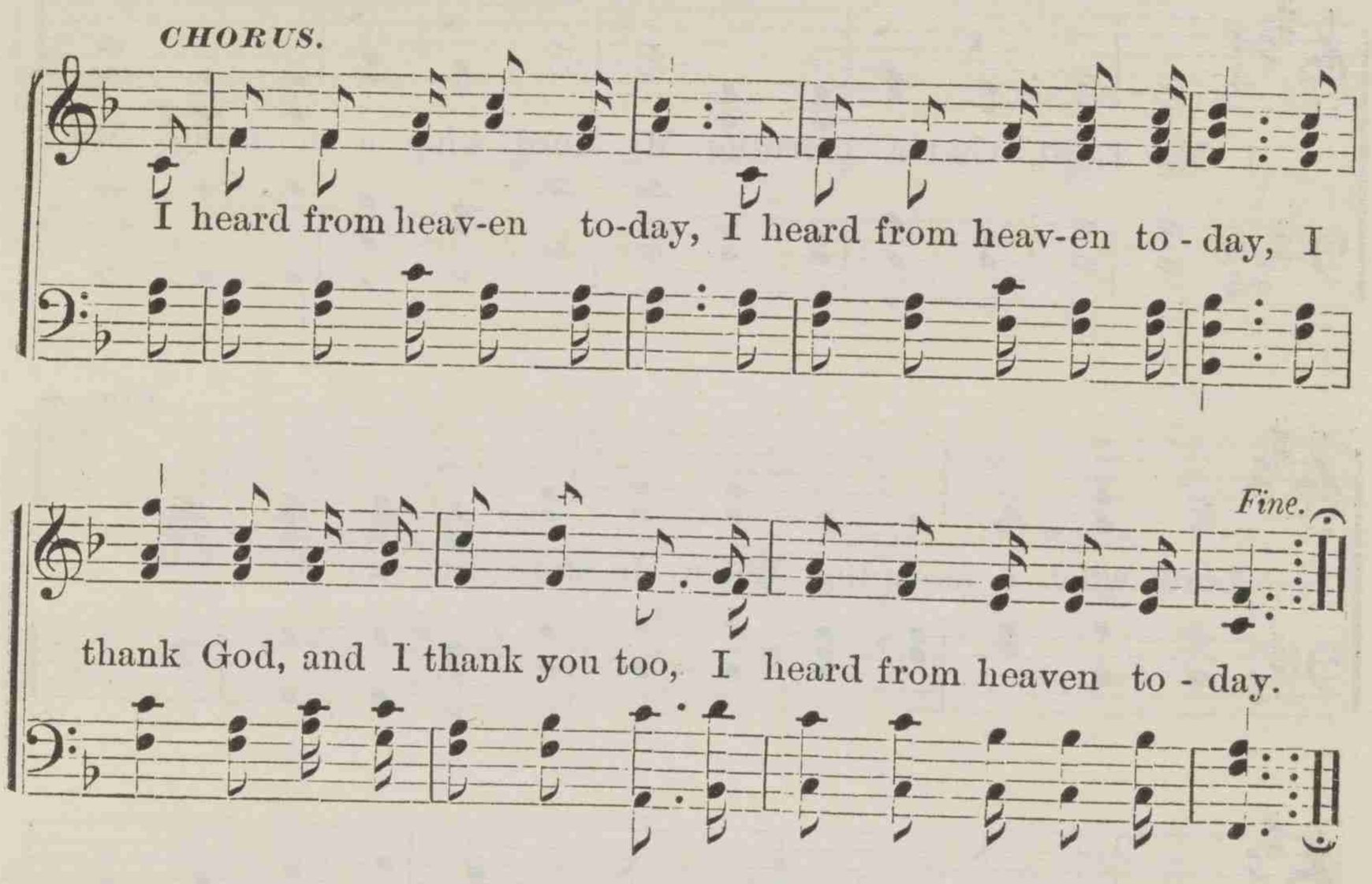
One reason for publishing this slave music is that it is rapidly passing away. It may be that this people which has developed such a wonderful musical sense in its degradation will, in its maturity, produce a composer who could bring a music of the future out of the music of the past. At present, however, the freedmen have an unfortunate inclination to despise it as a vestige of slavery; those who learned it in the old time, when it was the natural outpouring of their sorrows and longings, are dying off; and if efforts are not made for its preservation the country will soon have lost this wonderful music of bondage.

The melodies in this book, with few exceptions, are published here for the first time, and the exceptions are themselves original in arrangement and effect. The words of the slave hymns are often common property through the South, but are sung to different tunes in different sections of the country.

THOMAS P. FENNER

HAMPTON, VA., January 1, 1874.

Peter, go Ring dem Bells.—*Concluded.*



2 I wonder where sister Mary 's gone—
I heard from heaven to-day;
I wonder where sister Martha's gone—
I heard from heaven to-day;
It's good news, and I thank God—
I heard from heaven to-day.
Oh, Peter, go ring dem bells—
I heard from heaven to-day.

CHO.—I heard from heaven, &c.

3 I wonder where brudder Moses gone—
I heard from heaven to-day;
I wonder where brudder Daniel 's gone—
I heard from heaven to-day;
He 's gone where Elijah has gone—
I heard from heaven to-day;
Oh, Peter, go ring dem bells—
I heard from heaven to-day.

CHO.—I heard from heaven, &c.

so much sympathy and respect for their race, and is so identified with their past history and their present fortunes.

NOTE TO NEW EDITION

For the fourth time we are publishing these Negro Religious Folk Songs. To this edition are being added some twenty-five new ones for the use of which we wish to acknowledge the courtesy of Professor F. J. Work of Fisk University, Mrs. Jennie C. Lee of Tuskegee Institute, the Calhoun Colored School, and the Penn School.

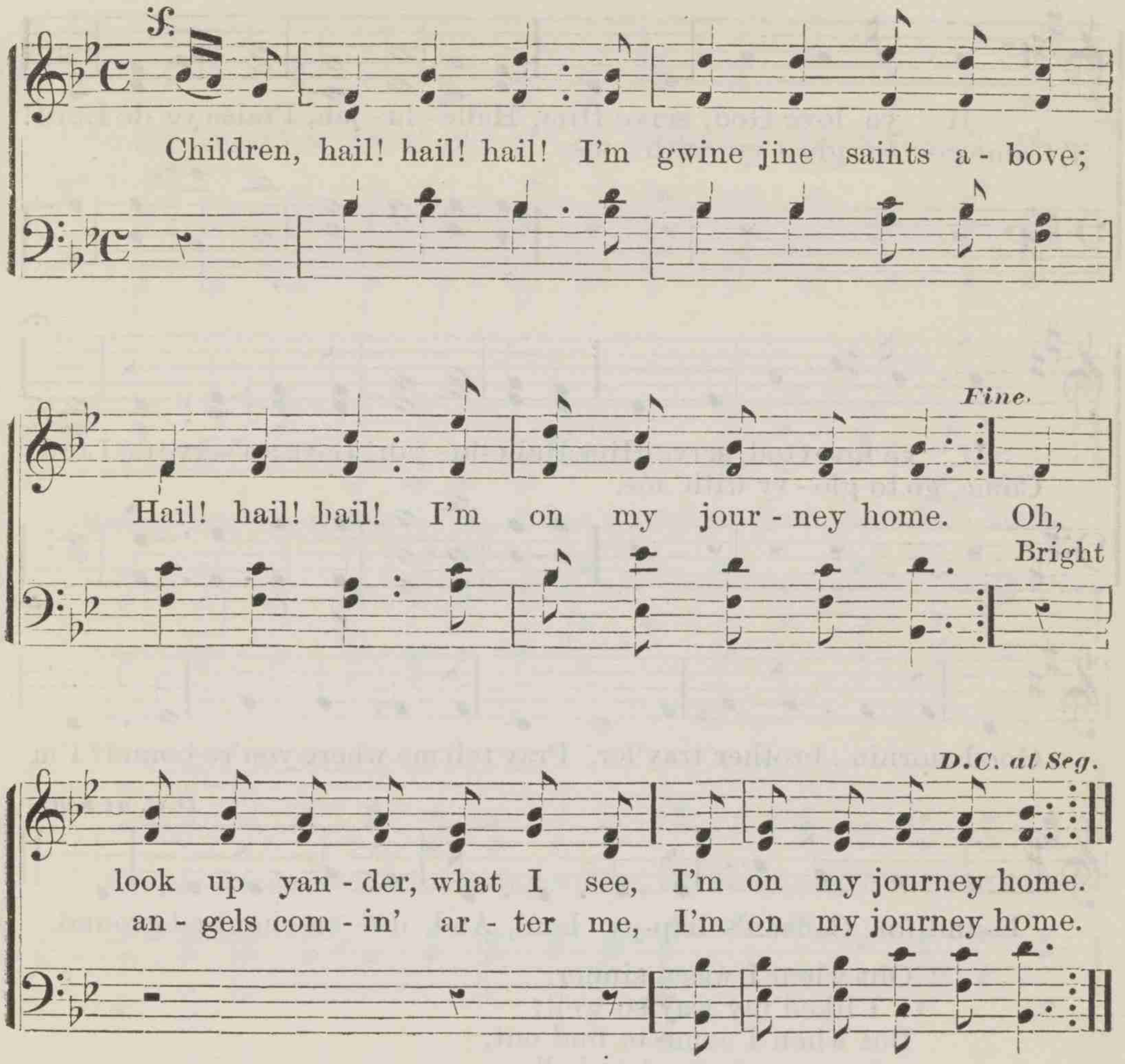
It is exceedingly gratifying to know that these songs and Negro folklore generally are not only continuing to hold their own among white people but are becoming more and more popular with Negroes themselves. General Armstrong often referred to the plantation songs as a wonderful possession which the Negro should hold on to as a priceless legacy. They are truly a priceless legacy. Though the words are sometimes rude and the strains often wild, yet they are the outpourings of an ignorant and poverty-stricken people whose religious longing and ideals struggled for expression and found it through limited vocabularies and primitive harmonies. They are not merely poetry, they are more than poetry, they are life itself—the life of the human soul manifesting itself in rude words, wild strains, and curious though beautiful harmonies.

For nearly a score of years I have led the plantation songs at Hampton Institute, and while in a general way we adhere to the music as notated in this book, we find that the best results are usually obtained by allowing the students, after they have once caught the air, to sing as seems to them most easy and natural.

ROBERT R. MOTON,
Commandant.

Hampton Institute,
Hampton, Va., May 11, 1909.

Hail! Hail! Hail!



2 If you git dere before I do,
I'm on my journey home—
Look out for me—I'm comin' too;
I'm on my journey home.

Cho.—Children, hail, &c.

3 Oh, hallelujah to de Lamb!
I'm on my journey home;
King Jesus died for ebry man,
I'm on my journey home.

Cho.—Children, hail, &c.

Peter, go Ring dem Bells.

"A secret prayer-meeting song, sung by Thomas Vess, a blacksmith and a slave. He especially sang it when any one confessed religion. Thomas Vess was a man whose heart was given to these songs, for in the neighborhood where he lived, it seemed like a prayer-meeting did not go on well without him. I have long since learned wherever he was known what happiness he got from them."

J. M. WADDY.



Swing low, sweet Chariot.



2 Oh de good ole chariot will take us all home,
I don't want to leave me behind.

Cho.—Oh swing low, sweet chariot, &c.

My Lord, what a Morning.

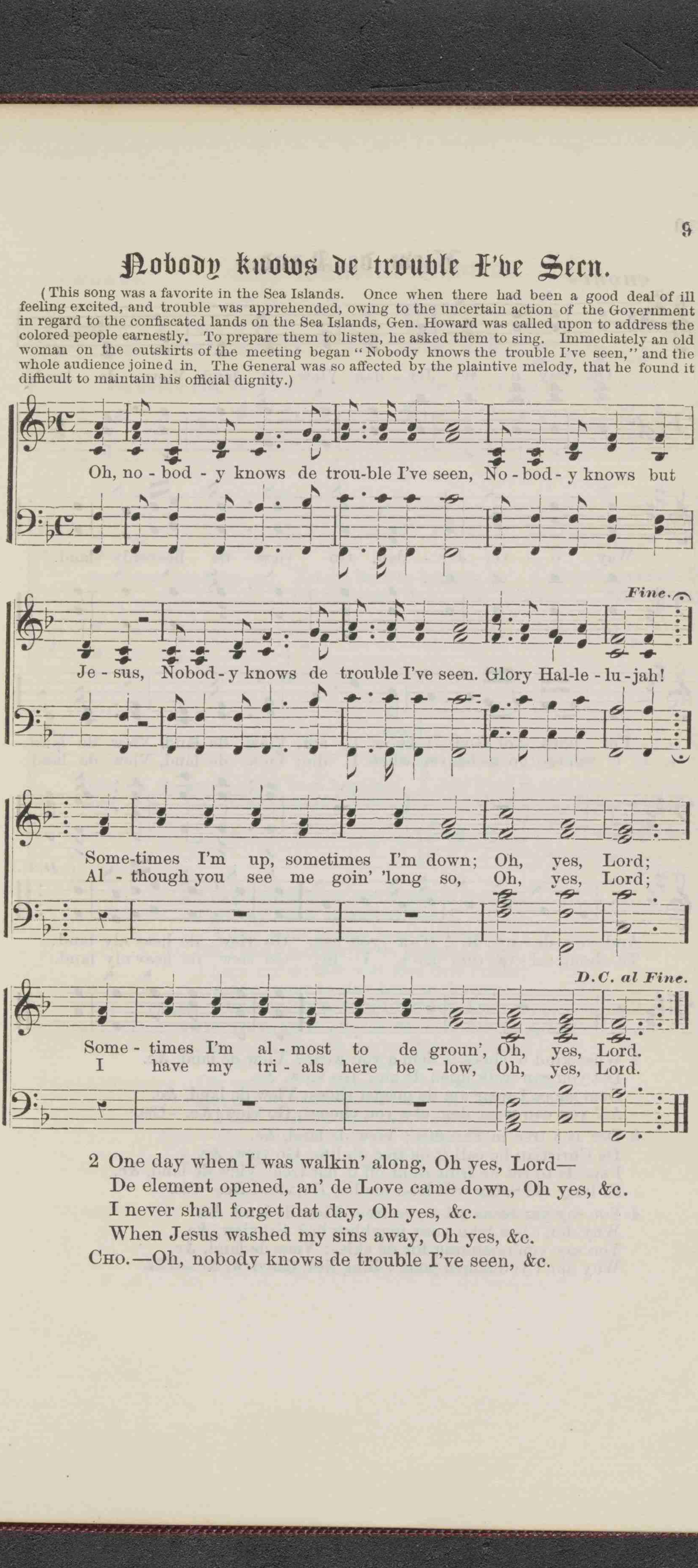


2 You 'll hear de Christians shout, To wake, &c.
Look in my God's right hand, When de stars, &c.
You 'll hear de angels sing, To wake, &c.
Look in my God's right hand, When de stars, &c.
Cho.—My Lord, what a morning, &c.

3 You 'll see my Jesus come, To wake, &c.
Look in my God's right hand, When de stars, &c.
His chariot wheels roll round, To wake, &c.
Look in my God's right hand, When de stars, &c.
Cho.—My Lord, what a morning, &c.

Nobody knows de trouble I've Seen.

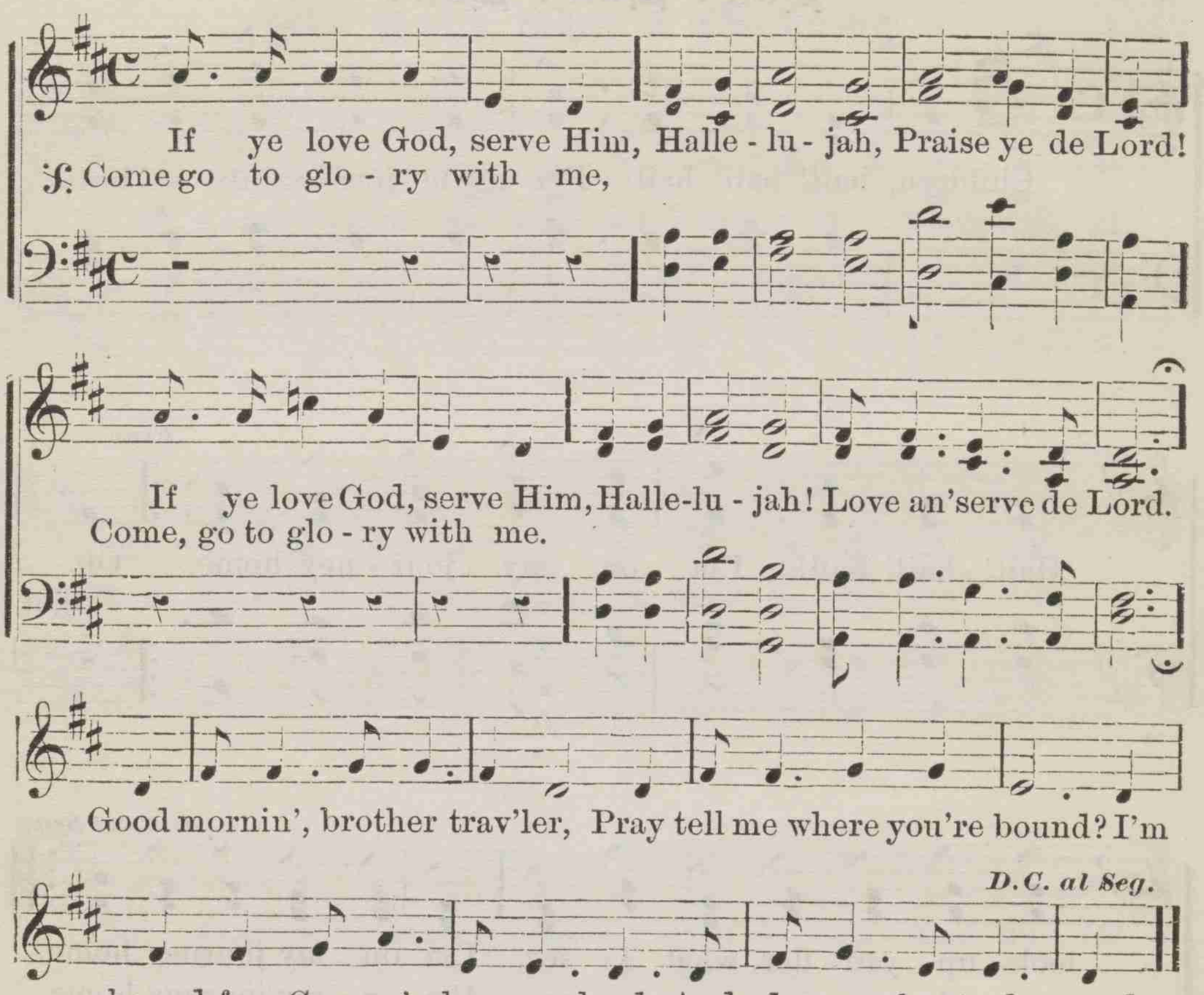
(This song was a favorite in the Sea Islands. Once when there had been a good deal of ill feeling excited, and trouble was apprehended, owing to the uncertain action of the Government in regard to the confiscated lands on the Sea Islands, Gen. Howard was called upon to address the colored people earnestly. To prepare them to listen, he asked them to sing. Immediately an old woman on the outskirts of the meeting began "Nobody knows the trouble I've seen," and the whole audience joined in. The General was so affected by the plaintive melody, that he found it difficult to maintain his official dignity.)



2 One day when I was walkin' along, Oh yes, Lord—
De element opened, an' de Love came down, Oh yes, &c.
I never shall forget dat day, Oh yes, &c.
When Jesus washed my sins away, Oh yes, &c.

Cho.—Oh, nobody knows de trouble I've seen, &c.

Love an' serve de Lord.



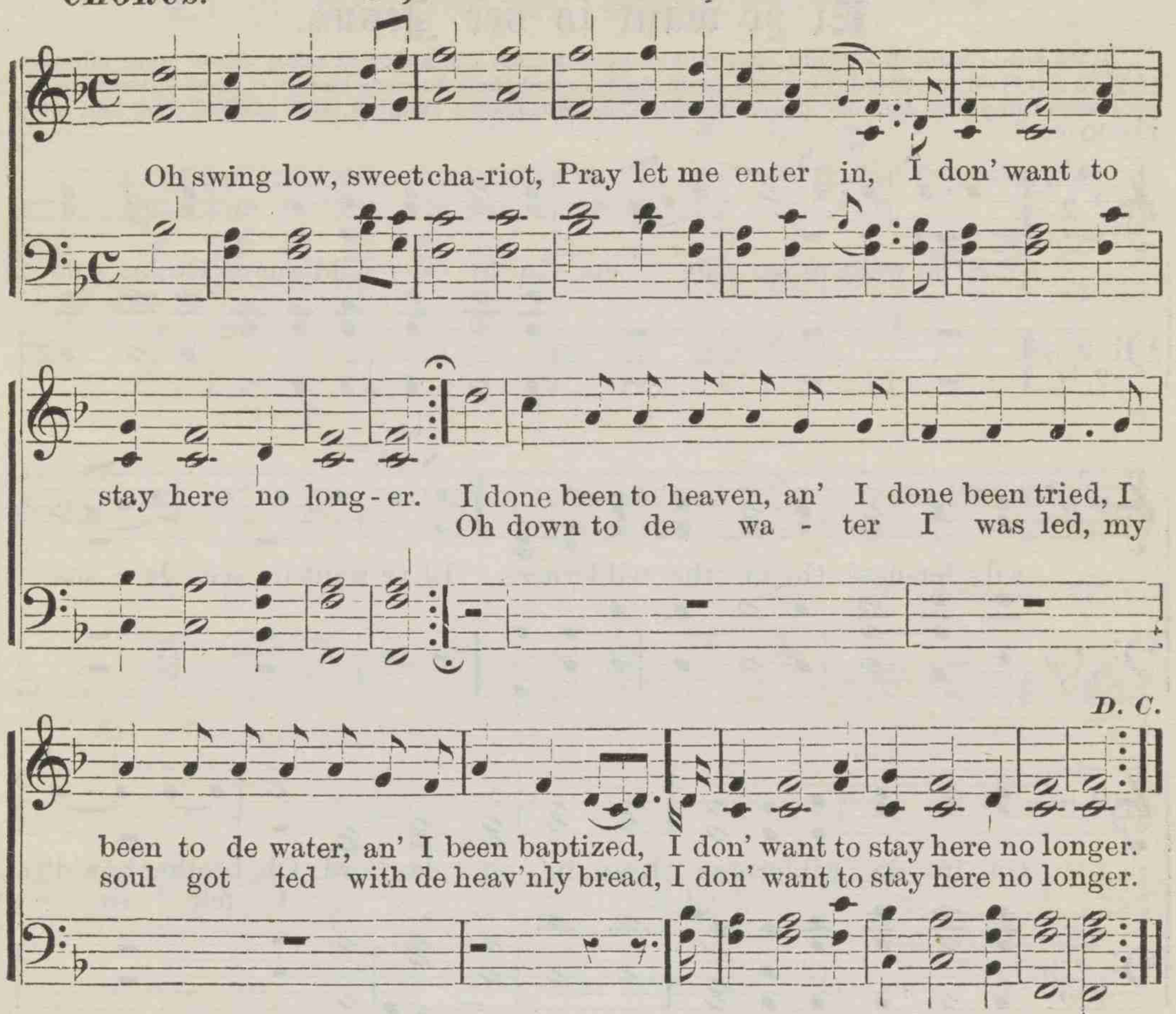
2 Oh, when I was a sinner,
I liked my way so well;
But when I come to find out,
I was on de road to hell.
CHO.—I fleed to Jesus—Hallelujah! &c.
Oh, Jesus received me, Hallelujah, &c.

3 De Father, He looked on de Son, and smiled,
De Son, He looked on me;
De Father, redeemed my soul from hell;
An' de Son, He set me free.
CHO.—I shouted Hallelujah! Hallelujah, &c.
I praised my Jesus, Hallelujah, &c.

4 Oh when we all shall get dere,
Upon dat-a heavenly sho',
We'll walk about dem-a golden streets,
An' nebber part no mo'.
CHO.—No rebukin' in de churches—Hallelujah,
Ebery day be Sunday—Hallelujah, &c.

The Danville Chariot.

CHORUS.



2 I had a little book, an' I read it through,
I got my Jesus as well as you;
I don' want to stay here no longer;
Oh I got a mother in de promised land,
I hope my mother will feed dem lambs;
I don' want to stay here no longer.
CHO.—Oh swing low, sweet chariot, &c.

3 Oh, some go to church for to holler an' shout,
Before six months dey're all turned out;
I don' want to stay here no longer.
Oh, some go to church for to laugh an' talk,
But dey knows nothin' bout dat Christian walk;
I don' want to stay here no longer.
CHO.—Oh, swing low, sweet chariot, &c.

4 Oh shout, shout, de deb'l is about;
Oh shut your do' an' keep him out;
I don' want to stay here no longer.
For he is so much-a like-a snaky in de grass,
Ef you don' mind he will get you at las',
I don' want to stay here no longer.
CHO.—Oh, swing low, sweet chariot, &c.

My Bretheren, don't get Weary.



2 Oh whar you runnin', sinner ?
I do love de Lord—
De judgment day is a comin'!
I do love de Lord.
CHO.—My bretheren, &c.

3 You'll see de world on fire!
I do love de Lord—
You'll see de element a meltin',
I do love de Lord.
CHO.—My bretheren, &c.

4 You'll see de moon a bleedin';
I do love de Lord—
You'll see the stars a fallin';
I do love de Lord.
CHO.—My bretheren, &c.

Ef ye want to see Jesus.—*Concluded.*

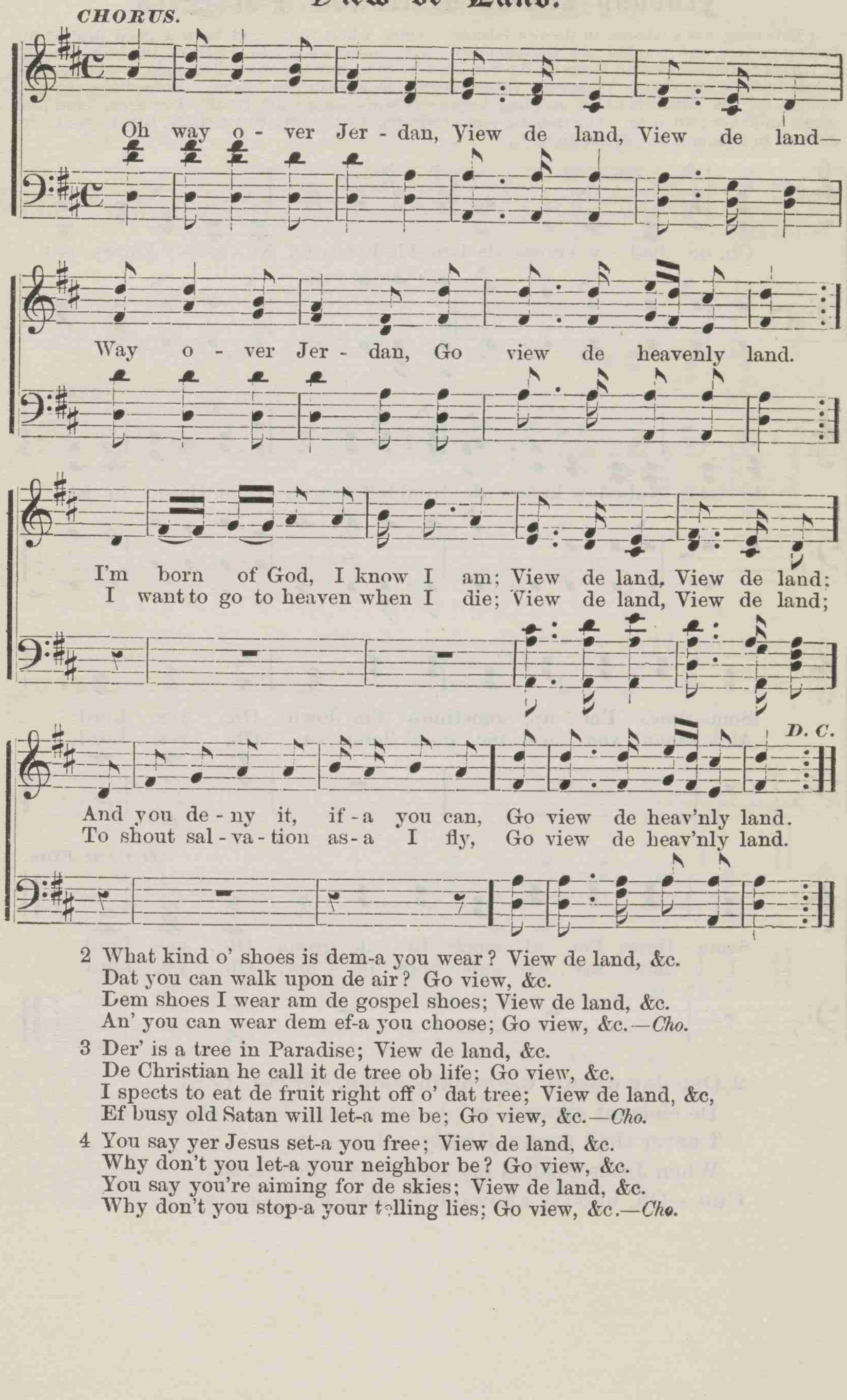


2 I shouted Hallelujah, when I come out de wilderness—
Leanin' on de Lord ;
I heard de angels singin', when I come out de wilderness—
Leanin' on de Lord ;
I heard de harps a harpin,' when I come out de wilderness—
Leanin' on de Lord.
Cho.—Oh, leanin' on de Lord.

3 I heard de angels moanin', when I come out de wilderness—
Leanin' on de Lord ;
I heard de deb'l howlin', when I come out de wilderness—
Leanin' on de Lord ;
I gib de deb'l a battle, when I come out de wilderness—
Leanin' on de Lord.
Cho.—Oh, leanin' on de Lord.

View de Land.

CHORUS.



2 What kind o' shoes is dem-a you wear? View de land, &c.
Dat you can walk upon de air? Go view, &c.
Dem shoes I wear am de gospel shoes; View de land, &c.
An' you can wear dem ef-a you choose; Go view, &c.—*Cho.*

3 Der' is a tree in Paradise; View de land, &c.
De Christian he call it de tree ob life; Go view, &c.
I spects to eat de fruit right off o' dat tree; View de land, &c,
Ef busy old Satan will let-a me be; Go view, &c.—*Cho.*

4 You say yer Jesus set-a you free; View de land, &c.
Why don't you let-a your neighbor be? Go view, &c.
You say you're aiming for de skies; View de land, &c.
Why don't you stop-a your telling lies; Go view, &c.—*Cho.*

Oh, Yes.—*Concluded.*



2.

Ef eber I land on de oder sho', Oh, yes,
I'll nebber come here for to sing no mo',
Oh, yes;
A golden band all round my waist,
An' de palms ob vic-a-try in-a my hand,
An' de golden slippers on to my feet,
Gwine to walk up an' down o' dem golden street.
Cho.—Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

3.

An' my lovely bretherin, dat aint all, Oh, yes,
I'm not done a talkin' about my Lord;
An' a golden crown a-placed on a-my head,
An' my long white robe a-come-a-dazzlin' down,
Now wait till I get on my gospel shoes,
Gwine to walk about de heaben an' a-carry de news.
Cho.—Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

4.

I'm anchored in Christ, Christ anchored in me, Oh, yes, &c.,
All de deb'ls in hell can't-a-pluck a-me out;
An' I wonder what Satan 's grumbulin' about,
He's bound into hell, an' he can't git out.
But he shall be loose an' hab his sway,
Yea at de great resurrection day.
Cho.—Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

Verses, some of which are often added as encores.

5.

I went down de hill side to make a-one prayer, Oh, yes,
An' when I got dere, old Satan was dere,
Oh, yes,
An' what do ye t'ink he said to me?
Oh, yes,
Said, "Off from here you'd better be."
Oh, yes;
An' what for to do, I did not know, Oh, yes,
But I fell on my knees, an' I cried, Oh, Lord, Oh, yes,
Now my Jesus bein' so good an' kind,
Yea, to de with-er-ed, halt an' blind;
My Jesus lowered his mercy down,
An' snatch-a-me from a-dem doors ob hell,
He snatch-a-me from dem doors ob hell,
An' took-a me in a-wid him to dwell.
Cho.—Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

6.

I was in de church an' prayin' loud,
An' on my knees to my Jesus bowed,
Ole Satan tole me to my face,
"I'll git you when-a-you leave dis place;"
Oh, brother, dat scare me to my heart,
I was 'fraid to walk a-when it was dark.
Cho.—Oh, wait till I get on my robe.

7.

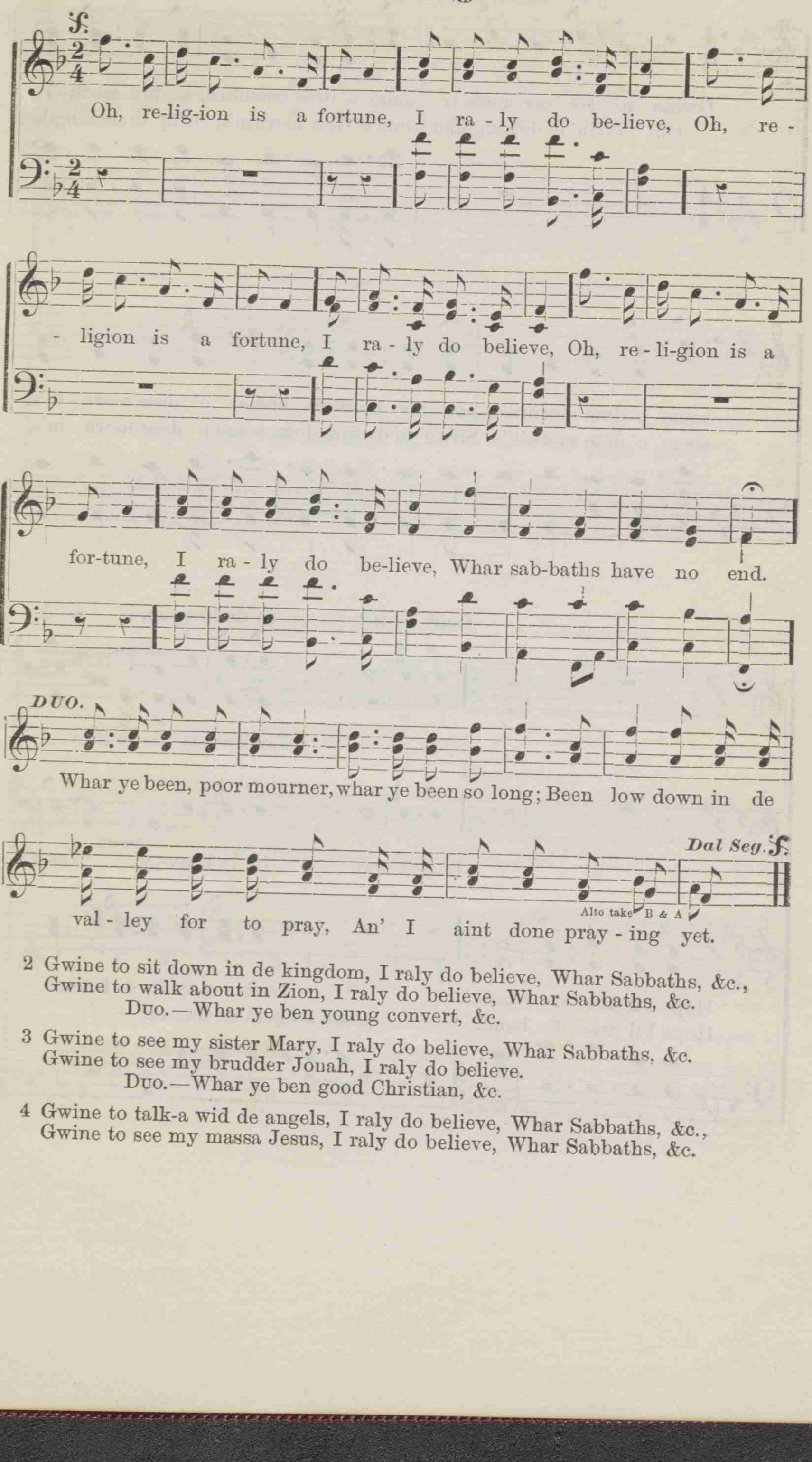
I started home, but I did pray,
An' I met ole Satan on de way;
Ole Satan made a-one grab at me,
But he missed my soul, an' I went free.
My sins went a-lumberin' down to hell,
An' my soul went a-leapin' up Zion's hill;
I tell ye what, bretherin, you'd better not laugh,
Ole Satan 'll run you down his path;
If he runs you, as he run me,
You'll be glad to fall upon your knee.
Cho.—Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

Ef ye want to see Jesus.

"My father sang this hymn, and said he knew a time when a great many slaves were allowed to have a revival for two days, while their masters and their families had one ; and a great many professed religion. And one poor, ignorant man, professed religion, and praised God, and sang this hymn."



Religion is a Fortune.



2 Gwine to sit down in de kingdom, I raly do believe, Whar Sabbaths, &c.,
Gwine to walk about in Zion, I raly do believe, Whar Sabbaths, &c.
Duo.—Whar ye ben young convert, &c.

3 Gwine to see my sister Mary, I raly do believe, Whar Sabbaths, &c.
Gwine to see my brudder Jonah, I raly do believe.
Duo.—Whar ye ben good Christian, &c.

4 Gwine to talk-a wid de angels, I raly do believe, Whar Sabbaths, &c.,
Gwine to see my massa Jesus, I raly do believe, Whar Sabbaths, &c.

Run, Mary, Run.



2 Swing low, chariot, into de east, I know, &c.
Let God's children hab some peace; I know, &c.
Swing low, chariot, into de west; I know, &c.
Let God's children hab some rest; I know, &c.—Cho.

3 Swing low, chariot, into de north; I know, &c.
Gib me de gold widout de dross; I know, &c.
Swing low, chariot, into de south; I know, &c.
Let God's children sing and shout; I know, &c.—Cho.

4 Ef dis day war judgment day, I know, &c.
Ebery sinner would want to pray; I know, &c.
Dat trouble it come like a gloomy cloud; I know, &c.
Gader tick, an' tunder loud; I know, &c.—Cho.

Some o' dese Mornin's.—*Continued*

- way in de heav - en, ... Look a - way in de

Look a - way in de heaven,

- way in de heav - en. . . . Look a - way in de

Look a - way in de heaven,

Look a-way in de heav-en,

Look a-way in de

heaven, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band,

Look a-way in de

heav - en, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band,

Look away, ...

heav - en, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band,

Look a - way in de

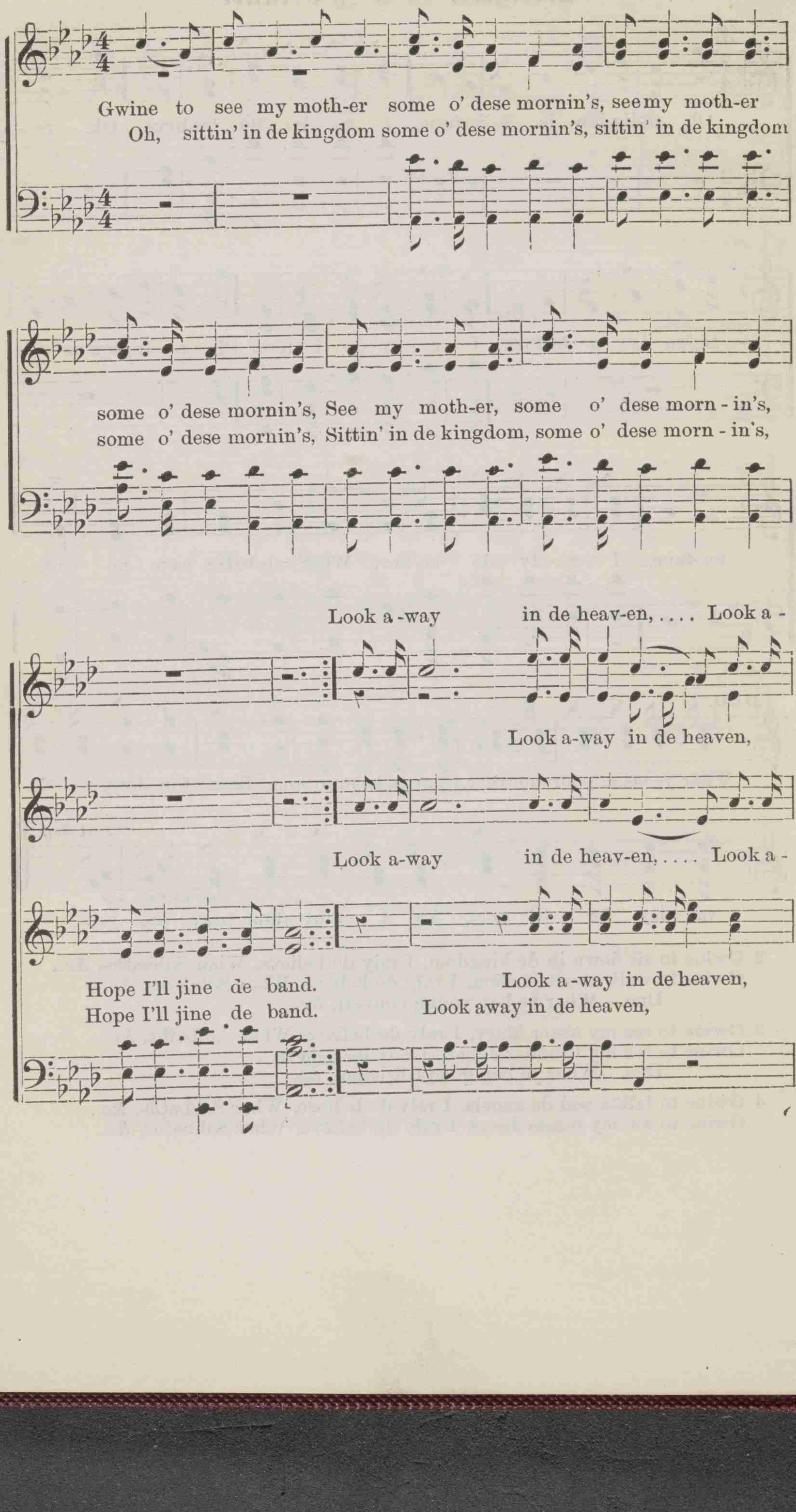
heav - en, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band,

heav - en, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band,

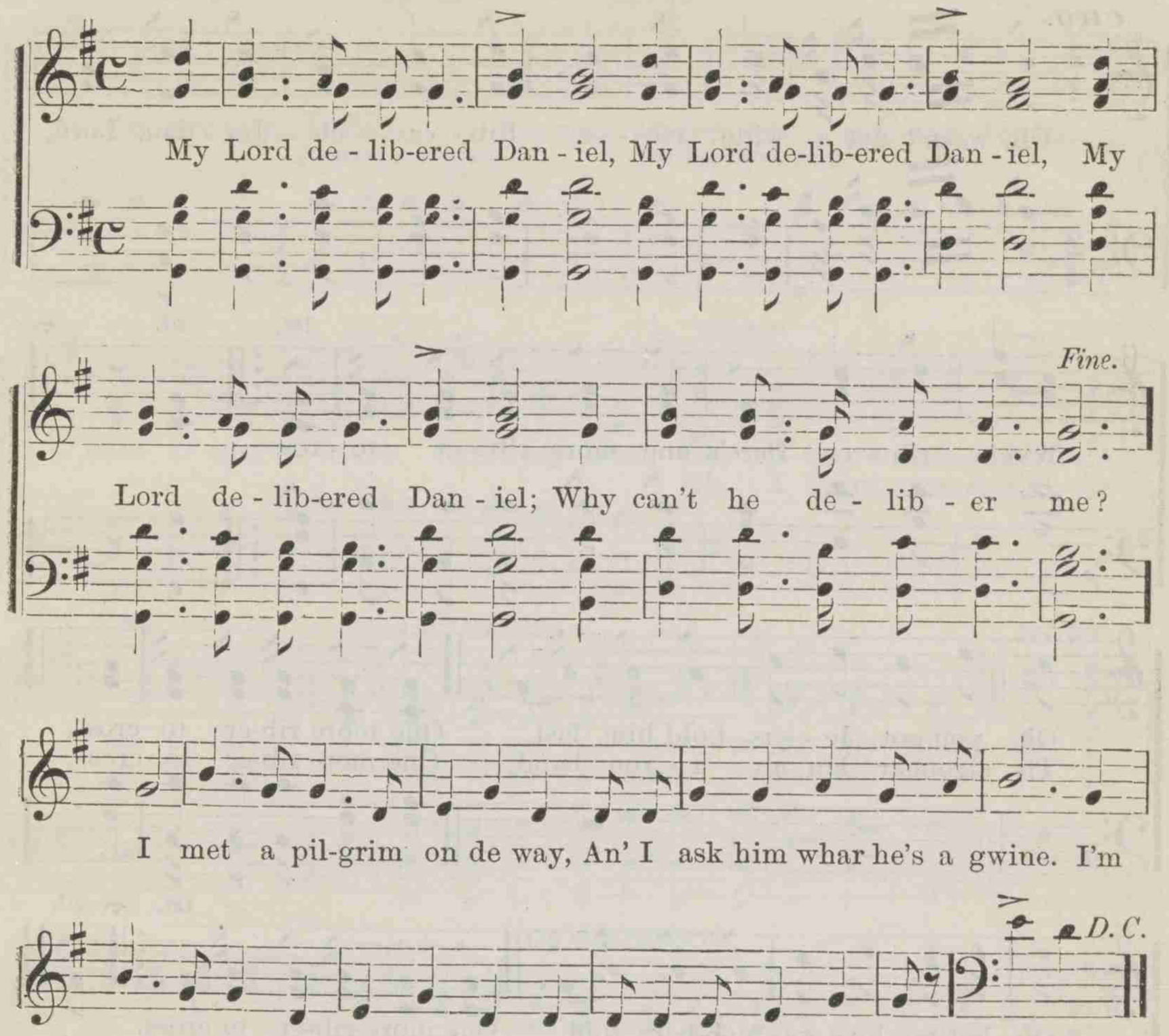
Look a -

Look away in de

Some o' dese Mornin's.



My Lord delibered Daniel.



2.

Some say dat John de Baptist
Was nothing but a Jew,
But de Bible doth inform us
Dat he was a preacher, too;
Yes, he was!
Cho.—My Lord delibered Daniel.

3.

Oh, Daniel cast in de lions den,
He pray both night an' day,
De angel came from Galilee,
An' lock de lions' jaw.
Dat's so.
Cho.—My Lord delibered Daniel.

4.

He delibered Daniel from de lions' den,
Jonah from de belly ob de whale,
And de Hebrew children from de fiery furnace,
And why not ebery man?
Oh, yes!
Cho.—My Lord delibered Daniel.

5.

De richest man dat eber I saw
Was de one dat beg de most,
His soul was filled wid Jesus,
And wid de Holy Ghost.
Yes it was!
Cho.—My Lord delibered Daniel.

Some o' dese Mornin's.—*Concluded.*



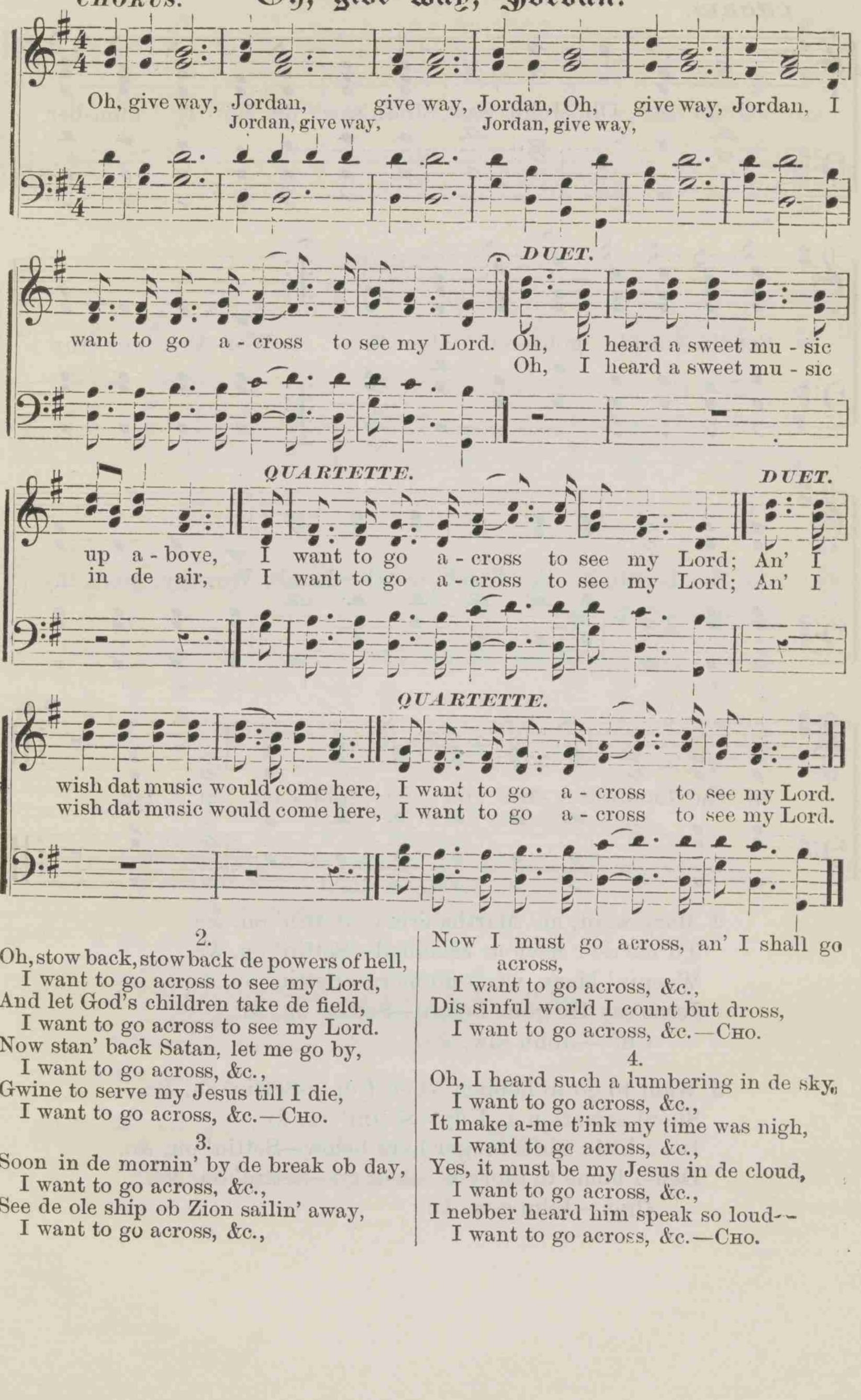
2 Gwine to see my brother some o' dese mornin's;
Oh, shouting in de heaven some o' dese mornin's,
Hope I'll jine de band. Cho.—Look away.

3 Gwine to walk about in Zion, some o' dese mornin's,
Gwine to talk-a with de angels some o'dese mornin's,
Hope I'll jine de band. Cho.--Look away.

4 Gwine to talk de trouble ober some o' dese mornin's,
Gwine to see my Jesus some o' dese mornin's,
Hope I'll jine de band. Cho.—Look away.

Oh, give way, Jordan.

CHORUS.



2.

Oh, stow back, stow back de powers of hell,
I want to go across to see my Lord,
And let God's children take de field,
I want to go across to see my Lord.
Now stan' back Satan, let me go by,
I want to go across, &c.,
Gwine to serve my Jesus till I die,
I want to go across, &c.—Cho.

3.

Soon in de mornin' by de break ob day,
I want to go across, &c.,
See de ole ship ob Zion sailin' away,
I want to go across, &c.,
Now I must go across, an' I shall go across,
I want to go across, &c.,
Dis sinful world I count but dross,
I want to go across, &c.—Cho.

4.

Oh, I heard such a lumbering in de sky,
I want to go across, &c.,
It make a-me t'ink my time was nigh,
I want to go across, &c.,
Yes, it must be my Jesus in de cloud,
I want to go across, &c.,
I nebber heard him speak so loud--
I want to go across, &c.—Cho.

Oh, wasn't dat a wide River.



2.

Oh, de good ole chariot passing by,
One more riber to cross,
She jarred de earth an' shook de sky,
One more, &c.,
I pray, good Lord, shall I be one?
One more, &c.,
To get up in de chariot, trabbel on,
One more, &c.
Cho.—Oh, wasn't dat a wide riber? &c.

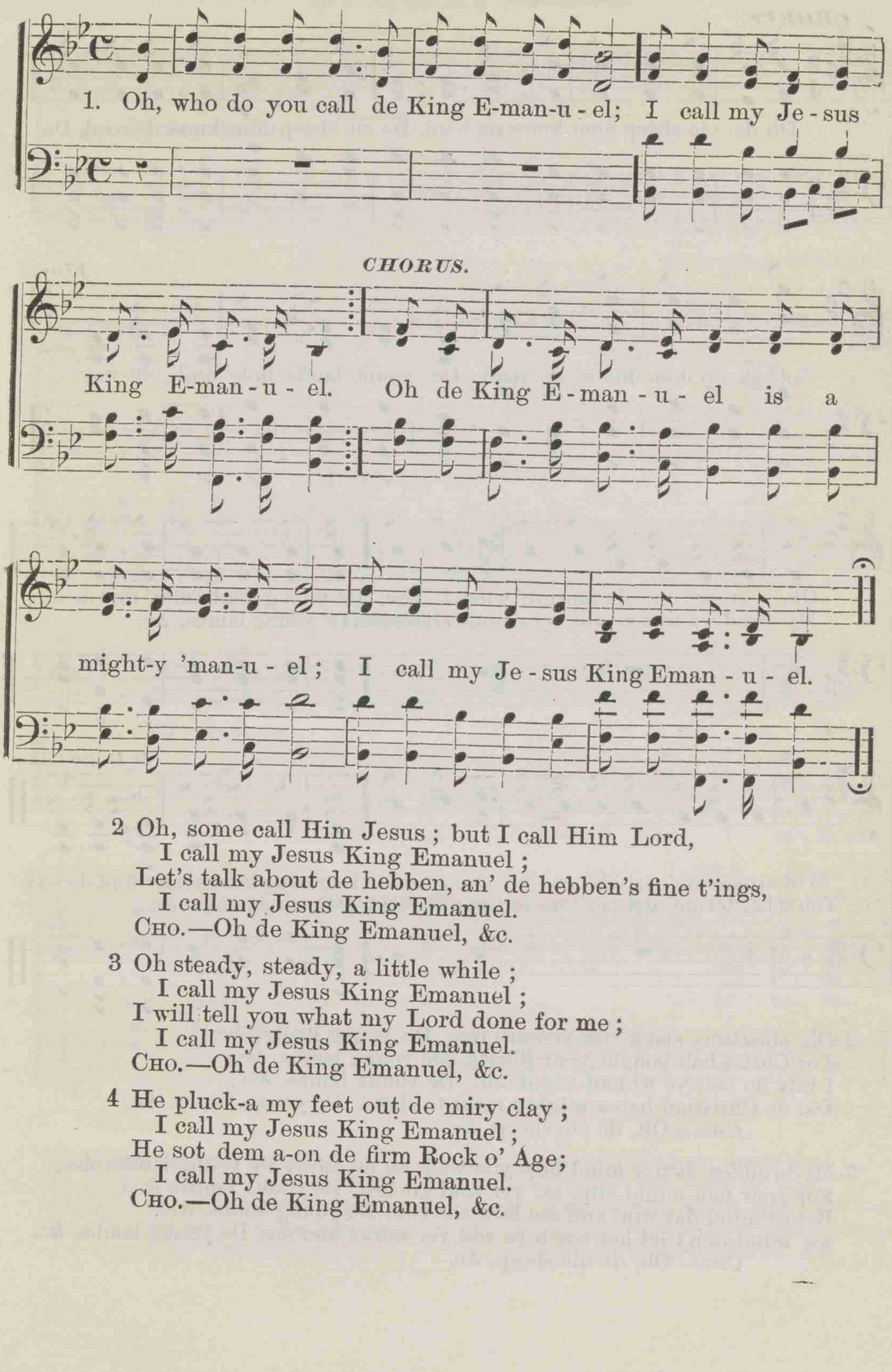
3.

We're told dat de fore-wheel run by love,
One more, &c.,
We're told dat de hind wheel run by faith,
One more, &c.,
I hope I shall get dere bimeby,
One more, &c.,
To jine de number in de sky,
One more, &c.
Cho.—Oh, wasn't dat a wide riber? &c.

4.

Oh, one more riber we hab to cross,
One more, &c.,
'Tis Jordan's riber we hab to cross,
One more, &c.,
Oh, Jordan's riber am chilly an' cold,
One more, &c.,
But I got de glory in-a my soul,
One more. &c.
Cho.—Oh, wasn't dat a wide riber? &c.

King Emanuel.



2 Oh, some call Him Jesus; but I call Him Lord,
I call my Jesus King Emanuel;
Let's talk about de hebben, an' de hebben's fine t'ings,
I call my Jesus King Emanuel.
CHO.—Oh de King Emanuel, &c.

3 Oh steady, steady, a little while;
I call my Jesus King Emanuel;
I will tell you what my Lord done for me;
I call my Jesus King Emanuel.
CHO.—Oh de King Emanuel, &c.

4 He pluck-a my feet out de miry clay;
I call my Jesus King Emanuel;
He sot dem a-on de firm Rock o' Age;
I call my Jesus King Emanuel.
CHO.—Oh de King Emanuel, &c.

John Saw.

CHORUS.



2 Mary wept, an' Martha cried—Settin' on, &c.
To see de'r Saviour crucified—Settin' on, &c.
Weepin' Mary, weep no more—Settin' on, &c.
Jesus say He gone before—Settin' on, &c.
CHO.—John saw, &c.

3 Want to go to hebben when I die—Settin' on, &c.
Shout salvation as I fly—Settin' on, &c.
It's a little while longer here below—Settin' on, &c.
Den-a home to glory we shall go—Settin' on, &c.
CHO.—John saw, &c.

De Church of God.



QUARTETTE.



2.

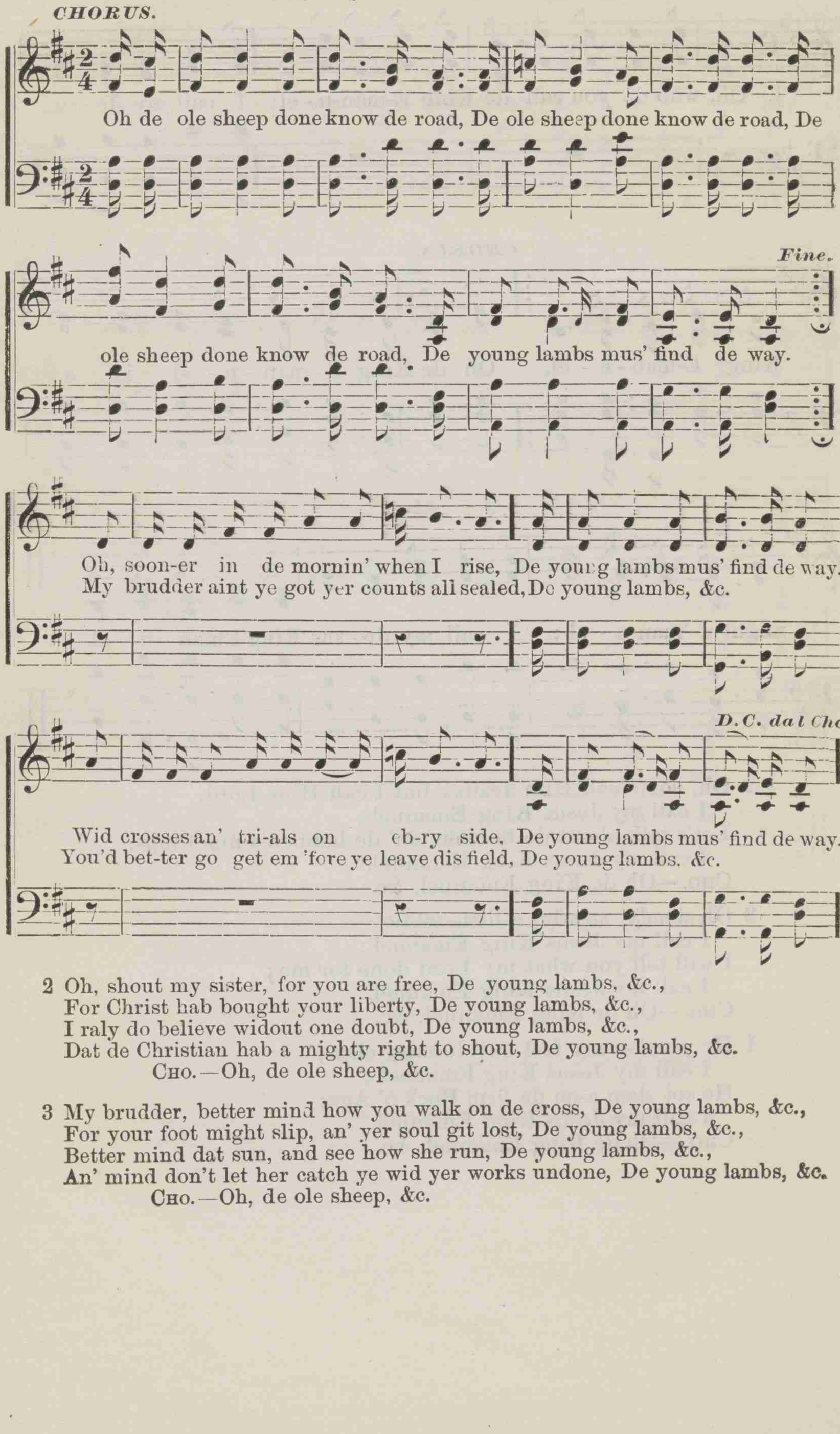
Oh, Jesus tole you once before,
To go in peace an' sin no more;
Oh, Paul an' Silas bound in jail,
Den one did sing, an' de oder pray.
CHO.—De church ob God, &c.

3.

Oh, did you hear my Jesus say
"Come unto me, I am de way;"
Oh, come along, Moses, don't get lost,
Oh, stretch your rod, an' come across.
CHO.—De church ob God, &c.

De ole Sheep done know de Road.

CHORUS.

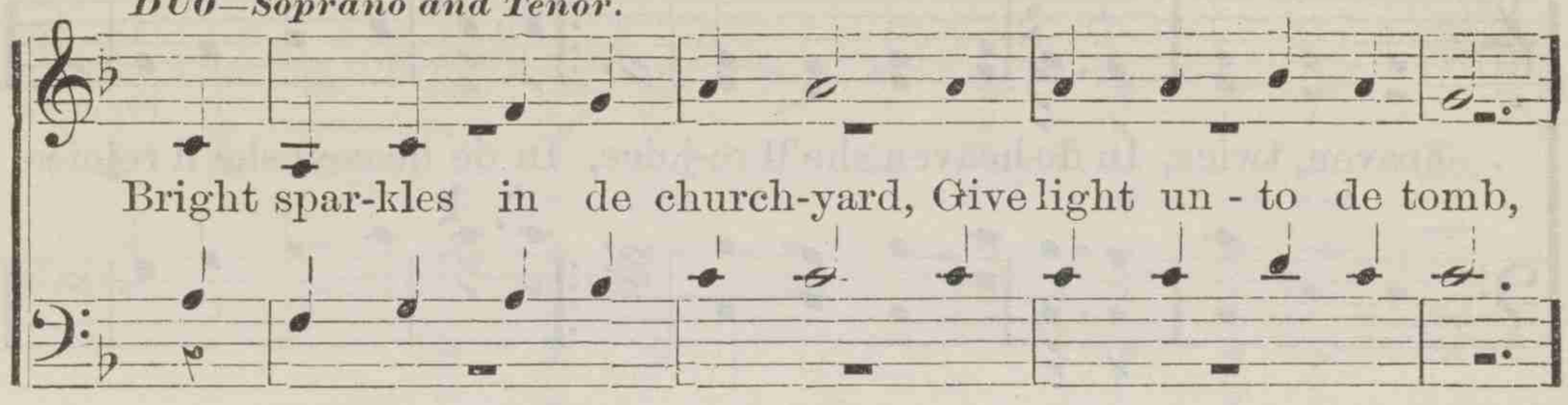


2 Oh, shout my sister, for you are free, De young lambs, &c.,
For Christ hab bought your liberty, De young lambs, &c.,
I raly do believe widout one doubt, De young lambs, &c.,
Dat de Christian hab a mighty right to shout, De young lambs, &c.
CHO.—Oh, de ole sheep, &c.

3 My brudder, better mind how you walk on de cross, De young lambs, &c.,
For your foot might slip, an' yer soul git lost, De young lambs, &c.,
Better mind dat sun, and see how she run, De young lambs, &c.,
An' mind don't let her catch ye wid yer works undone, De young lambs, &c.
CHO.—Oh, de ole sheep, &c.

Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard.—*Continued.*

DUO—Soprano and Tenor.



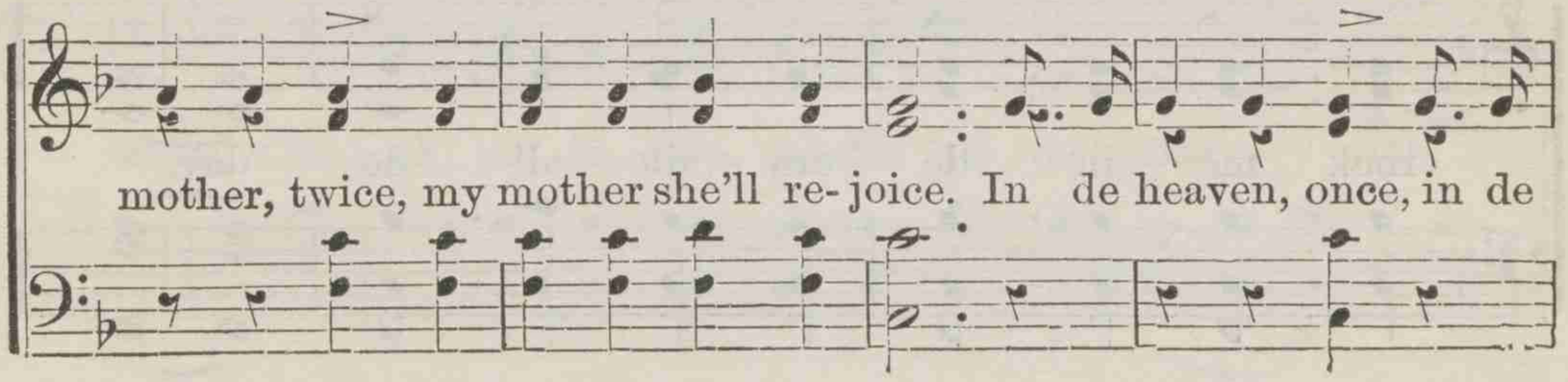
TRIO—1st & 2d Soprano & Alto.



QUARTETTE.







Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard.

This peculiar but beautiful medley was a great favorite among the hands in the tobacco factories in Danville, Va.



Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard.—*Continued.*

QUARTETTE.



Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard.—*Continued.*

1st TIME. 2d TIME.

heaven, twice, In de heaven she'll re-joice, In de heaven she'll rejoice.

p

Mother, rock me in de cra-dle all de day . . . . . Mother,

all de day,

rock me in de cra - dle all de day . . . Moth - er,

rock me in de cra - dle all de day . . . . . Moth-er,

all de day,

rock me in de cra - dle all de day,

Bright Spackles in de Churchyard.—*Concluded.*

all de day, all de day,

all de day..... all de day..... Oh,

rock me in de cra - dle all de day. You may

lay me down to sleep, my mother dear, Oh, rock me in de cradle all de

day, ... You may lay me down to sleep, my moth - er

Dim - in - u - en - do.

dear, Oh, rock me in de cra - dle all de day...

Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard.—*Continued.*



Judgment Day is a-rollin' around.—*Concluded.*



2.

Dar's a long white robe in de heaven for me,
Oh, how I long to go dere too;
Dar's a starry crown in de heaven for me,
Oh, how I long to go.
My name is written in de book ob life,
Oh, how I long to go dere too,
Ef you look in de book you'll fin'em dar,
Oh, how I long to go.

3.

Brudder Moses gone to de kingdom, Lord,
Oh, how I long to go dere too;
Sister Mary gone to de kingdom, Lord,
Oh, how I long to go.
Dar's no more slave in de kingdom, Lord,
Oh, how I long to go dere too,
All is glory in de kingdom, Lord,
Oh, how I long to go.

4.

My brudder build a house in Paradise,
Oh, how I long to go dere too;
He built it by dat ribber of life,
Oh, how I long to go.
Dar's a big camp meetin' in de kingdom, Lord,
Oh, how I long to go dere too,
Come, let us jine dat a heavenly crew,
Oh, how I long to go.

5.

King Jesus sittin' in de kingdom, Lord,
Oh, how I long to go dere too;
De angels singin' all round de trone,
Oh, how I long to go.
De trumpet sound de Jubilo,
Oh, how I long to go dere too,
I hope dat trump will blow me home,
Oh, how I long to go.

Judgment Day is a-rollin' around.

CHO.

Judgment, Judgment, Judgment day is a - roll - in' a-round,

Judgment, Judgment, Oh, how I long to go.

SOLO.

I've a good ole mud-der in de heav - en, my Lord,
I've a good ole fa - der in de heav - en, my Lord,

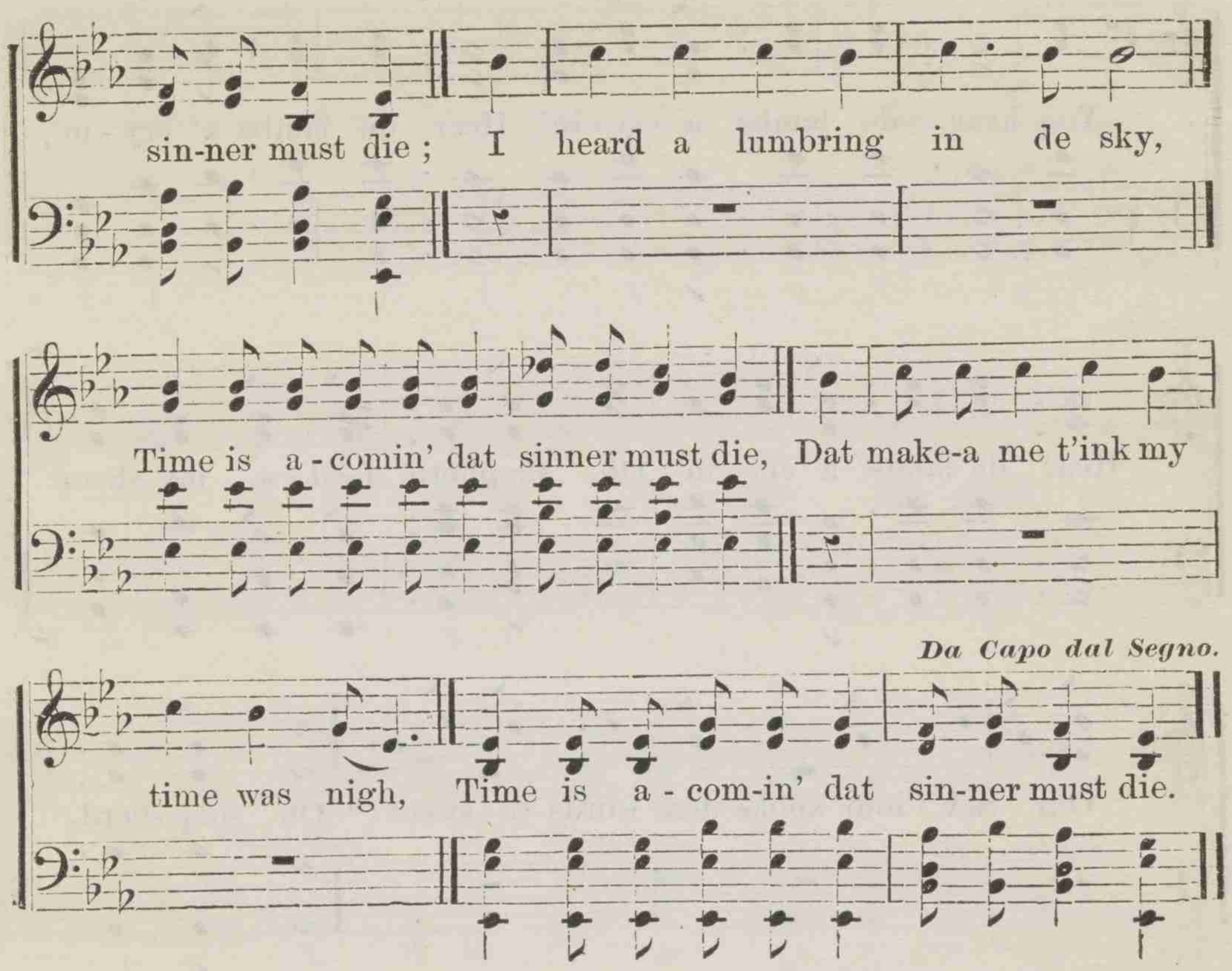
TUTTI.

Oh, how I long to go dere too; I've a good ole mudder in de
Oh, how I long to go dere too; I've a good ole fa - der in de

TUTTI.

heav-en, my Lord, Oh, how I long to go. Judg - ment,
heav-en, my Lord, Oh, how I long to go.

Oh, Sinner, you'd better get ready.—*Concluded.*



2.

I heard of my Jesus a many one say--
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die,
Could 'move poor sinner's sins away—
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die.
Yes, I'd rather a pray myself away—
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die,
Dan to lie in hell an' burn a-one day—
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die.
Cho.—Oh, sinner, you'd better get ready, &c.

3.

I think I heard a my mother say—
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die,
'Twas a pretty thing a to serve de Lord—
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die.
Oh, when I get to Heaven I'll be able for to tell—
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die,
Oh, how I shun dat dismal hell—
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die.
Cho.—Oh, sinner, you'd better get ready, &c.

Oh, Sinner, you'd better get ready.

F. CHO.

Oh, sin-ner, you'd bet-ter get rea - dy, Rea - dy, my Lord,

rea - dy, Oh, sin-ner, you'd bet-ter get rea - dy, For the

FINE.

time is a - comin' dat sinner must die. Oh, sinner man, you had

bet-ter pray, Time is a - com-in' dat sin-ner must die;

For it look-a like judgment eb - ry day. Time is a-comin' dat

Hear de Lambs a Cryin'.—*Concluded.*



2 I don' know what you want to stay here for, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
For dis vain world's no friend to grace, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
If I only had wings like Noah's dove, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
I'd fly away to de heavens above, Oh, shepherd, &c.
CHO.—You hear de lambs crying, &c.

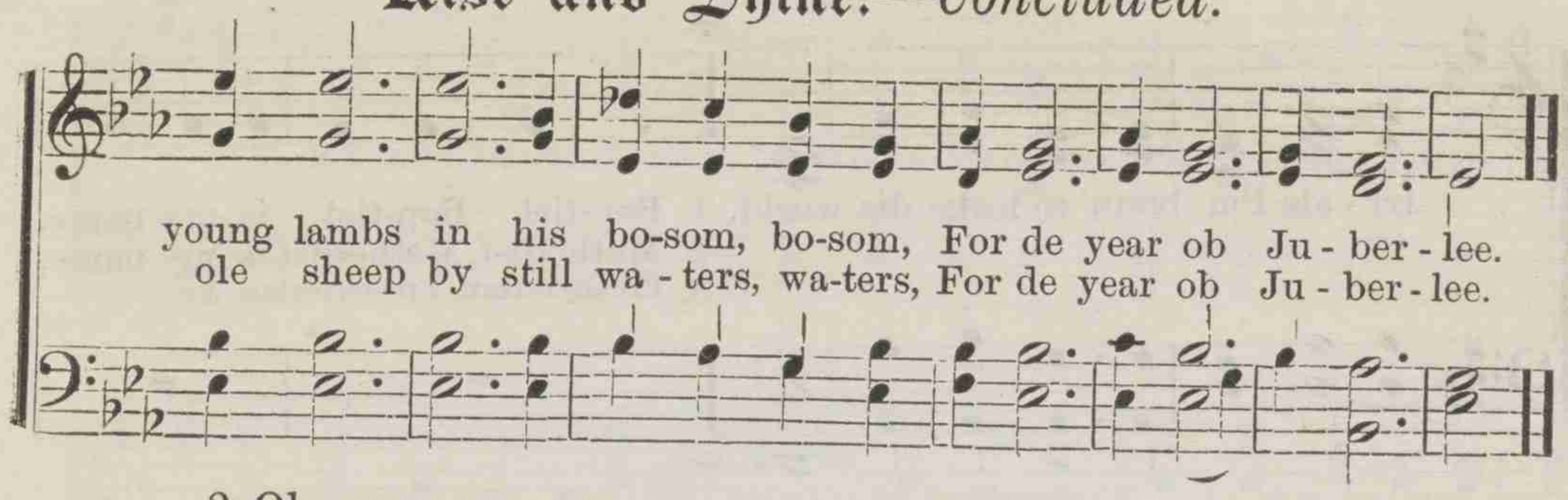
3 When I am in an agony, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
When you see me, pity me, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
For I am a pilgrim travellin' on, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
De lonesome road where Jesus gone, Oh, shepherd, &c.
CHO.—You hear de lambs a-crying, &c.

4 Oh, see my Jesus hanging high, Oh, shepherd. &c.,
He looked so pale an' bled so free, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
Oh, don't you think it was a shame, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
He hung three hours in dreadful pain, Oh, shepherd, &c.
CHO.—You hear de lambs a-crying, &c.

Hear de Lambs a Cryin'.



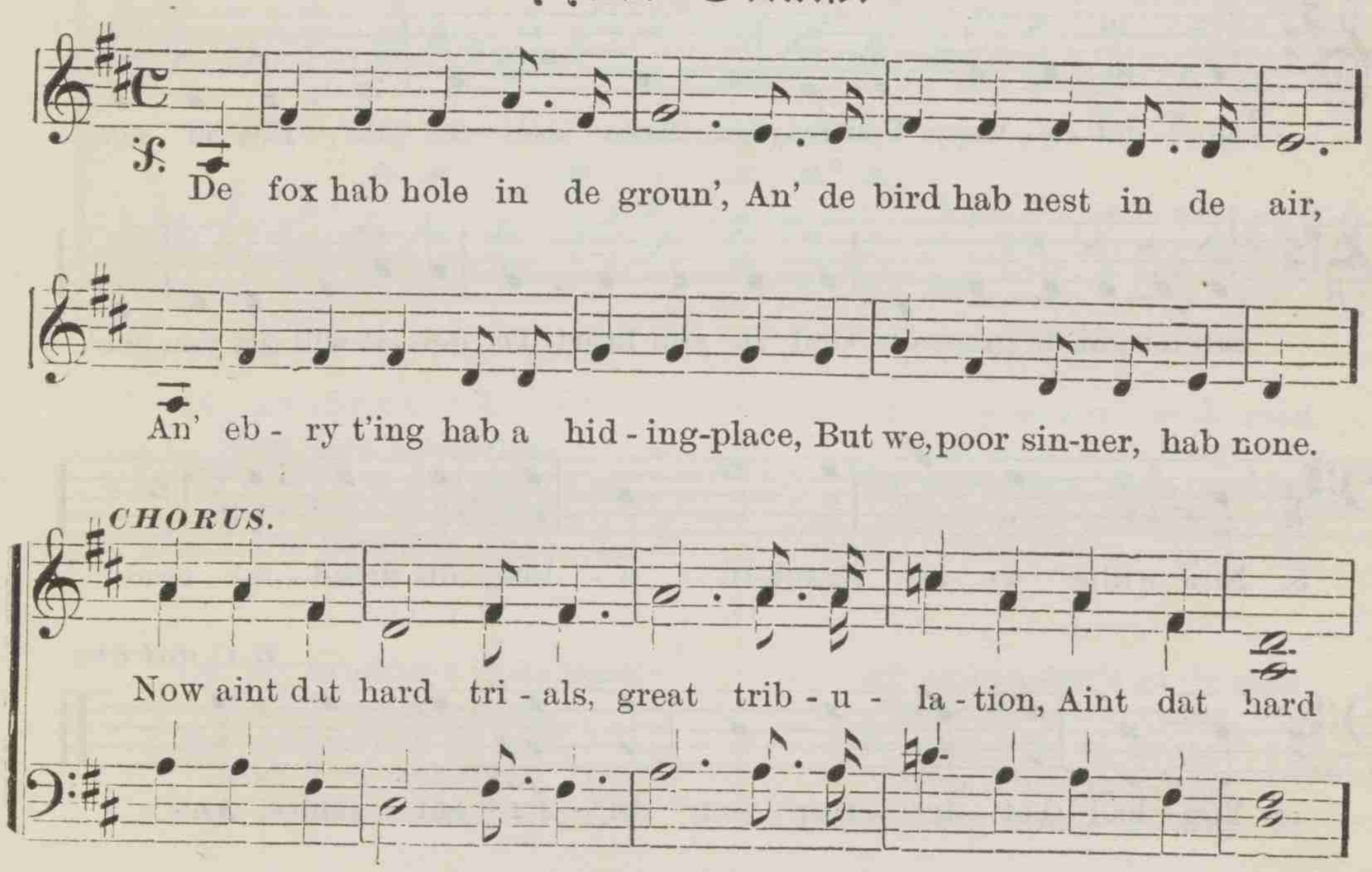
Rise and Shine.—*Concluded.*



2 Oh, come on, mourners, get you ready, ready,
Come on, mourners, get you ready, ready, (*bis*),
For de year ob jubilee;
You may keep your lamps trimmed an' burning, burning,
Keep your lamps trimmed an' burning, burning, (*bis*),
For de year ob jubilee.
CHO.—Oh, rise an' shine, &c.

3 Oh, come on, children, don't be weary, weary,
Come on, children, don't be weary, weary, (*bis*),
For de year ob jubilee;
Oh, don't you hear dem bells a-ringin', ringin',
Don't you hear dem bells a-ringin', ringin', (*bis*),
For de year ob jubilee.
CHO.—Oh, rise an' shine, &c.

Hard Trials.



Rise and Shine.

CHORUS.



Most Done Trabelling.



2.

Oh, my sister's in de road,
Most done trabelling,
My sister's in de road,
Most done trabelling. } (*bis*)
Cho.—I'm bound to carry, &c.

3.

Oh, my brudder's in de road,
Most done trabelling,
My brudder's in de road,
Most done trabelling. } (*bis*)
Cho.—I'm bound to carry, &c.

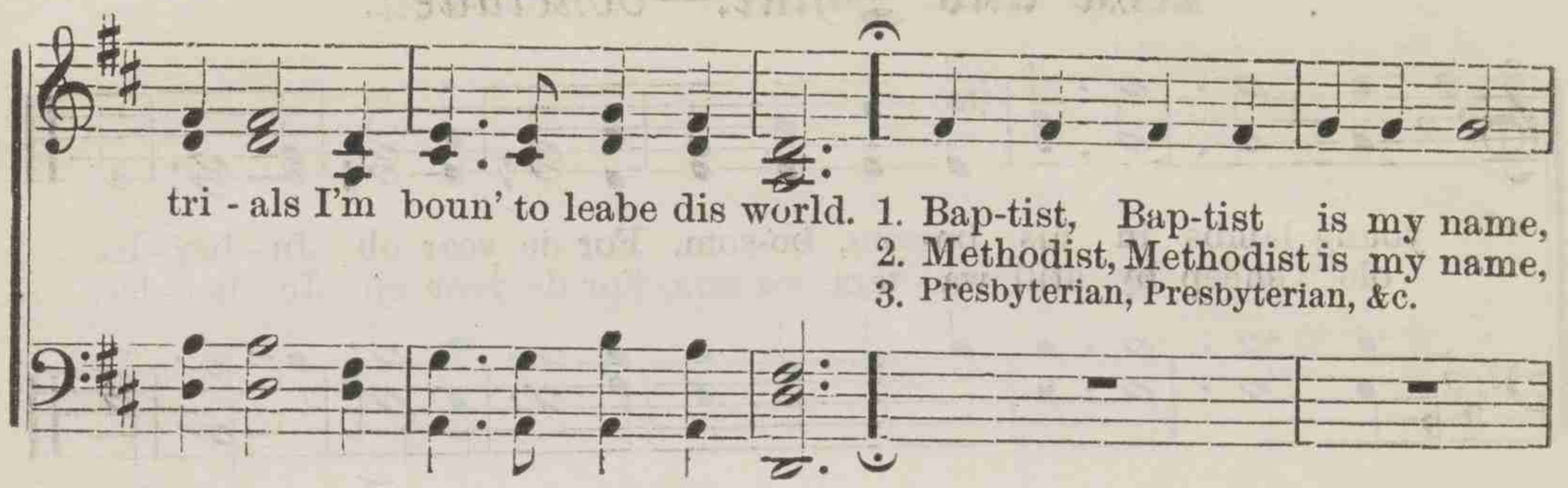
4.

Oh, de preacher's in de road,
Most done trabelling,
De preacher's in de road,
Most done trabelling. } (*bis*)
Cho.—I'm bound to carry, &c.

5.

All de member's in de road,
Most done trabelling,
De members' in de road,
Most done trabelling. } (*bis*)
Cho.—I'm bound to carry, &c.

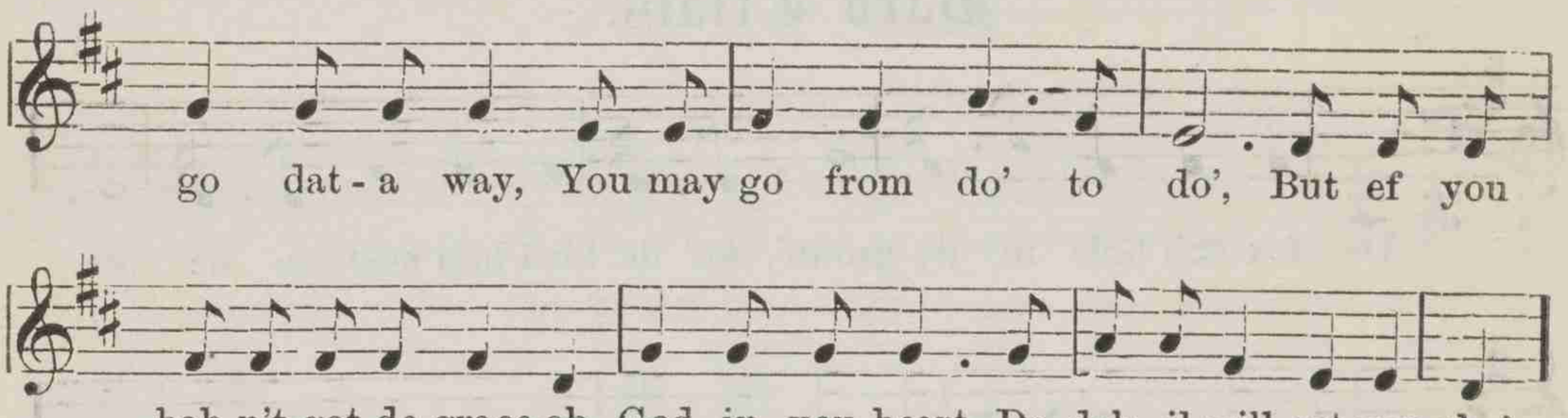
Hard Trials.—*Concluded.*

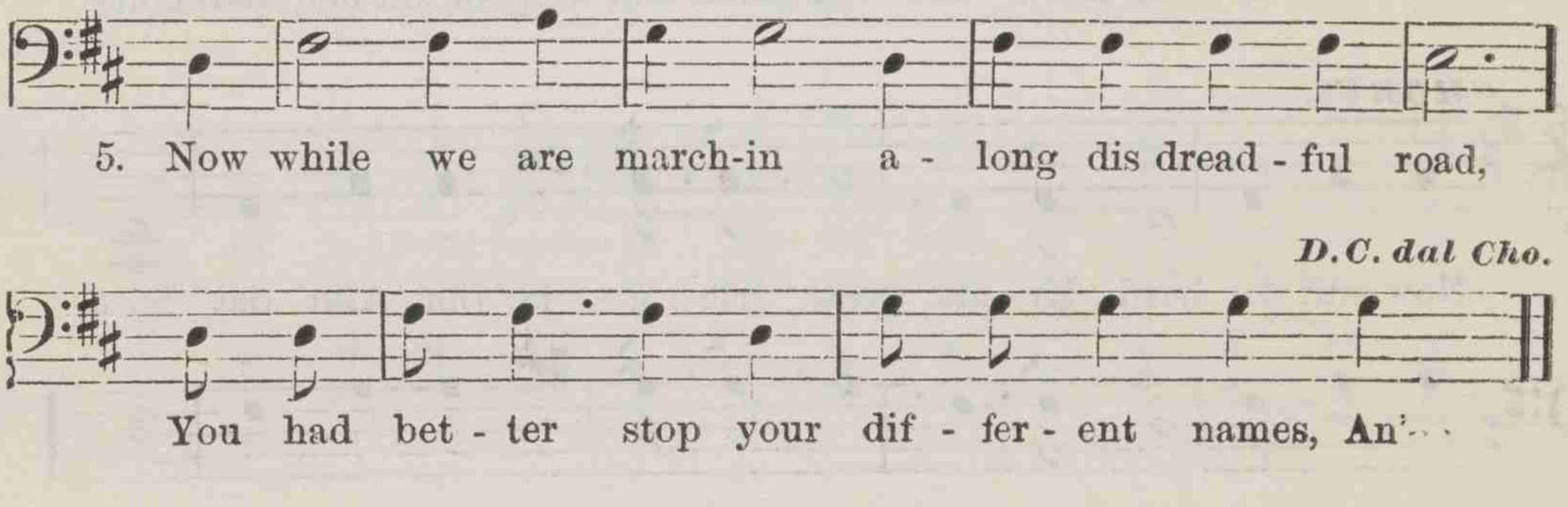




D.S. Cho. al Fine.

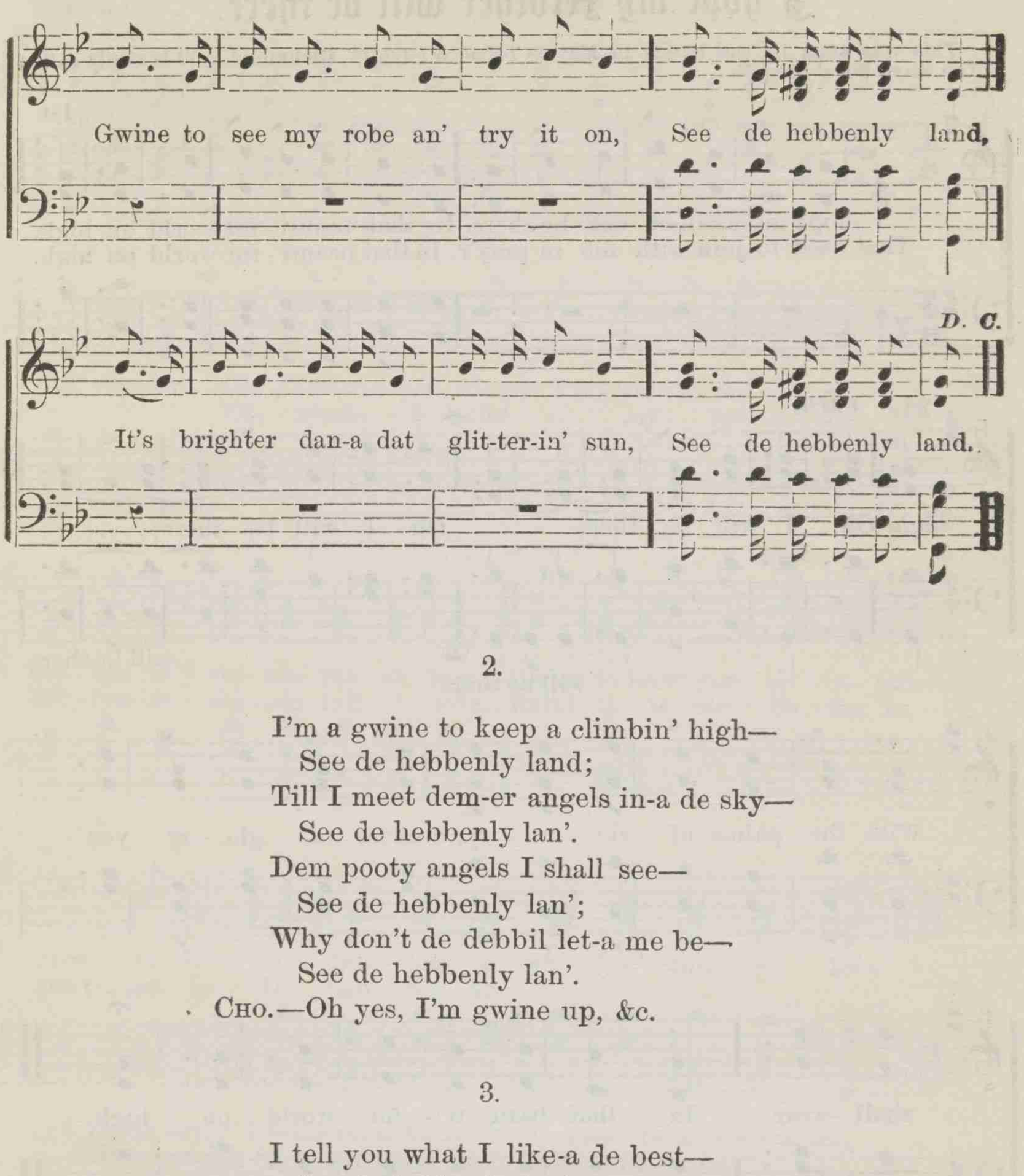






D.C. dal Cho.

Gwine up.—*Concluded.*



2.

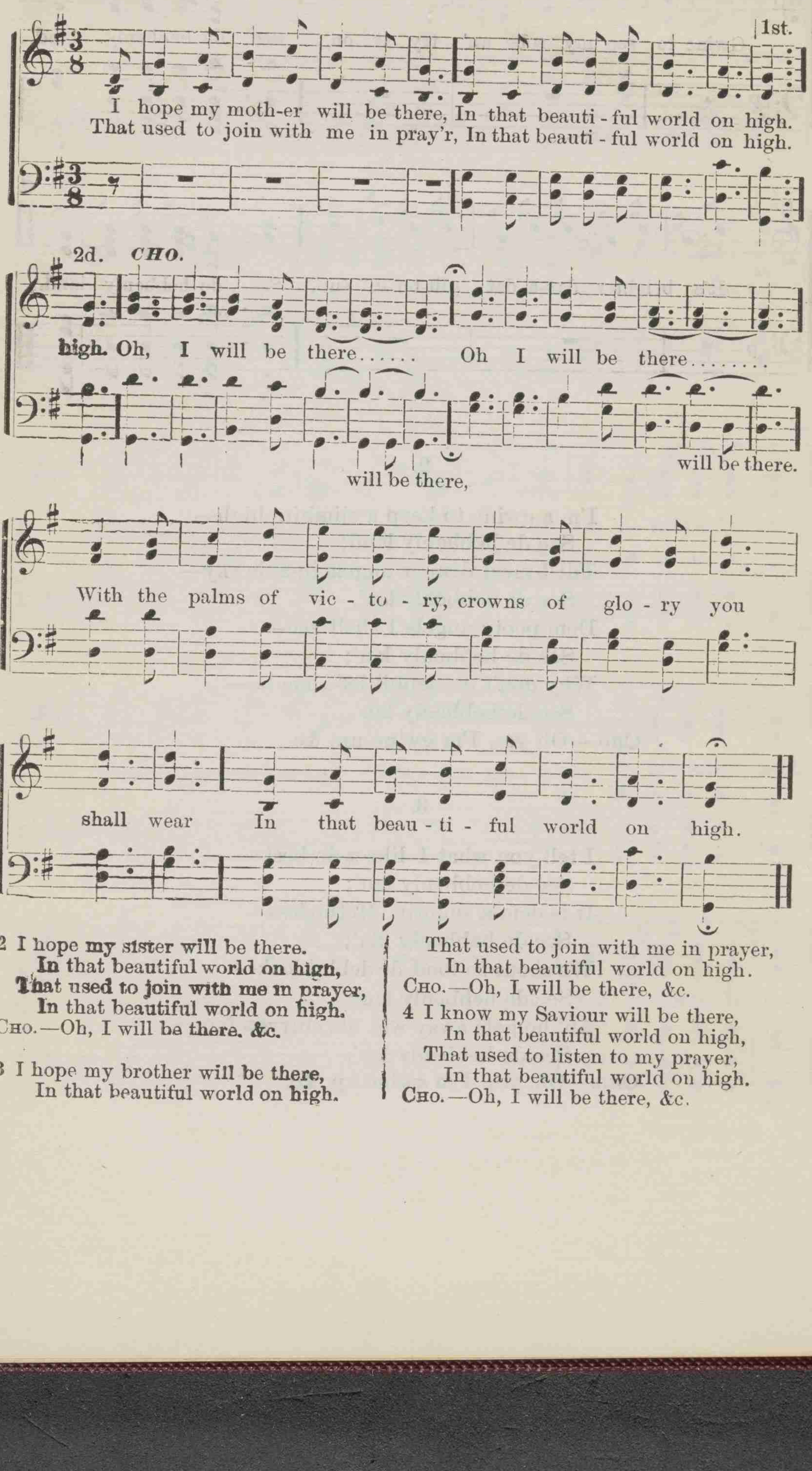
I'm a gwine to keep a climbin' high—
See de hebbenly land;
Till I meet dem-er angels in-a de sky—
See de hebbenly lan'.
Dem pooty angels I shall see—
See de hebbenly lan';
Why don't de debbil let-a me be—
See de hebbenly lan'.
CHO.—Oh yes, I'm gwine up, &c.

3.

I tell you what I like-a de best—
See de hebbenly lan';
It is dem-a shoutin' Methodess—
See de hebbenly lan';
We shout so loud de debbil look—
See de hebbenly lan';
An' he gets away wid his cluvven foot—
See de hebbenly lan'.
CHO.—Oh, yes, I'm gwine up, &c.

I hope my Mother will be there.

This was sung by the hands in Mayo's Tobacco Factory, Richmond, and is really called "The Mayo Boys' Song."



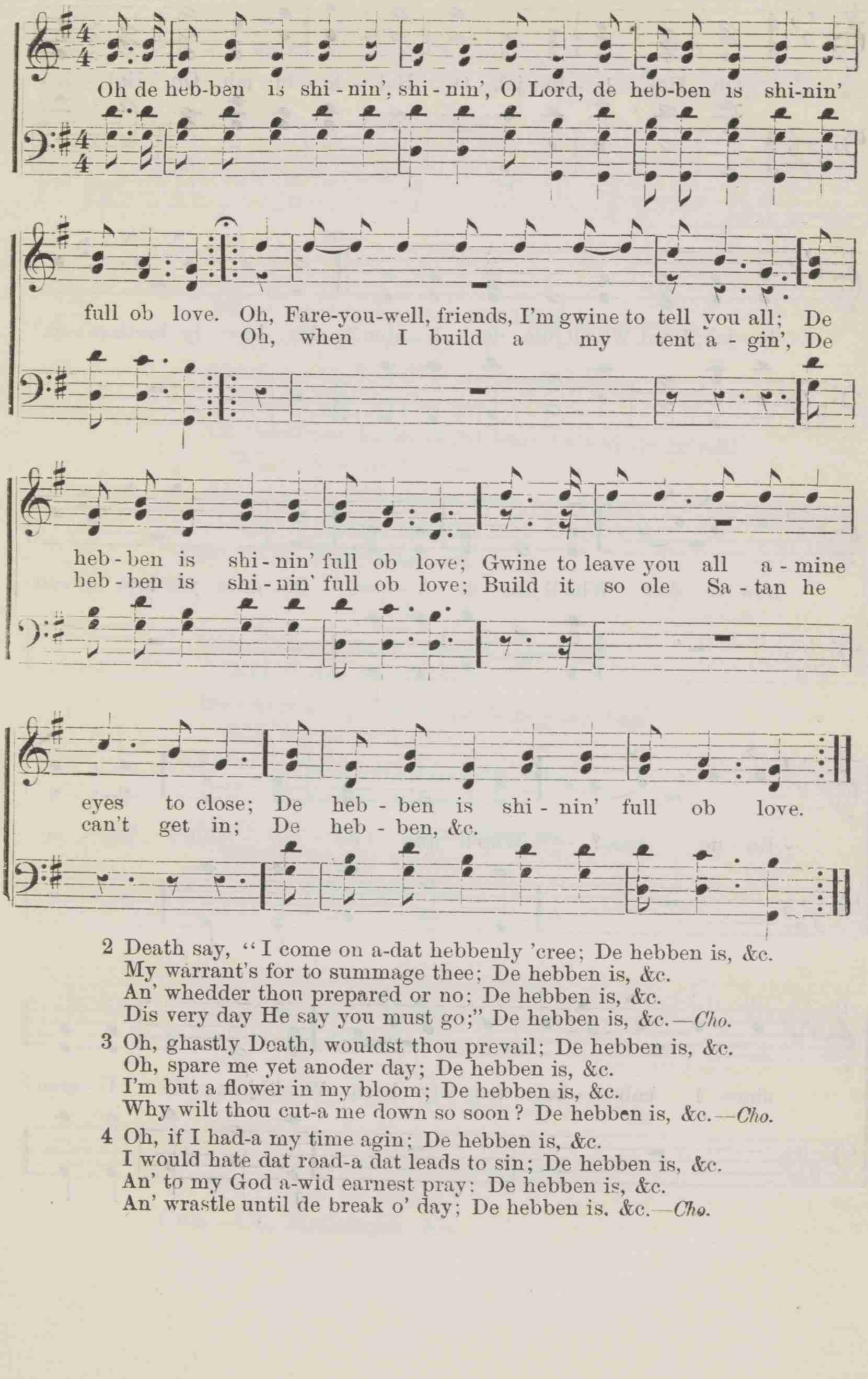
2 I hope my sister will be there.
In that beautiful world on high,
That used to join with me in prayer,
In that beautiful world on high.
CHO.—Oh, I will be there, &c.

3 I hope my brother will be there,
In that beautiful world on high.
That used to join with me in prayer,
In that beautiful world on high.
CHO.—Oh, I will be there, &c.

4 I know my Saviour will be there,
In that beautiful world on high,
That used to listen to my prayer,
In that beautiful world on high.
CHO.—Oh, I will be there, &c.

Oh, de Hebben is Shinin'.

CHORUS.



2 Death say, "I come on a-dat hebbenly 'cree; De hebben is, &c.
My warrant's for to summage thee; De hebben is, &c.
An' whedder thou prepared or no; De hebben is, &c.
Dis very day He say you must go;" De hebben is, &c.—*Cho.*

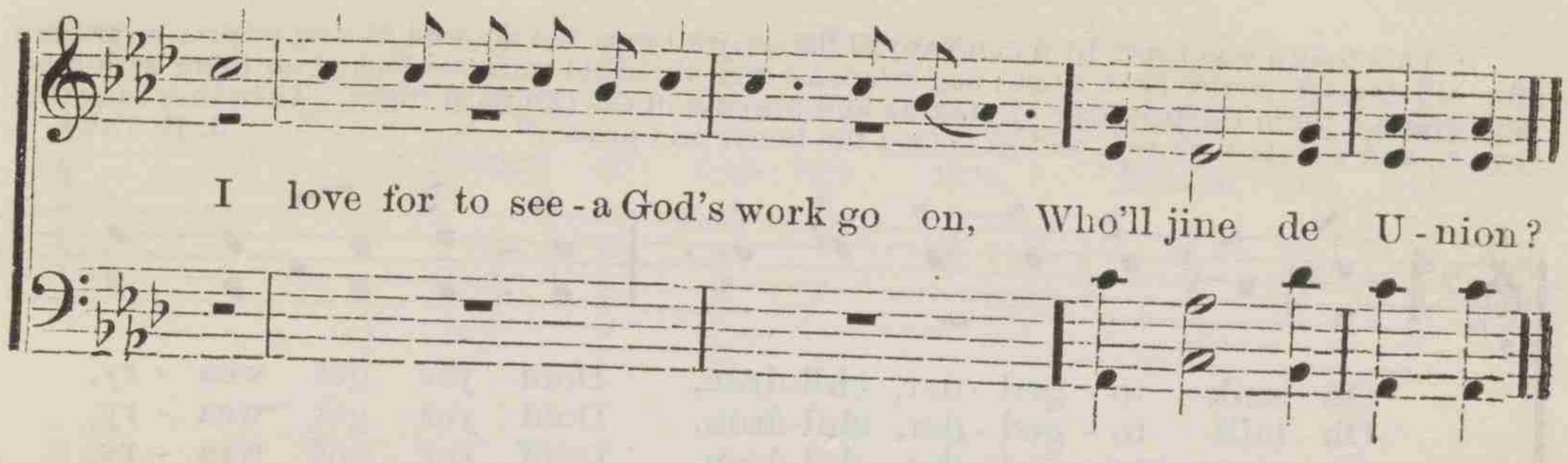
3 Oh, ghastly Death, wouldst thou prevail; De hebben is, &c.
Oh, spare me yet anoder day; De hebben is, &c.
I'm but a flower in my bloom; De hebben is, &c.
Why wilt thou cut-a me down so soon? De hebben is, &c.—*Cho.*

4 Oh, if I had-a my time agin; De hebben is, &c.
I would hate dat road-a dat leads to sin; De hebben is, &c.
An' to my God a-wid earnest pray: De hebben is, &c.
An' wrastle until de break o' day; De hebben is. &c.—*Cho.*

Who'll jine de Union.



Who'll jine de Union.—*Concluded.*



2.

Ef ye want to ketch-a dat hebbenly breeze,
Who'll jine de Union ?
Go down in de valley upon yer knees,
Who'll jine de Union ?
Go bend yer knees right smoove wid de groun',
Who'll jine de Union ?
An' pray to de Lord to turn you roun',
Who'll jine de Union ?
Cho.—Oh, Hallelujah, &c.

4.

Say, ef you belong to de Union ban',
Who'll jine de Union ?
Den here's my heart, an' here's my han',
Who'll jine de Union ?
I love yer all, both bond an' free,
Who'll jine de Union ?
I love you ef-a you don't love me,
Who'll jine de Union ?
Cho.—Oh, Hallelujah, &c.

3.

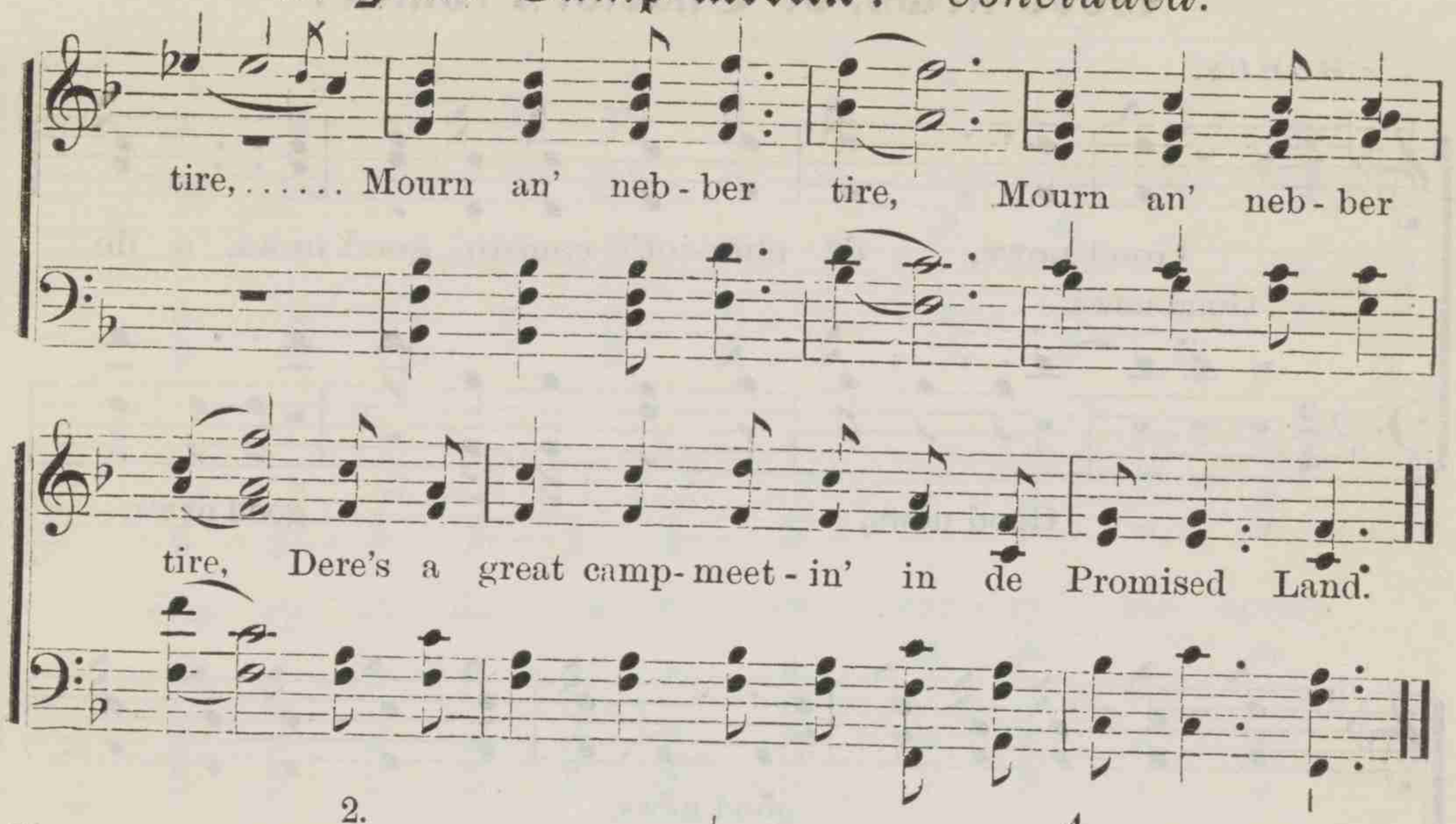
Now ef you want to know ob me,
Who'll jine de Union ?
Jess who I am, an' a-who I be,
Who'll jine de Union ?
I'm a chile ob God, wid my soul sot free,
Who'll jine de Union ?
For Christ hab bought my liberty,
Who'll jine de Union ?
Cho.—Oh, Hallelujah, &c.

A great Camp=meetin' in de Promised Land.

"This hymn was made by a company of Slaves, who were not allowed to sing or pray anywhere the old master could hear them; and when he died their old mistress looked on them with pity, and granted them the privilege of singing and praying in the cabins at night. Then they sang this hymn, and shouted for joy, and gave God the honor and praise." J. B. Towe.



A great Camp-meetin'.—*Concluded.*



2.

Oh get you ready, children, Dont you get weary,
Get you ready, children, Dont you, &c. (*bis.*
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.
For Jesus is a comin', Dont you get, &c,
Jesus is a comin', Dont you get, &c., (*bis.*
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.
Gwine to hab a happy meetin', Dont you get weary,
Hab a happy meetin', Dont you get, &c. (*bis.*
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

Cho.—Gwine to pray an' nebber tire,
Pray an' nebber tire, (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

3.

Gwine to hab it in hebben, Dont you, &c.
Gwine to hab it in hebben, Dont, &c. (*bis.*
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de, &c.,
Gwine to shout in hebben, Dont you get weary,
Shout in hebben, Dont you get, &c., (*bis.*
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de, &c.,
Oh will you go wid me, Dont you get, &c.,
Will you go wid me, Dont you get, &c., (*bis.*
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de, &c.,

Cho.—Gwine to shout an' nebber tire,
Shout an' nebber tire, (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land,

4.

Dere's a better day comin', Dont you get weary,
Better day a comin', Dont you get, &c., (*bis.*
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.
Oh slap your hands children, Dont, &c.
Slap your hands children, Dont, &c., (*bis.*
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.
Oh pat your foot children, Dont you get weary,
Pat your foot children, Dont, &c., (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

Cho.—Gwine to live wid God forever,
Live wid God forever, (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

5.

Oh, feel de Spirit a movin', Dont you, &c.
Feel de Spirit a movin', Dont, &c., (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de, &c.
Oh now I'm get in' happy, Dont you get weary,
Now I'm gettin' happy, Dont, &c., (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de, &c.
I feel so happy, Dont you get weary,
Feel so happy, Dont you get weary, (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de, &c.

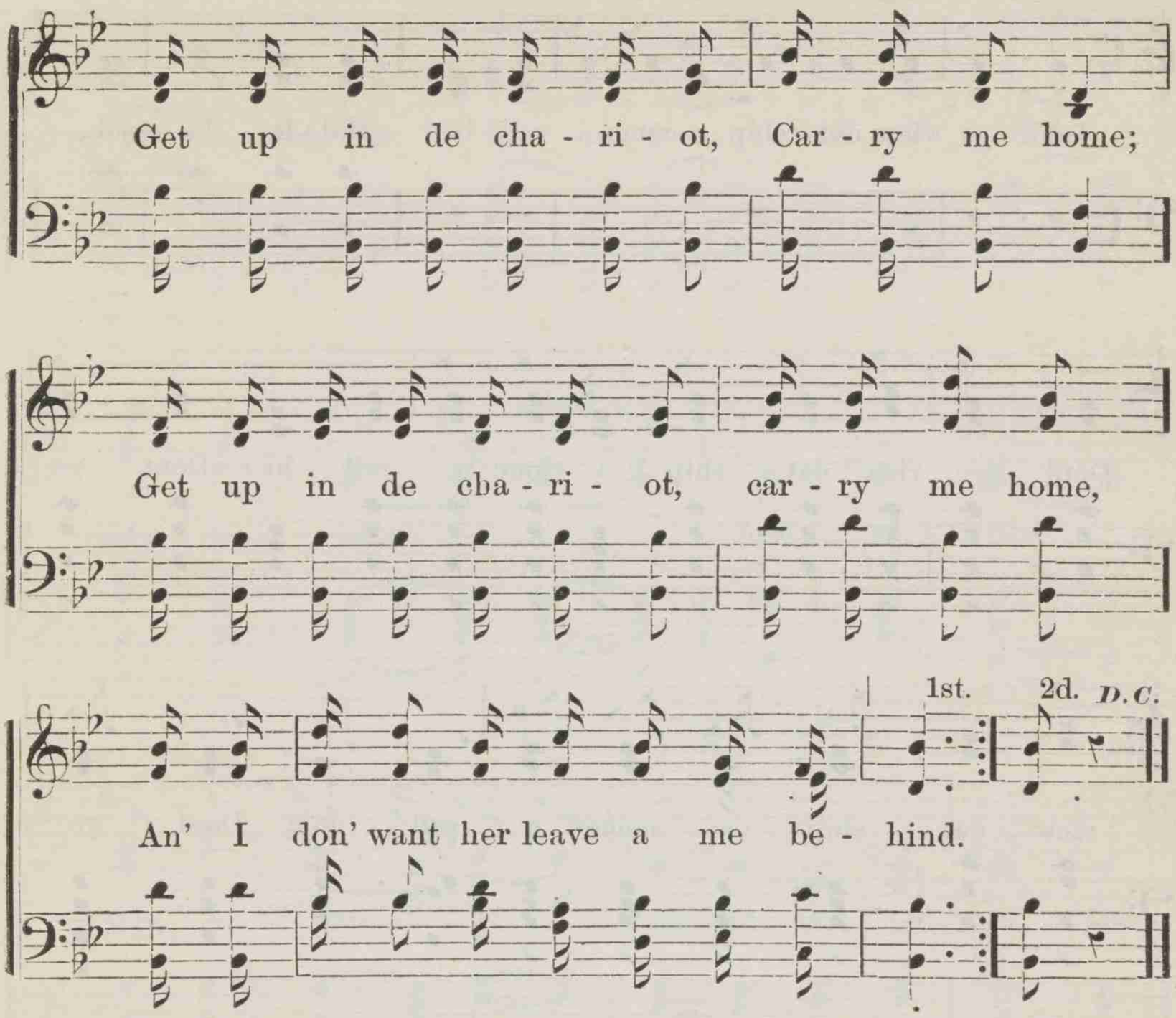
Cho.—Oh, fly an' nebber tire,
Fly an' nebber tire, (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

Good news, de Chariot's comin'.

CHORUS.



Good news, de Chariot's comin'.—*Concluded.*



2 Dar's a long white robe in de hebben I know,
A long white robe in de hebben, I know,
A long white robe in de hebben, I know,
An' I don' want her leave-a me behind.
Dar's a golden crown in de hebben, I know,
A golden crown in de hebben, I know,
A golden crown in de hebben, I know,
An' I don' want her leave-a me behind.
Cho.—Good news, de chariot's comin', &c.

3 Dar's a golden harp in de hebben, I know,
A golden harp in de hebben, I know,
A golden harp in de hebben, I know,
An' I don' want her leave-a me behind.
Dar's silver slippers in de hebben, I know,
Silver slippers in de hebben, I know,
Silver slippers in de hebben, I know,
An' I don' want her leave-a me behind.
Cho.—Good news, de chariot's comin', &c.

Don't ye view dat ship a come a sailin'.

For 1st verse only.

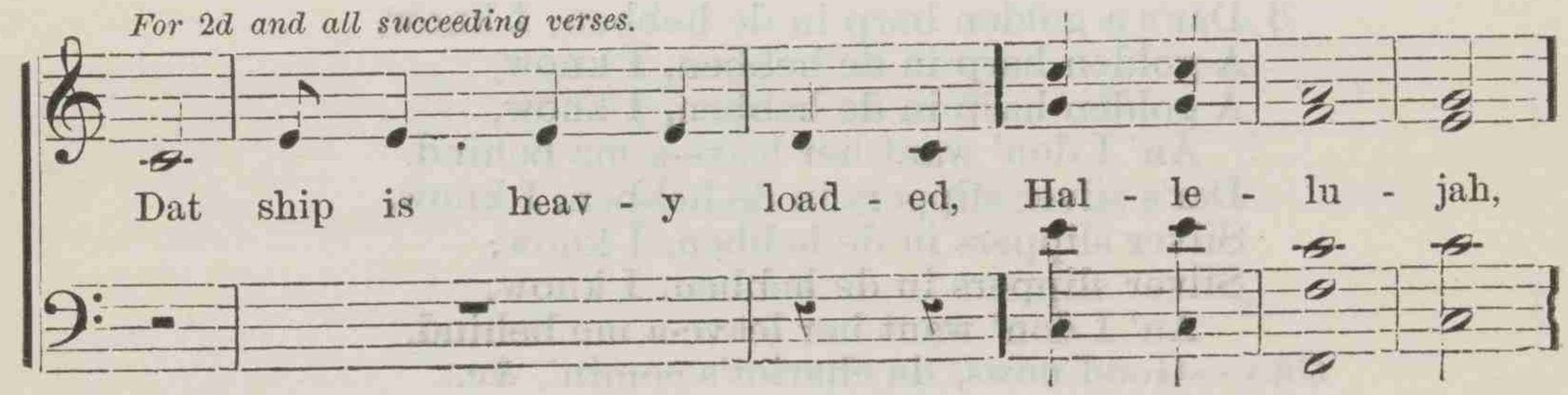








For 2d and all succeeding verses.



Dont ye view dat ship.—*Concluded.*



2 Dat ship is heavy loaded, Hallelujah, &c.

3 She neither reels nor totters, Hallelujah.

4 She is loaded wid-a bright angels, Hallelujah.

5 Oh, how do you know dey are angels? Hallelujah.

6 I know dem by a de'r mournin', Hallelujah.

7 Oh, yonder comes my Jesus, Hallelujah.

8 Oh, how do you know it is Jesus? Hallelujah.

9 I know him by-a his shinin', Hallelujah.

I don't feel no=ways tired.



I don't feel no=ways tired.—*Concluded.*



2 We will trabbel on together, Hallelujah, *(bis)*
Gwine to war agin de debbel, Hallelujah, "
Gwine to pull down Satan's kingdom, Hallelujah, "
Gwine to build up de walls o' Zion, Hallelujah. "
CHO.—Lord, I don't feel no-ways tired, &c.

3 Dere is a better day a comin', Hallelujah, *(bis)*
When I leave dis world o' sorrer, Hallelujah, "
For to jine de holy number, Hallelujah, "
Den we'll talk de trouble ober. Hallelujah. "
CHO.—Lord, I don't feel no-ways tired, &c.

4 Gwine to walk about in Zion, Hallelujah, *(bis)*
Gwine to talk a wid de angels, Hallelujah, "
Gwine to tell God 'bout my crosses, Hallelujah, "
Gwine to reign wid Him foreber, Hallelujah. "
CHO.—Lord, I don't feel no-ways tired, &c.

Did you hear my Jesus.

Ef you want to get to heb-ben, come a- long, come a - long, Ef you
Ef you want to see de an-gels, come a- long, come a - long, Ef you

want to get to heb - ben, come a - long, come a - long, Ef you
want to see de an - gels, come a - long, come a - long, Ef you

want to go to heb - ben, come a - long, come a - long,
want to see de an - gels, come a - long, come a - long,

CHORUS.

Hear my Je - sus when He call you. Did you hear my Je - sus when He
Hear my Je - sus when He call you.

Did you hear my Jesus.—*Concluded.*



2 Oh, de hebben gates are open, come along, come along,
Oh, de hebben gates are open, come along, come along, (*bis.*,
Hear my Jesus when He call you;
Oh, my mother's in de kingdom, come along, come along,
Oh, my mother's in de kingdom, come along, come along, (*bis.*,
Hear my Jesus when He call you,
I am gwine to meet her yander, come along, come along,
I am gwine to meet her yander, come along, come along, (*bis.*,
Hear my Jesus when He call you.

Cho.—Did you hear my Jesus when he call you,
Did you hear my Jesus when he call you, (*bis*,,
For to try on your long white robe.

3 Ef you want to wear de slippers, come along, come along,
Ef you want to wear de slippers, come along, come along, (*bis.*,
Hear my Jesus when He call you;
Ef you want to lib forever, come along, come along,
Ef you want to lib forever, come along, come along, (*bis.*,
Hear my Jesus when He call you;
Did you hear my Jesus cailing, "come along, come along,"
Did you hear my Jesus calling, "come along, come along." (*bis.*,
Hear my Jesus when He call you.

Cho.—Did you hear my Jesus when He call you,
Did you hear my Jesus when He call you, (*bis.*,
For to try on your long white robe.

Zion, weep a=low.

CHO.

Zi - on, weep a - low, Zi - on, weep a - low, Zi - on,

weep a - low, Den - a Hal - le - lu - jah to - a de Lamb.

My Je - sus Christ, a - walk-in' down de heb-ben - ly road, Den a

Hal - le - lu - jah to - a de Lamb, An' out o' his mouth come a

two-edged sword, Den a Hal - le - lu - jah to - a de Lamb,

Zion, weep a-low.—*Concluded.*



2 Oh, look up yonder, Lord, a-what I see,
Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
Dere's a long tall angel a comin' a'ter me,
Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
Wid a palms o' vicatry in-a my hand,
Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
Wid a golden crown a-placed on-a my head,
Den a Hallelujah, &c. CHO.—Oh, Zion, weep a-low.

3 Zion been a-weepin' all o' de day,
Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
Say, come, poor sinners, come-a an' pray,
Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
Oh, Satan, like a dat huntin' dog,
Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
He hunt dem a Christian's home to God,
Den a Hallelujah, &c. CHO.—Oh, Zion, weep a-low.

4 Oh, Hebben so high, an' I so low,
Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
I don' know shall I ebber get to Hebben or no,
Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
Gwine to tell my brudder befo' I go,
Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
What a dolesome road-a I had to go,
Den a Hallelujah, &c. CHO.—Oh, Zion, weep a-low.

Sweet Canaan.

My mother used to tell me how the colored People all expected to be free some day, and how one night, a great many of them met together in a Cabin, and tied little budgets on their backs, as though they expected to go off some where, and cried, and shook hands, and sang this hymn.

ALICE DAVIS.



NOTE.—There is so little variety to the verses of "Sweet Canaan" that we have not thought it worth while to give them at greater length. They readily suggest themselves, and seem to be limited only by the number of the singer's relations and friends.

En dat great gittin-up Mornin'.

THIS song is a remarkable paraphrase of a portion of the Book of Revelations, and one of the finest specimens of negro "Spirituals." The student who brought it to us, and who sings the Solos, has furnished all that he can remember of the almost interminable succession of verses, which he has heard sung for half an hour at a time, by the slaves in their midnight meetings in the woods. He gives the following interesting account of its origin :

"I have heard my uncle sing this hymn, and he told me how it was made. It was made by an old slave who knew nothing about letters or figures. He could not count the number of rails that he would split when he was tasked by his master to split 150 a day. But he tried to lead a Christian life, and he dreamed of the General Judgment, and told his fellow-servants about it, and then made a tune to it, and sang it in his cabin meetings." J. B. TOWE.

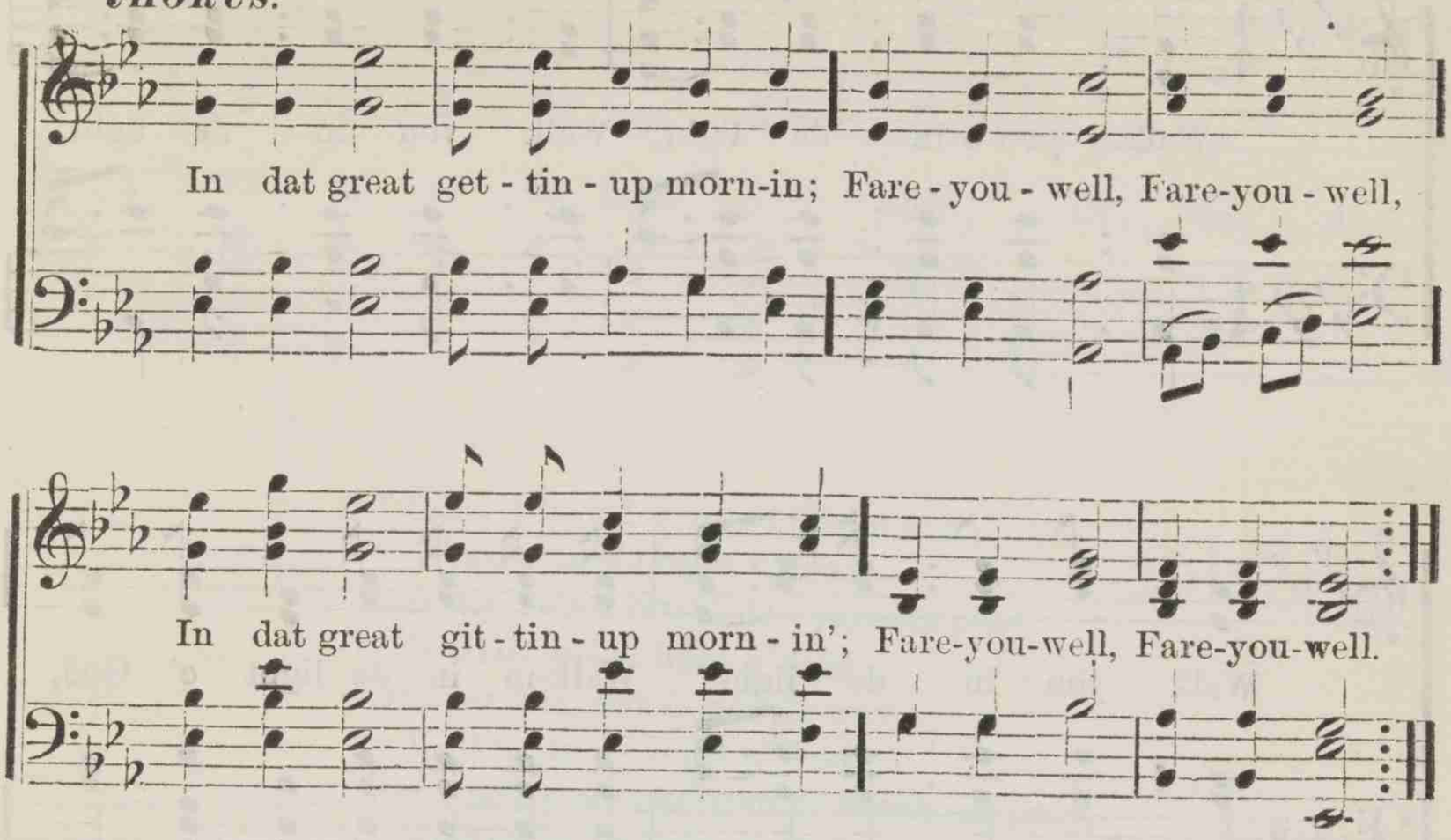


In dat great gittin=up Mornin'.—*Continued.*



In dat great gittin=up Mornin'.—*Concluded.*

CHORUS.



2. Dere's a better day a comin',
3. When my Lord speaks to his Fader,
4. Says, Fader, I'm tired o' bearin',
5. Tired o' bearin' for poor sinners,
6. Oh preachers, fold your Bibles,
7. Prayer-makers, pray no more,
8. For de last soul's converted.(*bis*)*Cho.*
9. De Lord spoke to Gabriel.
10. Say, go look behind de altar,
11. Take down de silver trumpet,
12. Go down to de sea-side,
13. Place one foot on de dry land,
14. Place de oder on de sea,
15. Raise your hand to heaven,
16. Declare by your Maker,
17. Dat time shall be no longer.(*bis*) *Cho.*
18. Blow your trumpet, Gabriel.
19. Lord, how loud shall I blow it?
20. Blow it right calm and easy,
21. Do not alarm my people,
22. Tell dem to come to judgment. (*bis*) *Cho.*
23. Den you see de coffins bustin',
24. Den you see de Christian risin',
25. Den you see de righteous marchin',
26. Dey are marchin' home to heaven.
27. Den look upon Mount Zion,
28. You see my Jesus comin'
29. Wid all his holy angels.
30. Where you rannin', sinner?
31. Judgment day is comin'. (*bis*) *Cho.*
32. Gabriel, blow your trumpet,
33. Lord, how loud shall I blow it?
34. Loud as seven peals of thunder,
35. Wake de sleepin' nations.
36. Den you see poor sinners risin'.
37. See de dry bones a creepin', *Cho.*
38. Den you see de world on fire,
39. You see de moon a bleedin',
40. See de stars a fallin',
41. See de elements meltin',
42. See de forked lightnin',
43. Hear de rumblin' thunder.
44. Earth shall reel and totter,
45. Hell shall be uncapped,
46. De dragon shall be loosened.
47. Fare-you-well, poor sinner. *Cho.*
48. Den you look up in de heaven,
49. See your mother in heaven,
50. While you're doomed to destruction.
51. When de partin' word is given,
52. De Christian shouts to your ruin.
53. No mercy'll ever reach you, *Cho.*
54. Den you'll cry out for cold water,
55. While de Christian's shoutin' in glory,
56. Sayin' amen to your damnation,
57. Den you hear de sinner sayin',
58. Down I'm rollin', down I'm rollin',
59. Den de righteous housed in heaven,
60. Live wid God forever.(*bis.*) *Cho.*

Walk you in de Light.

Walk you in de light, Walk you in de light,

Walk you in de light, Walk-in' in de light o' God,

1st 2d.

Oh, chil - dren. God. Oh, chil-dren, do you think it's true,
Yes, He died for me an' He died for you,

Walkin' in de light o' God, Dat Je - sus Christ did die for you,
For de Ho - ly Bi - ble does say so,

Walk you in de Light.—*Concluded.*



2 I think I heard some children say,
Walkin' in de light o' God,
Dat dey neber heard de'r parents pray,
Walkin' in de light o' God.
Oh, parents, dat is not de way,
Walkin' in de light o' God,
But teach your children to watch an' pray,
Walkin' in de light o' God.

CHO.—Oh, parents, walk you in de light,
Walk you in de light, walk you in de light,
Walkin' in de light o' God.

3 I love to shout, I love to sing,
Walkin' in de light o' God,
I love to praise my Heavenly King,
Walkin' in de light o' God.
Oh, sisters, can't you help me sing,
Walkin' in de light o' God,
For Moses' sister did help him,
Walkin' in de light o' God.

CHO.—Oh, sisters, walk you in de light, &c.

4 Oh, de heavenly lan' so bright an' fair,
Walkin' in de light o' God,
A very few dat enter dere,
Walkin' in de light o' God.
For good Elijah did declare,
Walkin' in de light o' God,
Dat nothin' but de righteous shall go dere,
Walkin' in de light o' God.

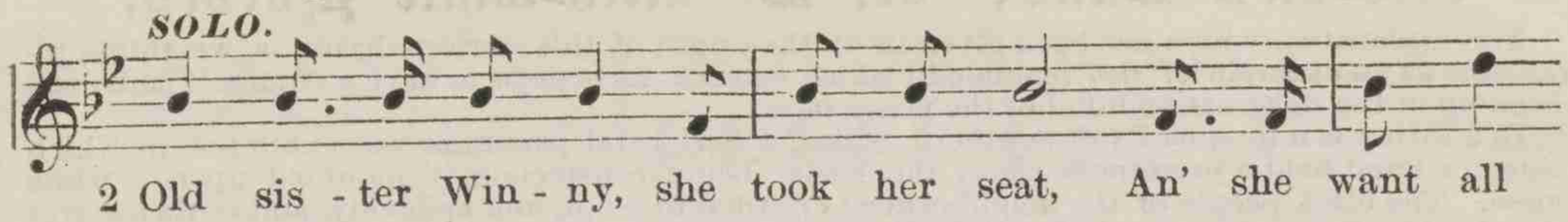
CHO.—Oh, Christians, walk you in de light, &c.

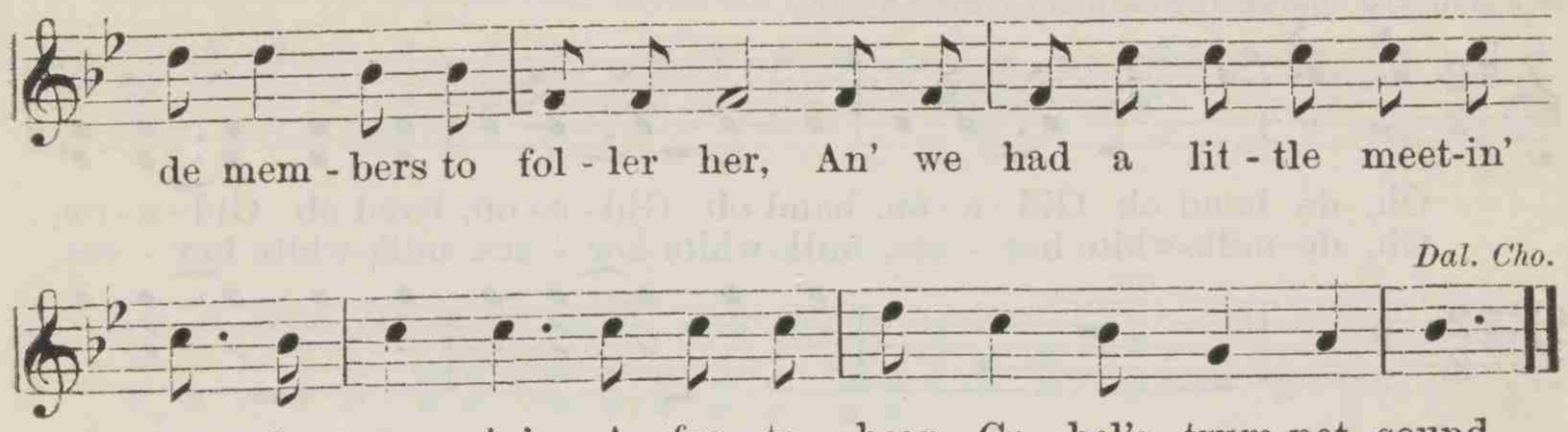
Sweet Turtle Dove, or Jerusalem Mornin'.

pp 1st, 4th and 8th verses only.



Sweet Turtle Dove.—*Concluded.*





2 Ole sister Hannah, she took her seat,
An' she want all de member to foller her;
An' we had a little meetin' in de mornin',
A-for to hear Gabel's trumpet sound.
CHO.—Jerusalem mornin', &c.

3 Sweet turtle dove, she sing-a so sweet,
Muddy de water, so deep,
An' we had a little meetin' in de mornin',
A-for to hear Gabel's trumpet sound.
CHO.—Jerusalem mornin', &c.

(SOLO.) 5 Ole brudder Philip, he took his seat,
An' he want all de member to foller him,
An' we had a little meetin' in de mornin,'
A-for to hear Gabel's trumpet sound.
CHO.—Jerusalem mornin', &c.

(SOLO.) 6 Ole sister Hagar, she took her seat,
An' she want all de member to foller her,
An' we had a little meetin' in de mornin',
A-for to hear Gabel's trumpet sound,
CHO.—Jerusalem mornin', &c.

(SOLO.) 7 Ole brudder Moses took his seat,
An' he want all de member to foller him,
An' we had a little meetin' in de mornin',
A-for to hear Gabel's trumpet sound.
CHO.—Jerusalem mornin', &c.

8 Sweet turtle dove, she sing-a so sweet,
Muddy de water. so deep,
An' we had a little meetin' in de mornin'.
A-for to hear Gabel's trumpet sound.
CHO.—Jerusalem mornin', &c.

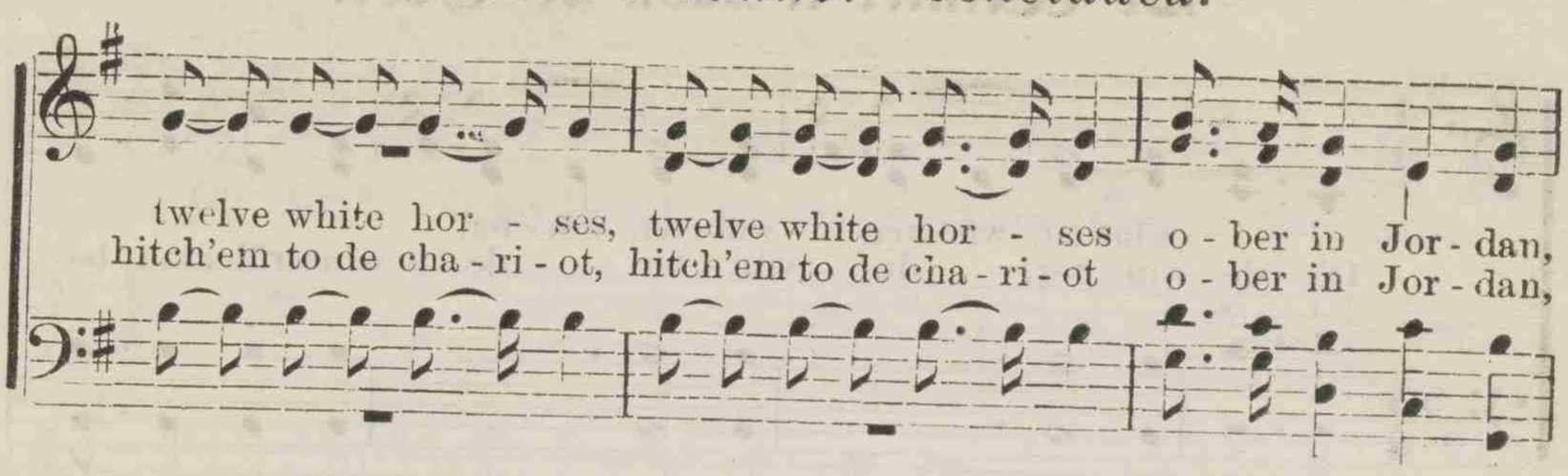
Gideon's Band; or, De milk-white Horses.

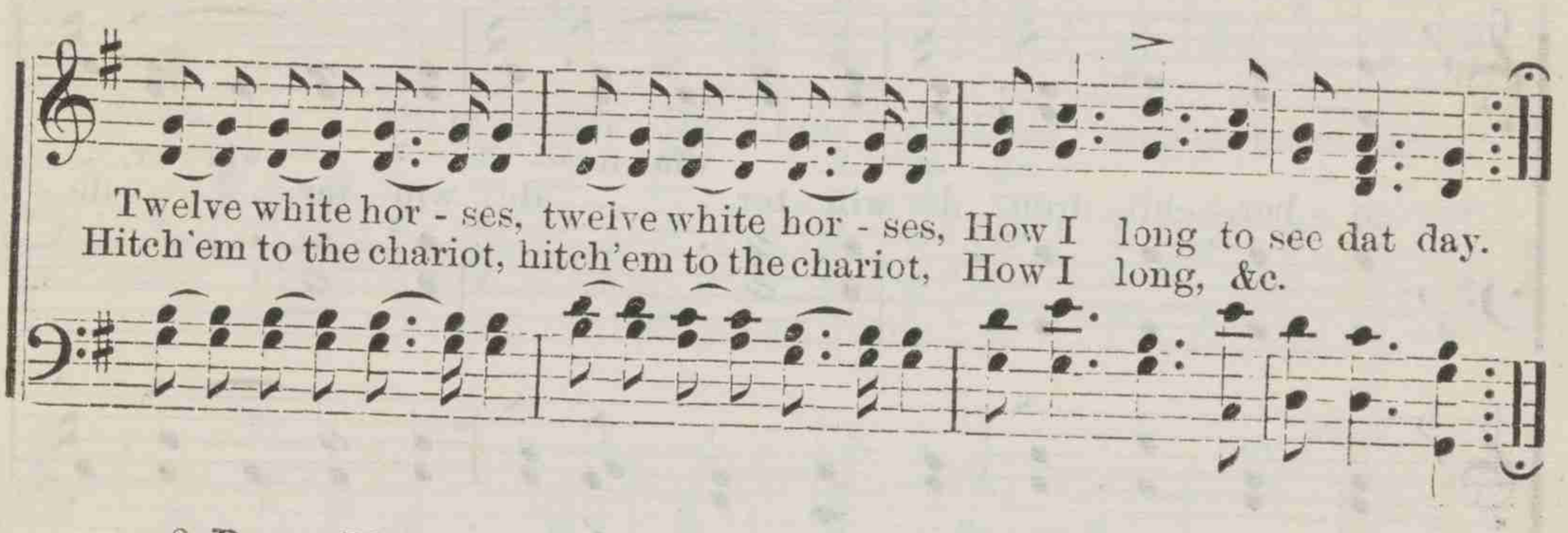
The explanation which has been given us of the origin of this curious hymn is, we think, invaluable as an example of the manner in which external facts grew to have a strange symbolical meaning in the imaginative mind of the negro race.

In a little town in one of the Southern States, a Scriptural panorama was exhibited, in which Gideon's Band held a prominent place, the leader being conspicuously mounted upon a white horse. The black people of the neighborhood crowded to see it, and suddenly, and to themselves inexplicably, this swinging "Milk-White Horses" sprang up among them, establishing itself soon as a standard church and chimney-corner hymn.



Gideon's Band.—*Concluded.*





2 Duo.—I hail to my brudder, my brudder he bow low,
Say, don't you want to go to hebben?—
How I long to see dat day!
Cho.—Oh, ride up in de chariot, ride up in de chariot,
Ride up in de chariot ober in Jordan;
Ride up in de chariot, ride up in de chariot—
How I long to see dat day!
It's a golden chariot, a golden chariot,
Golden chariot ober in Jordan;
Golden chariot, a golden chariot—
How I *long* to see dat day!

3 Duo.—I hail to de mourner, de mourner he bow low,
Say, don't you want to go to hebben?—
How I long to see dat day!
Cho.—Oh, de milk an' honey, milk an' honey,
Milk an' honey ober in Jordan;
Milk an' honey, milk an' honey—
How I long to see dat day!
Oh, de healin' water, de healin' water,
Healin' water ober in Jordan;
Healin' water, de healin' water—
How I *long* to see dat day!

De Winter'll soon be Over.

win - ter, win - ter, win - ter, win - ter,
Oh de win - ter, de win - ter, de winter'll soon be

win - ter, win - ter,
o - ber, chil - dren, de win - ter, de win - ter, de

win - ter,
win - ter'll soon be o - ber, chil - dren, de win - ter, de

win - ter,
win - ter, de w'n-ter'll soon be o - ber, children, Yes, my Lord:

Oh look up yon-der what I see. Bright angels com-in' ar - ter me.

2 I turn my eyes towards de sky,
An' ask de Lord for wings to fly;
If you get dere before I do,
Look out for me I'm comin' too. *Cho.*

3 Oh Jordan's ribber is deep an' wide,
But Jesus stan' on de hebbenly side;
An' when we get on Canaan's shore,
We'll shout, an' sing forebber more. *Cho.*

Keep Me from sinkin' Down.

Oh Lord, Oh my Lord! Oh my good Lord! Keep me from sink-in'

down, Oh my Lord. Oh my good Lord, Keep me from sink-in'

Oh Lord,

1st. 2nd. *Fine.*

down. down, Keep me from sink - in' down.

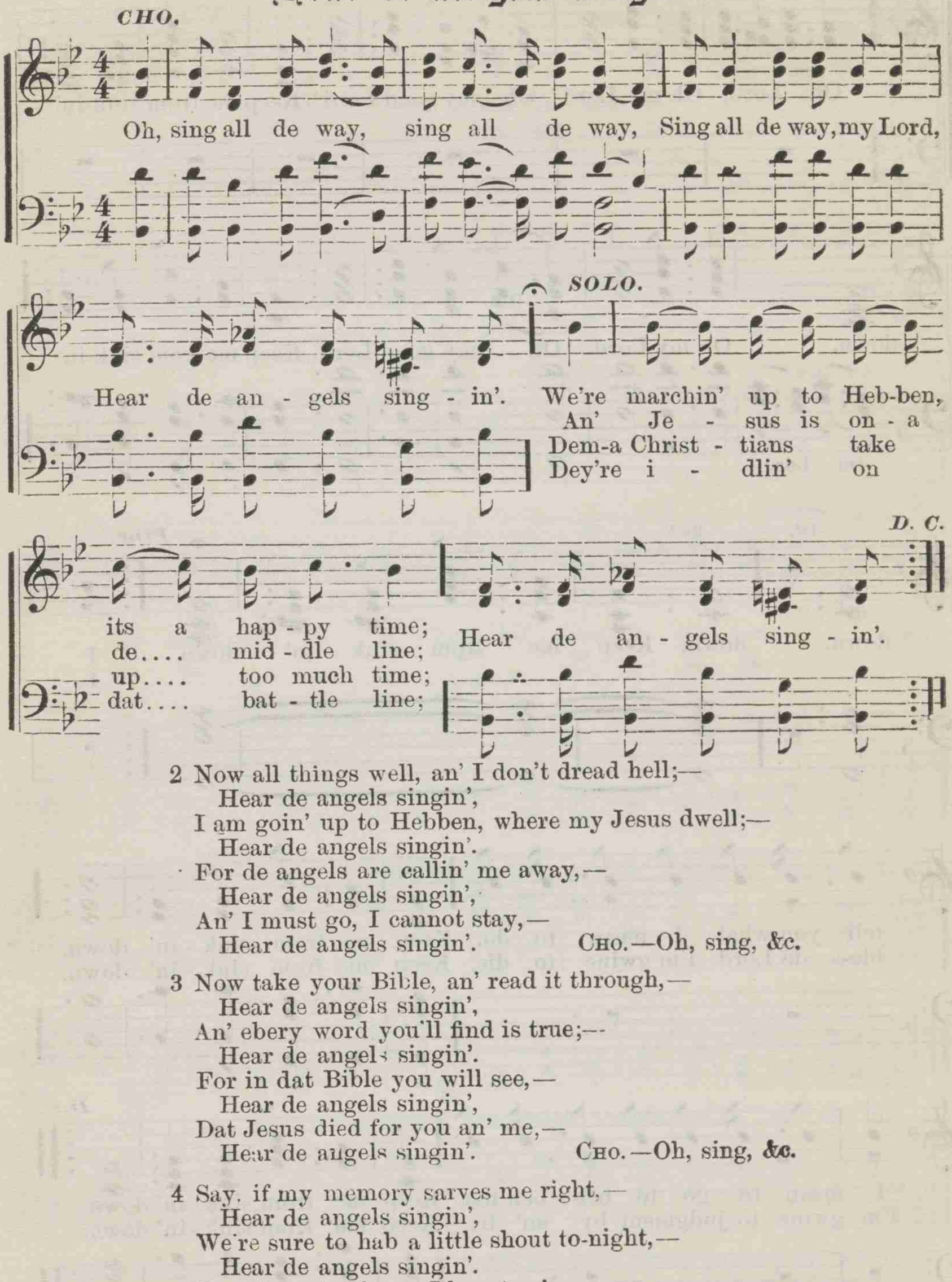
I
I

tell you what I mean to do, Keep me from sink - in' down,
bless de Lord I'm gwine to die. Keep me from sink - in' down.

D.C.

I mean to go to heb - ben too, Keep me from sink - in' down.
I'm gwine to judgment by an' by. Keep me from sink - in' down.

Hear de Angels singin'.

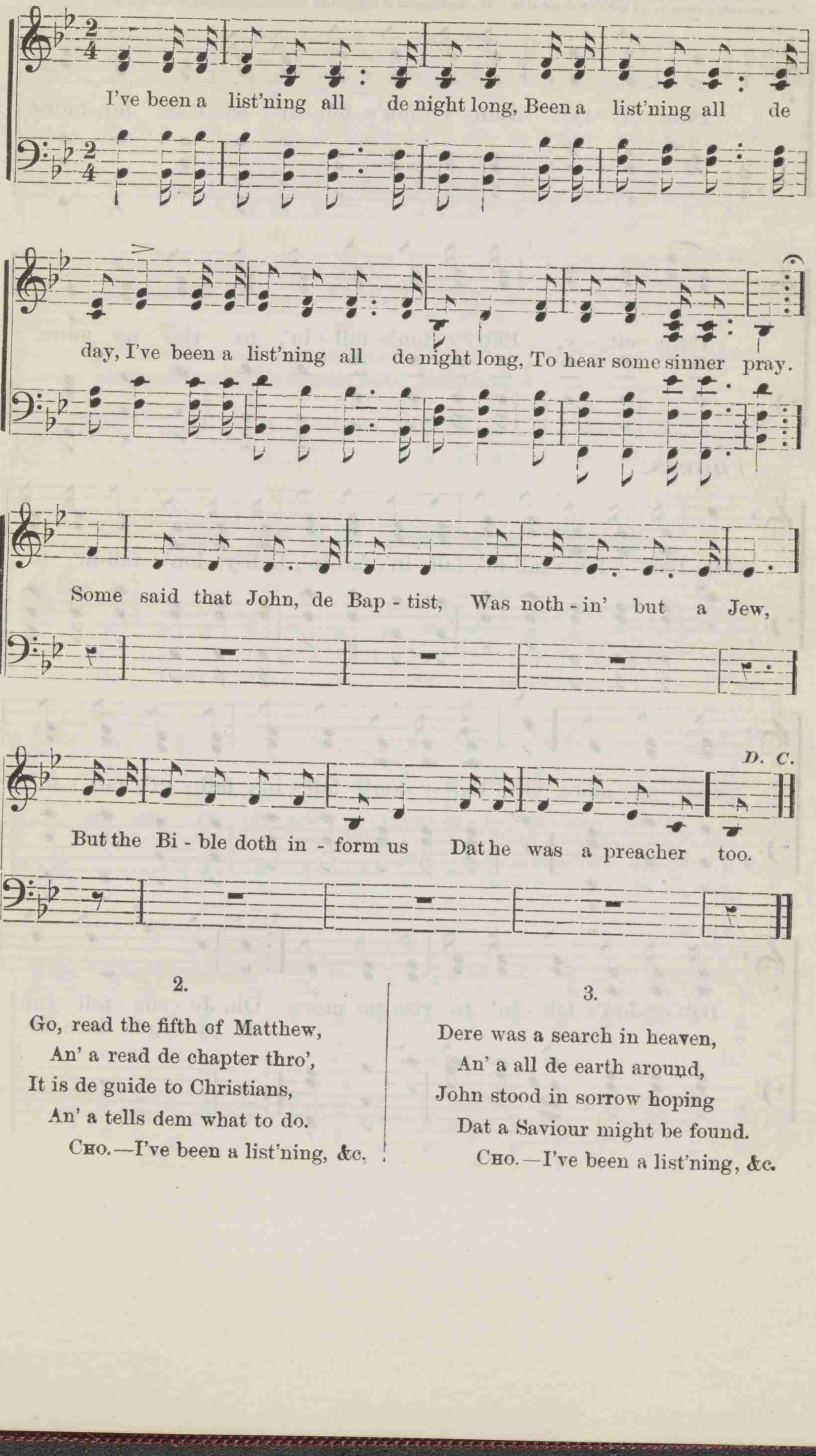


2 Now all things well, an' I don't dread hell;—
Hear de angels singin',
I am goin' up to Hebben, where my Jesus dwell;—
Hear de angels singin'.
For de angels are callin' me away,—
Hear de angels singin',
An' I must go, I cannot stay,—
Hear de angels singin'. CHO.—Oh, sing, &c.

3 Now take your Bible, an' read it through,—
Hear de angels singin',
An' ebery word you'll find is true;—
Hear de angels singin'.
For in dat Bible you will see,—
Hear de angels singin',
Dat Jesus died for you an' me,—
Hear de angels singin'. CHO.—Oh, sing, &c.

4 Say, if my memory sarves me right,—
Hear de angels singin',
We're sure to hab a little shout to-night,—
Hear de angels singin'.
For I love to shout, I love to sing,—
Hear de angels singin',
I love to praise my Hebbenly King,—
Hear de angels singin'. CHO.—Oh, sing, &c.

I've been a-list'ning all de Night long.



2.

Go, read the fifth of Matthew,
An' a read de chapter thro',
It is de guide to Christians,
An' a tells dem what to do.
Cho.—I've been a list'ning, &c.

3.

Dere was a search in heaven,
An' a all de earth around,
John stood in sorrow hoping
Dat a Saviour might be found.
Cho.—I've been a list'ning, &c.

Babylon 's Fallin'.

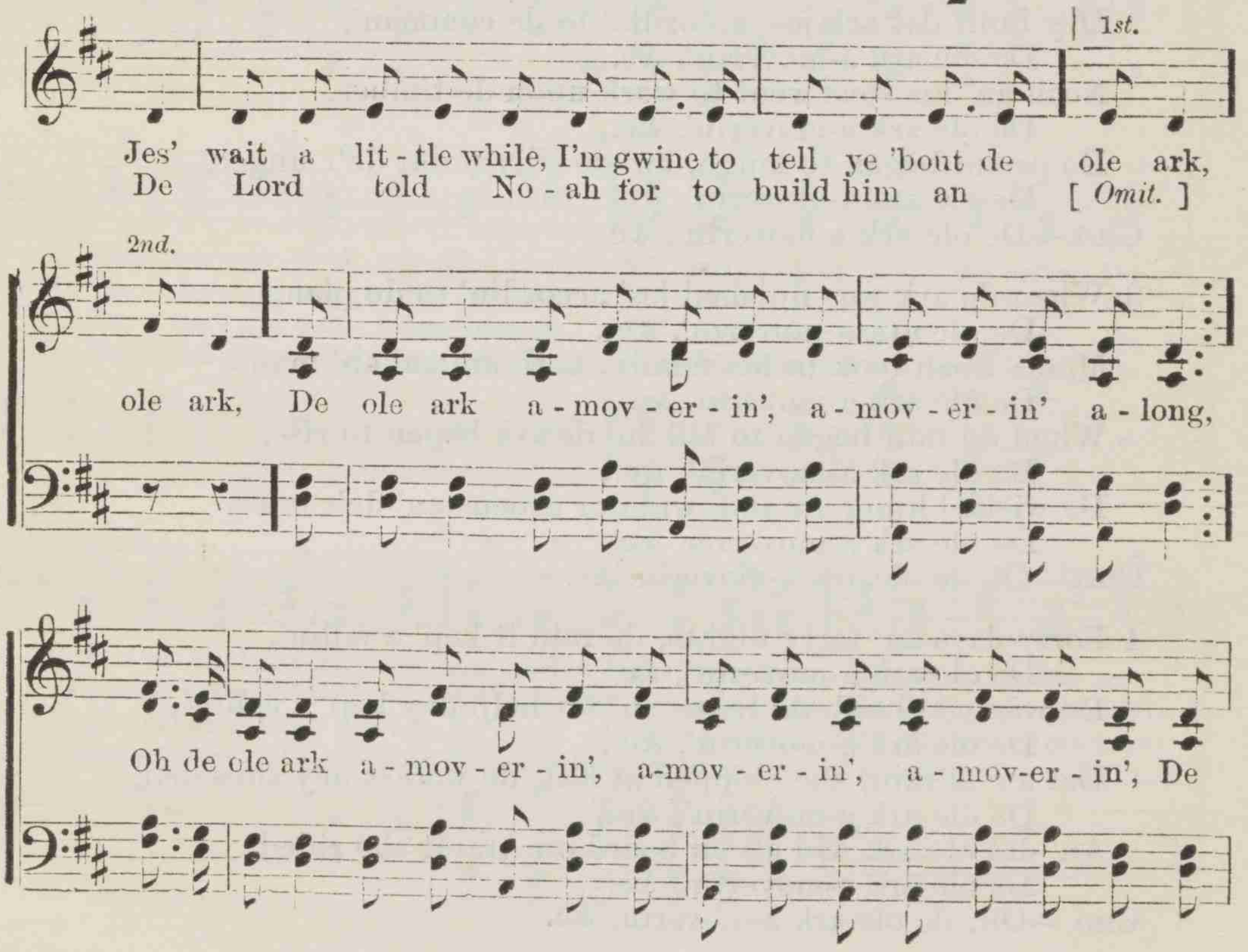
This is often used in Hampton as a Marching song, and is quite effective when the two hundred students are filing out of the assembly room to its spirited movement. We recommend it for similar use to Schools and Kindergartens.



Babylon's Fallin'.—*Concluded.*



De ole Ark a-moverin' Along.



De ole Ark a-moverin' Along.—*Concluded.*

Omit in the last verse,



For the last verse only. ***FINE.***



2 Den Noah an' his sons went to work upon de dry lan',
De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
Dey built dat ark jes' accordin' to de comman',
De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
Noah an' his sons went to work upon de timber,
De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
De proud began to laugh, an' de silly point de'r finger,
De ole ark a-moverin', &c.
CHO.—De ole ark a-moverin', &c.

3 When de ark was finished jes' accordin' to de plan,
De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
Massa Noah took in his family, both animal an' man,
De ole ark a-moverin, &c.,
When de rain began to fall an' de ark began to rise,
De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
De wicked hung around' wid der groans an' de'r cries,
De ole ark a-moverin,' &c.
CHO.—Oh de ole ark a-moverin, &c.

4 Forty days an' forty nights, de rain it kep' a fallin',
De ole ark a-moverin', &c.
De wicked clumb de trees, an' for help dey kep' a callin',
De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
Dat awful rain, she stopped at last, de waters dey subsided,
De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
An' dat ole ark wid all on board on Ararat she rided,
De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
CHO.—Oh, de ole ark a-moverin, &c.

Dust an' Ashes.

1. Dust, dust an' ash - es fly ov-er on my grave, Dust, dust an' ash-es fly
o - ver on my grave, Dust, dust an' ash - es fly o - ver on my grave,
An' de Lord shall bear my spir-it home, An' de Lord shall bear my spirit home.

2. Dey cru - ci - fied my Sav - iour, An' nailed Him to de cross, Dey
3. Oh, Jo-seph begged his bo - dy, An' laid it in de tomb, Oh,
4. De an - gel came from heav-en, An' roll de stone a - way, De
5. De cold grave could not hold Him, Nor death's cold i - ron band, De

cru - ci - fied my Saviour, An' nailed Him to de cross, Dey cru-ci - fied my
Jo-seph begged His body, An' laid it in de tomb, Oh Joseph begged His
an - gel came from heaven, An' roll de stone a-way, De an - gel came from
cold grave could not hold Him. Nor death's cold iron band, De cold grave could not

Dust an' Ashes.—*Continued.*

Sav-iour, An' nailed Him to de cross, An' de Lord shall bear my
bo - dy, An' laid it in de tomb, An' de Lord shall bear, &c.
heb - ben, An' roll de stone a - way, An' de Lord shall bear, &c.
hold Him, Nor death's cold i - ron band, An' de Lord shall bear, &c.

spi - rit home, An' de Lord shall bear my spi - rit home.

CHORUS.

He rose, He rose, He rose from de dead, He rose, He

He rose, He rose,

rose, He rose from the dead. He rose, He rose,

He rose, He rose, He rose,

He rose from de dead, an' de Lord shall bear my spi - rit home;

Dust an' Ashes.—*Continued.*

An' de Lord shall bear my spir-it home. 6. Oh Ma - ry came a- run-nin',

her Sav - iour for to see, Oh Ma - ry came a - run - nin', Her

Saviour for to see, Oh Mary came a - run- nin, Her Saviour for to see,

An' de Lord shall bear my spir-it home, An' de Lord shall bear my spirit home.

7. De an - gel say He is not here, He's gone to Gal - i - lee, De

angel say He is not here, He's gone to Gal-i - lee, De an - gel say He

Dust an' Ashes.—*Continued.*



Dust an' Ashes.—*Concluded.*

CHORUS.

bear my spir - it home. He rose, He rose,

He rose, He rose,

He rose from de dead, He rose, He rose,

He rose, He rose,

He rose from de dead, He rose, He rose,

He rose, He rose,

He rose from de dead, An' de Lord shall bear my spir - it

home, An' de Lord shall bear my spir - it home.

Stars in the Elements.

Refrain.

O the stars in the el - e-ments are fall - ing, And the moon drips a -

way in the blood, And the ran-somed of the Lord are re -

in the blood,

turn-ing home to God. O bless - ed is the name of the Lord !

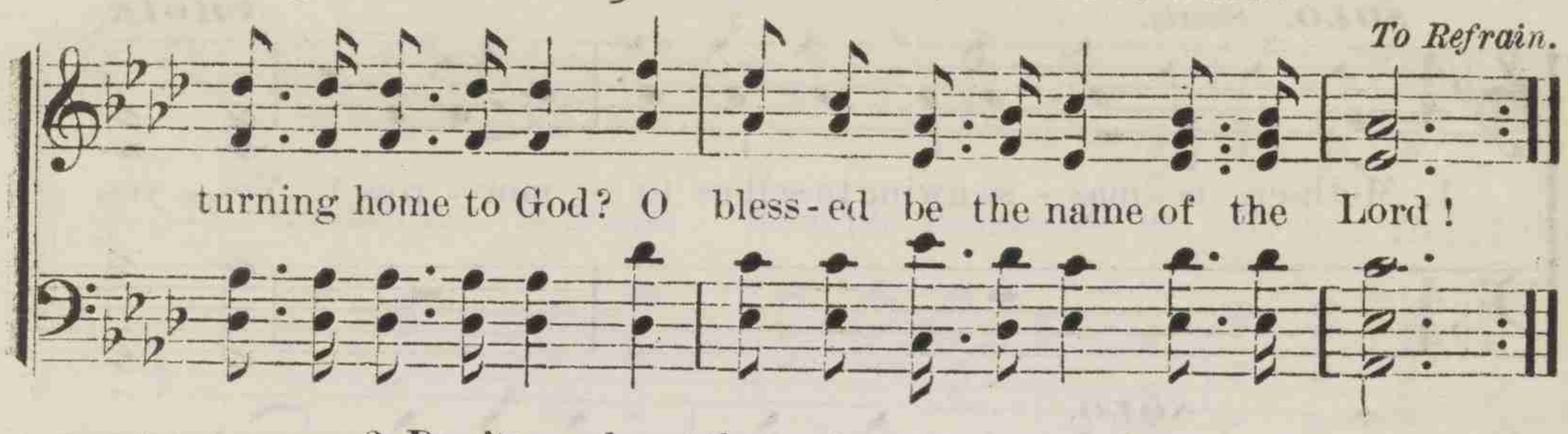
SOLO.

1. Don't you hear those Christians a - pray - ing, While the moon drips a -

way in the blood, And the ran-somed of the Lord are

in the blood,

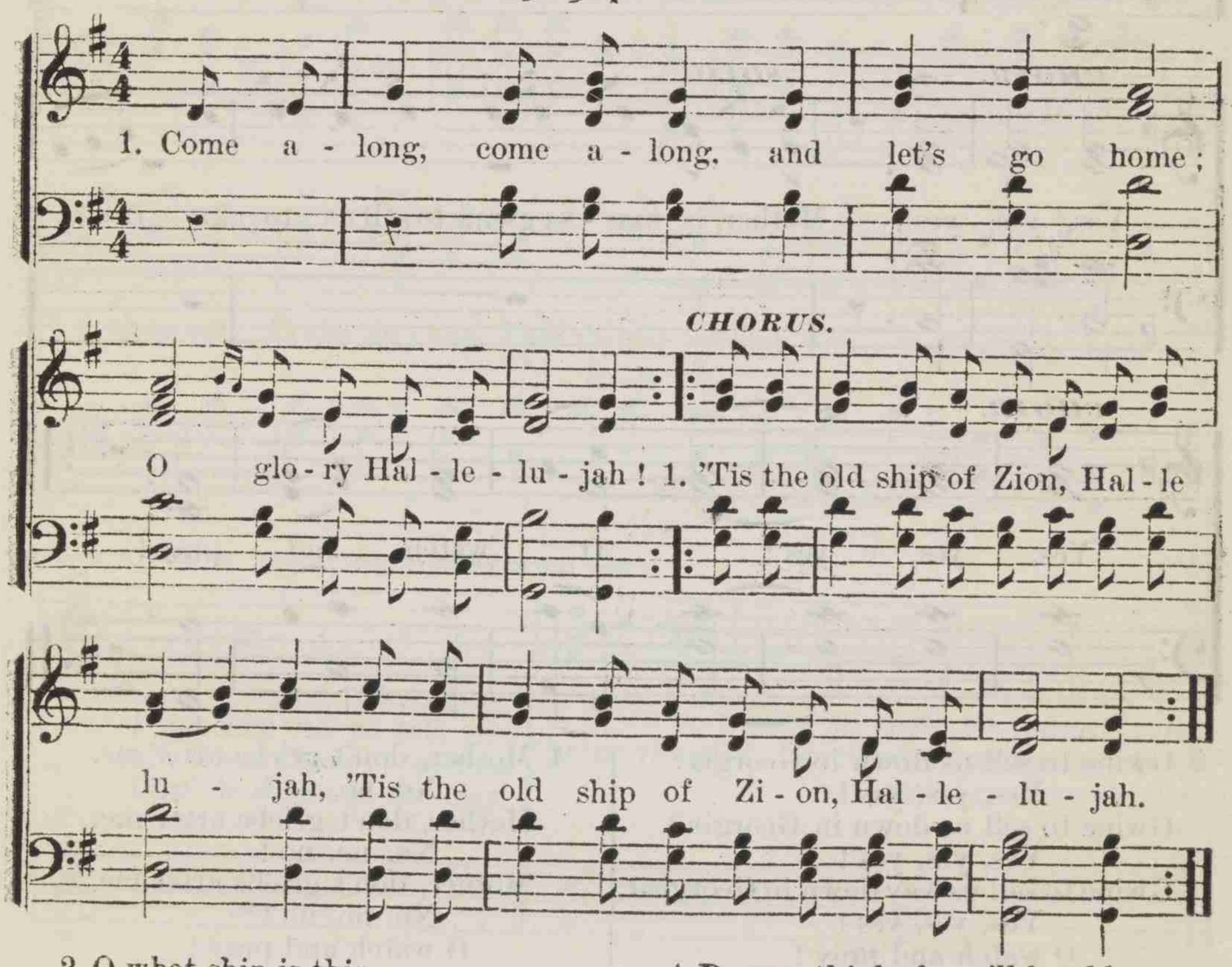
Stars in the Elements.—*Concluded.*



2 Don't you hear those sinners a-screaming,
While the moon drips away, etc.

3 Don't you hear those sinners a-crying,
While the moon drips away, etc.

Ole Ship of Zion.



2 O what ship is this
That will take us all home?
O glory Hallelujah!—*Cho.*

3 She has landed many thousand,
And she'll land as many a more.
O glory Hallelujah!—*Cho.*

4 Do you think she will be able
For to take us all home?
O glory Hallelujah!—*Cho.*

5 O yes, she will be able
For to take us all home.
O glory Hallelujah!—*Cho.*

Massa Gwine to Sell us To-morrow.



2 Gwine to sell us down in Georgia?
Yes, yes, yes !
Gwine to sell us down in Georgia?
Yes, yes, yes !
Gwine to sell us way down in Georgia?
Yes, yes, yes !
O watch and pray !

3 Farewell, mother, I must lebe you.
Yes, yes, yes !
Farewell, mother, I must lebe you.
Yes, yes, yes !
Farewell, mother, I must lebe you.
Yes, yes, yes !
O watch and pray !

4 Mother, don't griebe arter me.
No, no, no !
Mother, don't griebe arter me.
No, no, no !
Mother, don't griebe arter me.
No, no, no !
O watch and pray !

5 Mother, I'll meet you in heaven.
Yes, my child !
Mother, I'll meet you in heaven.
Yes, my child !
Mother, I'll meet you in heaven.
Yes, my child !
O watch and pray !

Glory and Honor.



SOLO. *(To be sung rapidly in one tone.)*

1. Oh, my young Christians, I got lots for to tell you all, Jesus Christ, speaking thro' de organ of the clay, } judge ye not, { for ye shall be judged, false pretenders gettin' in Christian band. Live humble, etc.

2. False pretenders wear sheep's clothin' on his back, In his heart like a raving wolf,..... } one day, one day, { When God goin' to call dem children from de distant land. Tombstones cra'king, graves bustin', hell and the seas gwine t' give up their dead. Live humble, etc.

Peter on the Sea.

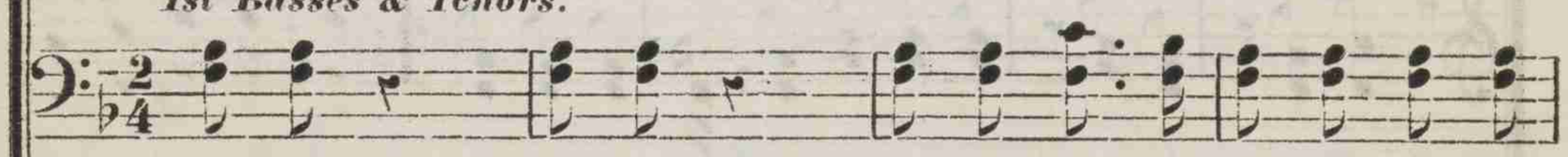
1st Sopranos & Altos.



2d Sopranos & Altos.

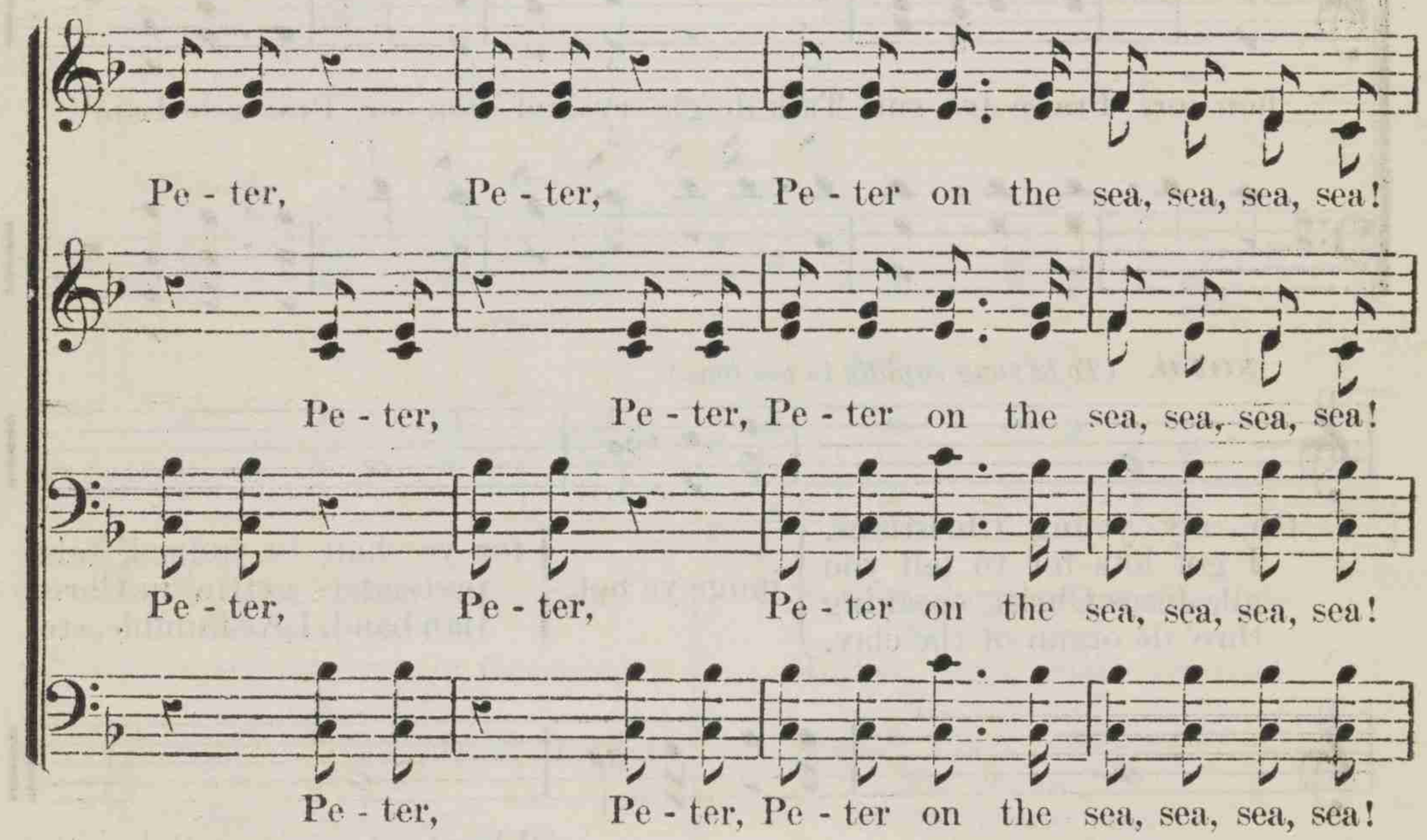


1st Basses & Tenors.



2d Basses & Tenors.

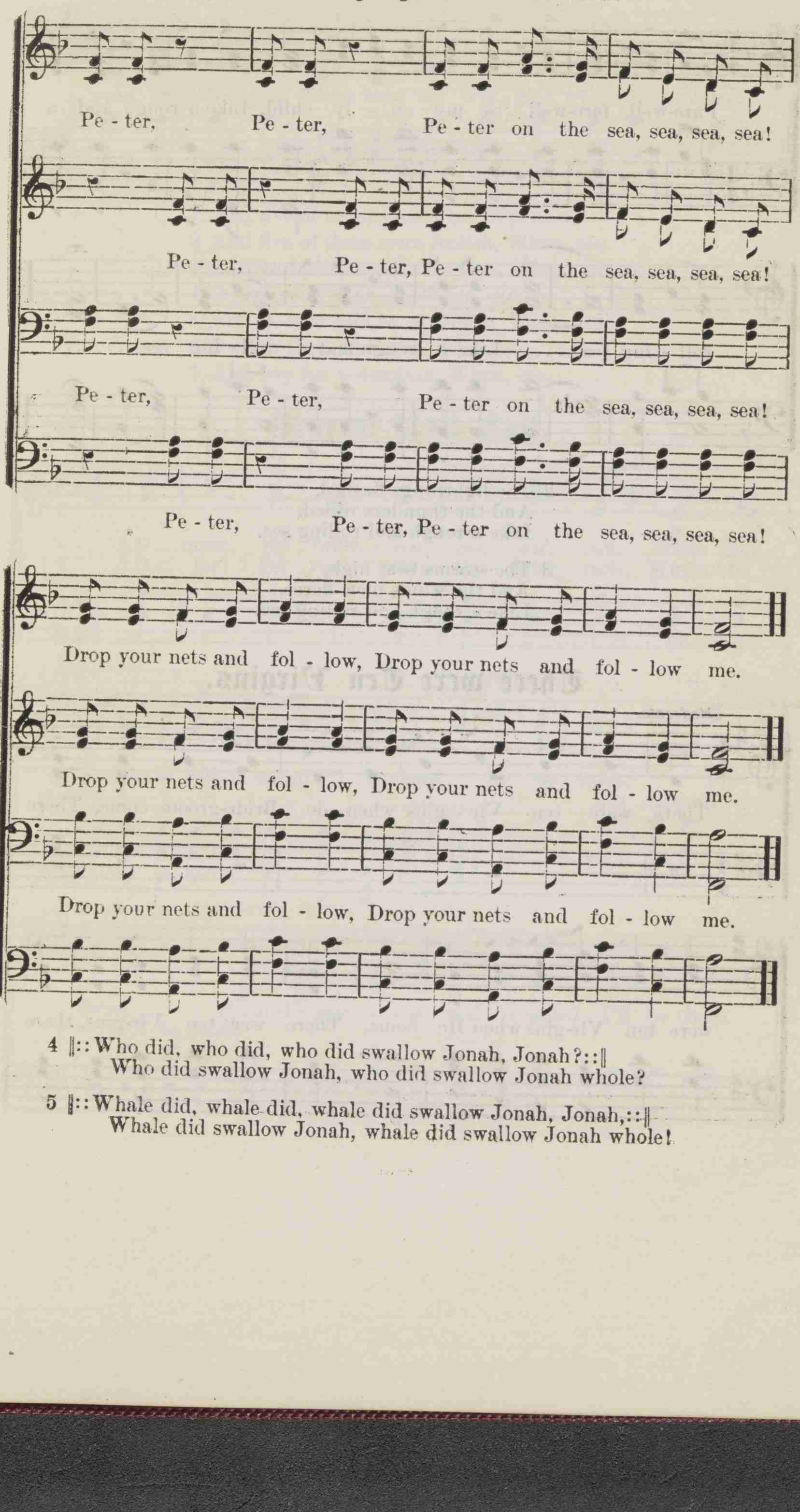




2 ‖::Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel blow your trump, trump, trump, trump!::‖
Gabriel blow your trumpet, Gabriel blow your trumpet loud!

3 ‖::Daniel, Daniel, Daniel in the lions', lions',::‖
Daniel in the lions', Daniel in the lions' den.

Peter on the Sea.—*Concluded.*



4 ‖:: Who did, who did, who did swallow Jonah, Jonah?::‖
Who did swallow Jonah, who did swallow Jonah whole?

5 ‖:: Whale did, whale did, whale did swallow Jonah, Jonah,::‖
Whale did swallow Jonah, whale did swallow Jonah whole!

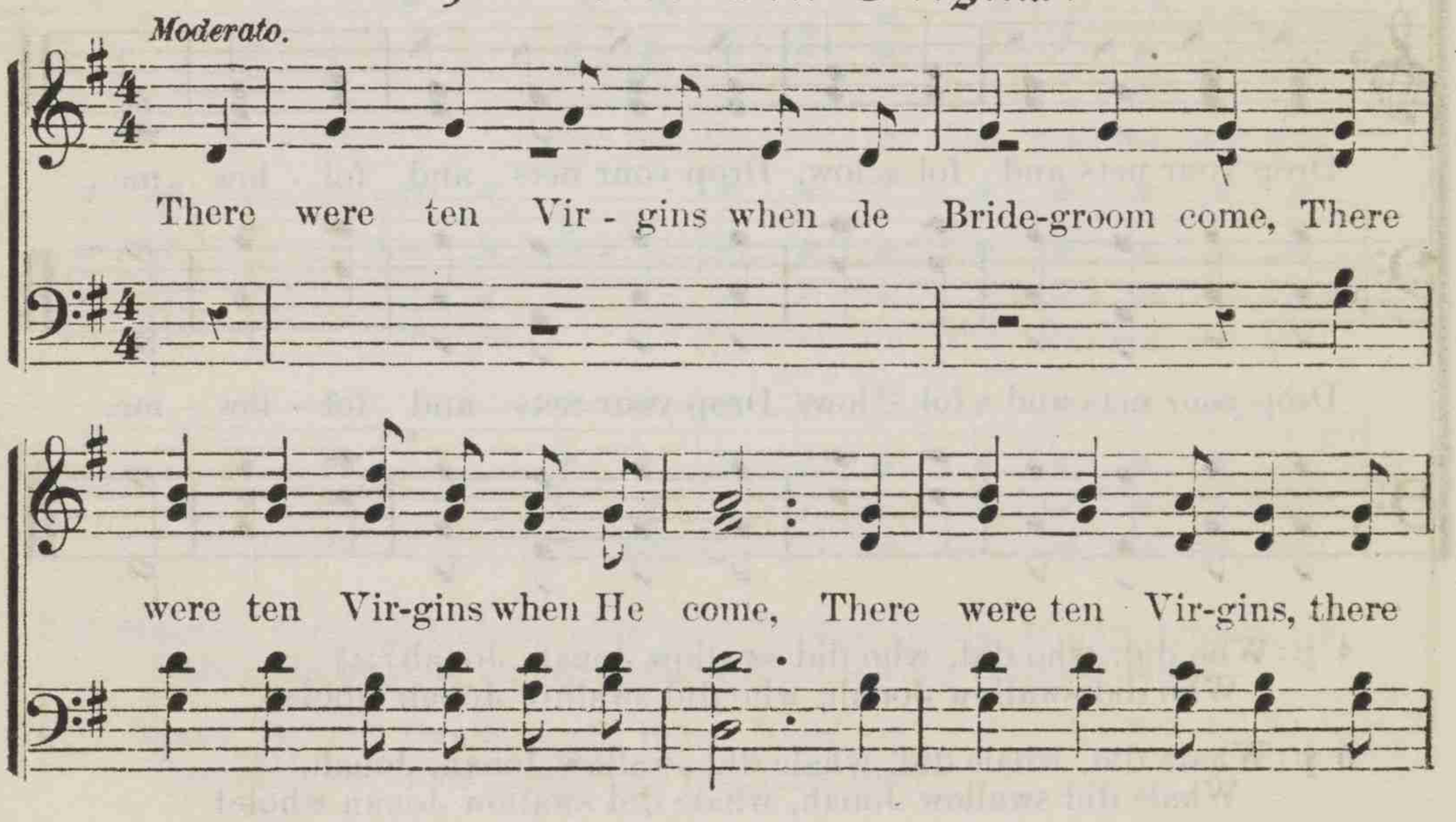
Rough and Rolling Sea.



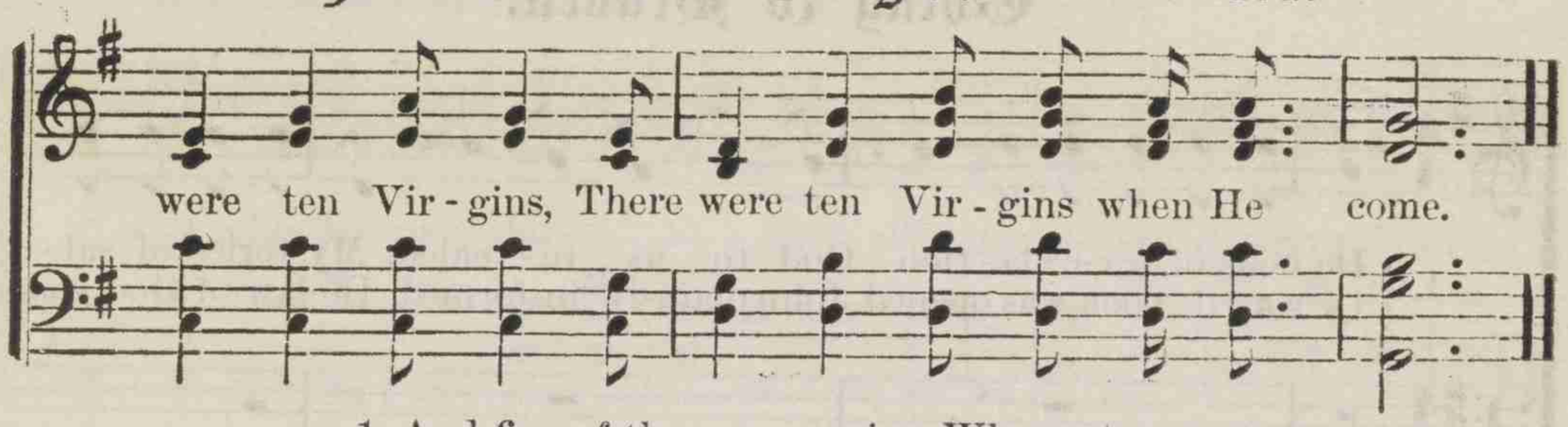
2 The lightnings flashed,
And the thunders rolled,
Like a rough and rolling sea.

3 The storms beat high,
And the winds blew fierce,
Like a rough and rolling sea.

There were Ten Virgins.



There were Ten Virgins.—*Concluded.*



1 And five of them were wise, When, etc.
2 And five of them were foolish, When, etc.
3 And de foolish said to de wise, When, etc.
4 O give us of your oil, When, etc.
5 And de wise said to de foolish, When, etc.
6 O go to them that sell, When, etc.
7 And buy for yourselves, When, etc.

General Roll Call.



Going to Heaven.



2 John saw de Heavens open,
De Conqueror riding down,
He looked and saw white horses;
And rider following on.
If you want to know de Conqueror,
He is de word of God,
His eyes are like a burnin' throne,
He is de word of God.—*Cho.*

3 Hossanna to de Prince of Life,
Who clothed Himself in clay,
And entered de Iron Gate of death,
And bore de ties away.
See how de conqueror mounts aloft,
And to His Father flies!
With scars of honor on His flesh,
And trials in His eyes.—*Cho.*

Fighting On.

Male Voices.—Moderato.

Fight-ing on, Hal-le - lu - jah! We are al-most down to de shore.

REFRAIN.

Fighting on.....
Fighting on, Hal-le - lu - jah! We are almost down to de shore.

SOLO. *CHORUS.*

1. Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb, Je-sus died for eb-'ry man.
2. In my room right by my bed, Jesus take me when I'm dead.

We are

SOLO.

al - most down to de shore.
He died for you, He died for me, He
When I get on dat oth-er shore, I'll

CHORUS. *To Refrain.*

died to save de whole world free.
bless my Lord for ev - er - more.
We are al - most down to de shore.

I'm a-Rolling.*

I'm a - roll - ing, I'm a - roll - ing, I'm a - roll - ing thro' an un -

friend - ly world; I'm a - roll - ing, I'm a - roll - ing thro' an

un - friend - ly world. 1. O brothers, won't you help me,
2. O sis - ters, won't you help me,
3. O preachers, won't you help me,

O broth-ers, won't you help me to pray? O brothers, won't you
O sis - ters, won't you help me to pray? O sis - ters, etc.
O preachers, won't you help me to fight? O preachers, etc.

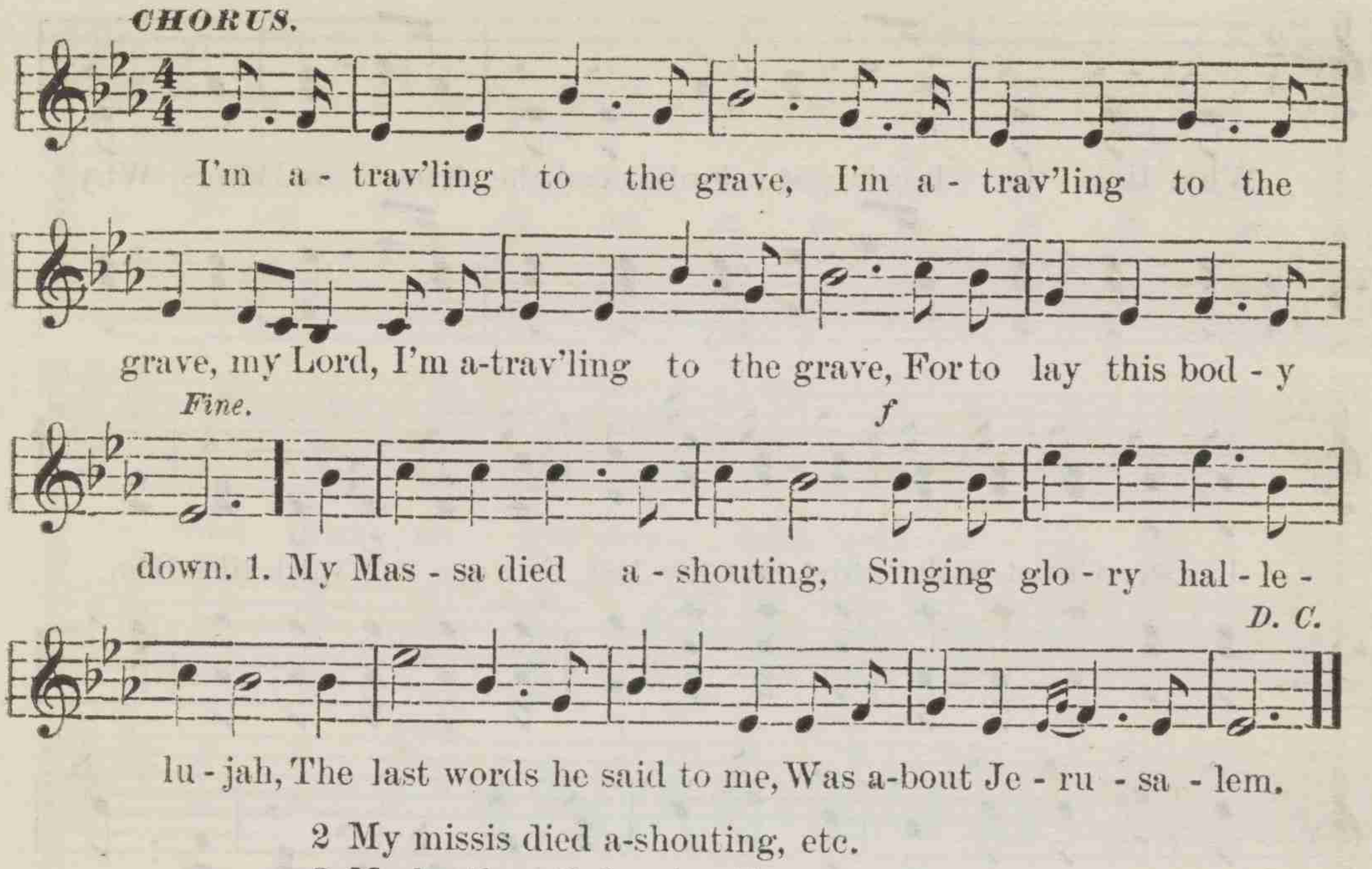
D. C.

help me, Won't you help me in the service of the Lord?†

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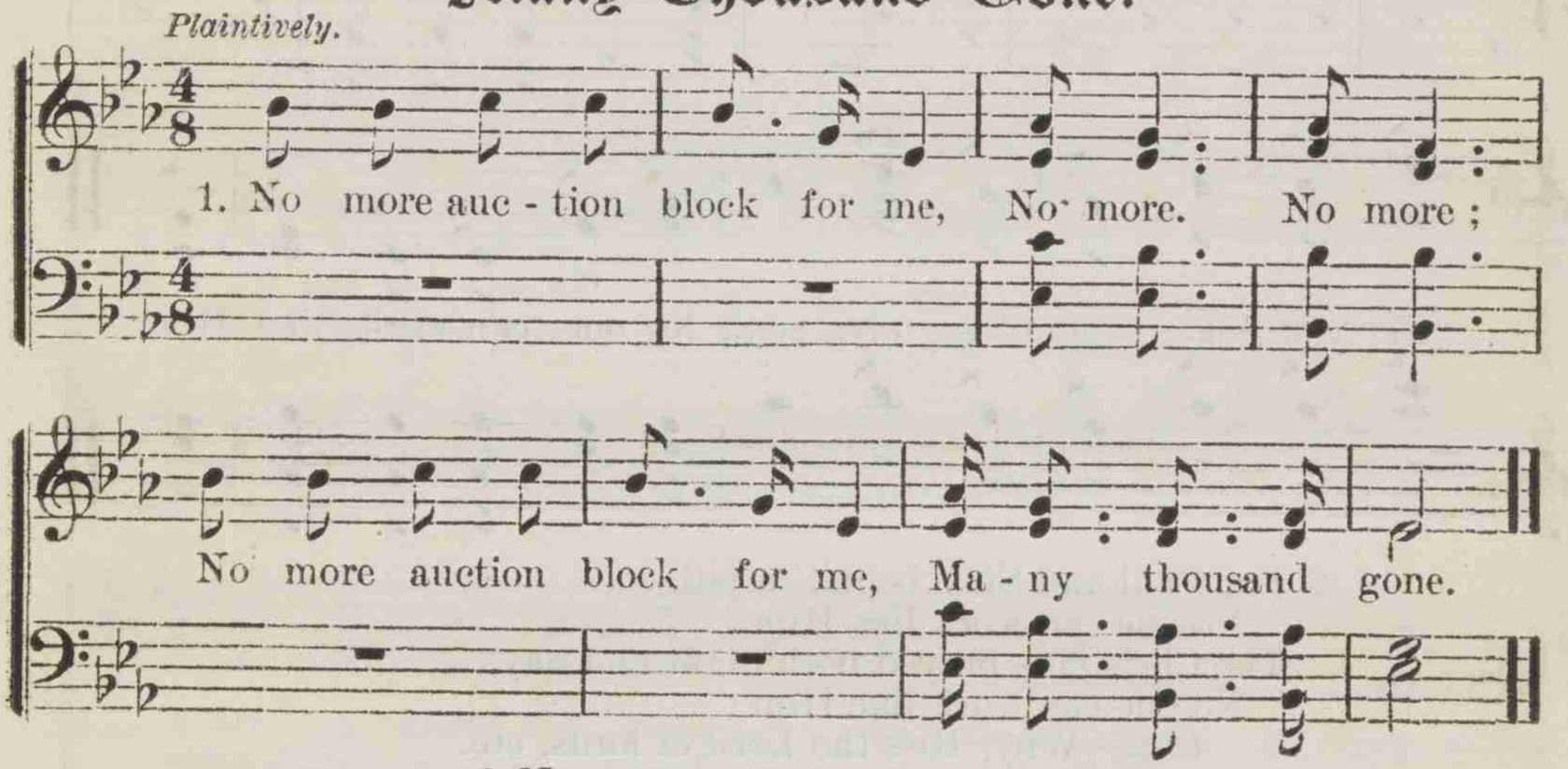
† Return to beginning in exact time.

I'm a-trav'ling to the Grave.*



2 My missis died a-shouting, etc.
3 My brother died a-shouting, etc.
4 My sister died a-shouting, etc.

Many Thousand Gone.*



2 No more peck o' corn for me, etc.
3 No more driver's lash for me, etc.
4 No more pint o' salt for me, etc.
5 No more hundred lash for me, etc.
6 No more mistress' call for me, etc.

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He's the Lord of Lords.*



2 For Paul and Silas bound in jail,
No one can work like Him;
The Christians prayed both night and day,
No one can work like Him;
Cho.—Why, He's the Lord of lords, etc.'

3 I wish those mourners would believe,
No one can work like Him,
That Jesus is ready to receive,
No one can work like Him.
Cho.—Why, He's the Lord of lords, etc.

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My Way's Cloudy.*

Oh! breth-er-en, my way, my way's cloud - y, my way, Go

send them an - gels down, Oh! breth - er - en, my way,

my way's cloud - y, my way, Go send them an - gels down.

1. There's fire in the east and fire in the west, Send them angels down, And
2. Old Sa-tan's mad, and I am glad, Send them angels down, He
3. I'll tell you now as I told you be-fore, Send them angels down, To
4. This is the year of Ju - bi - lee, Send them angels down, The

D. C.

fire a - mong the Meth - o - dist, O send tbem an - gels down.
missed the soul he thought he had, O send them an - gels down.
the promised land I'm bound to go, O send them an - gels down.
Lord has come to set us free, O send them an - gels down.

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My Lord's Riding all the Time.*



2 Come down, come down, my Lord, come down,
My Lord's a-riding all the time;
And take me up to wear the crown,
My Lord's a-riding all the time.

3 O sinner, you had better pray,
My Lord's a riding all the time;
It looks like judgment ebery day,
My Lord's a-riding all the time.

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He Is King of Kings.

CHORUS.

1. He is King of kings, He is Lord of lords.

Je - sus Christ, the first and the last, No man works like Him.

FINE.

SOLO.

1. He built a plat-form in the air, No man works like Him;
2. He pitched a tent on Ca - naan's ground, No man works like Him;
3. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, No man works like Him;

He meets the saints from ev - 'ry - where; No man works like Him.
And broke the Ro - man king-dom down; No man works like Him.
And by His death sweet bless-ings gives; No man works like Him.

D. C.

Little Wheel a-turnin' in my Heart.*



2 ‖: O I feel so very happy in my heart, :‖
In my heart, in my heart,
O I feel so very happy in my heart.

3 ‖: O I don't feel no ways tired in my heart, :‖
In my heart, in my heart,
O I don't feel no ways tired in my heart.

4 ‖: O I feel like shouting in my heart, :‖
In my heart, in my heart,
O I feel like shouting in my heart.

5 ‖: Iv'e a double 'termination in my heart, :‖
In my heart, in my heart,
Iv'e a double 'termination in my heart.

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Seek and Ye shall Find.*



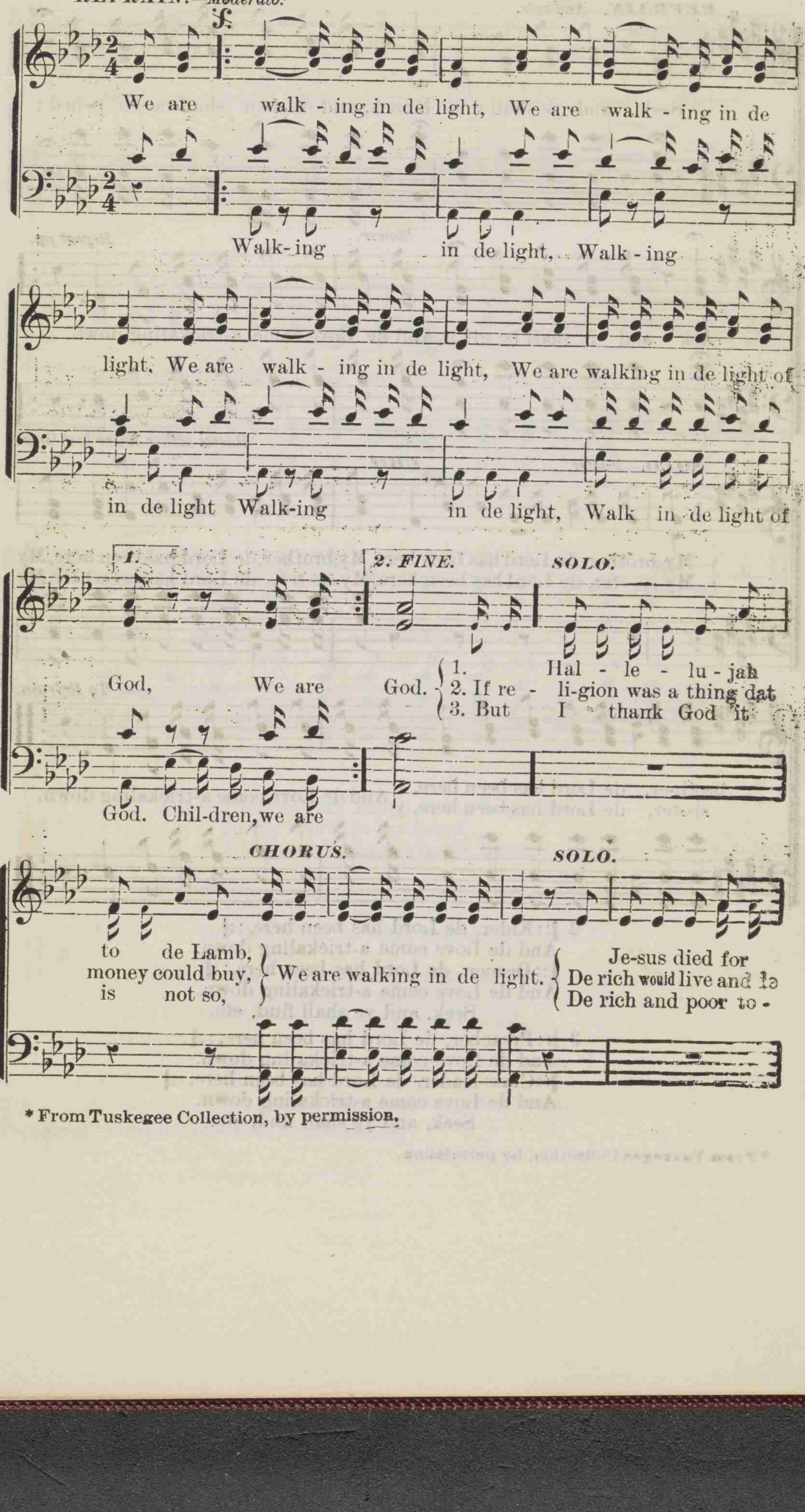
2 ‖::Elder, de Lord has been here,::‖
And de Love come a-trickaling down.
‖::Deacon, de Lord has been here,::‖
And de Love come a-trickaling down.
Seek, and ye shall find, etc.

3 ‖::Preacher, de Lord has been here,::‖
And de Love come a-trickaling down.
‖::Class-leader, de Lord has been here,::‖
And de Love come a-trickaling down.
Seek, and ye shall find, etc.

*From Tuskegee Collection, by permission.

Walking in de Light.*

REFRAIN.—*Moderato.*



* From Tuskegee Collection, by permission.

Walking in de Light.—*Concluded.*

CHORUS. *D. S. after each verse.*



Stay in de Field.

REFRAIN.—Moderato.



2 De tallest tree in Paradise, until de war is ended,
De Christian call de Tree of Life, until de war is ended.—*Ref.*

3 Green trees burning, why not de dry? until de war is ended,
My Saviour died, why not I? until de war is ended.—*Ref.*

I'll be there in the Morning.*

Refrain.—Moderato.



2 When the gen'ral roll is called,
Yes, I'll be there;
Gwine to sing around the throne,
Yes, I'll be there.
Gwine to pray around the throne,
Yes, I'll be there;
Gwine to wear a white robe,
Yes, I'll be there.

3 When the gen'ral roll is called,
Yes, I'll be there;
Gwine to see my Massa Jesus,
Yes, I'll be there.
Gwine to wear a starry crown,
Yes, I'll be there;
Gwine to live for evermore,
Yes, I'll be there.

* End at this note the last verse.

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See Fo' an' Twenty Elders.

1. See fo' an' twen - ty el - ders on dere k - n - e - e - s,
2. Dey are bowin' roun' de al - tar on dere k - n - e - e - s,
3. See Gid - eon's ar - my bow - in' on dere k - n - e - e - s,
4. See Dan - iel 'mong de li - ons on his k - n - e - e - s,

See fo' an' twen - ty el - ders on dere k - n - e - e - - s,
Dey are bowin' roun' de al - tar on dere k - n - e - e - - s,
See Gid - eon's ar - my bow - in' on dere k - n - e - e - - s,
See Dan - iel 'mong de li - ons on his k - n - e - e - - s,

An' we'll all rise to - ged - der an' view de ri - sin' sun,

O Lord, have mer - cy ef yo' pleas'.

O Lord,

Roll de Ole Chariot Along.

Oh, roll de ole char-iot a-long, Roll de ole char-iot a-long,

FINE.

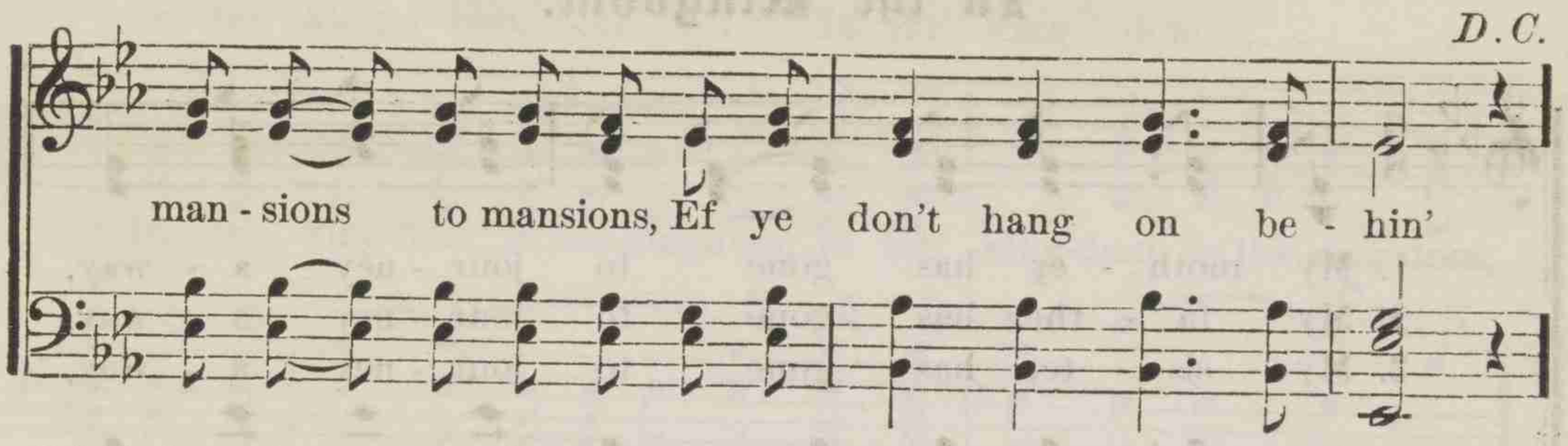
Roll de ole char-iot a-long, Ef ye don't hang on be-hin'.

1. We are trav-el-lin' from mansions, to man-sions, to mansions.

We are trav-el-lin' from mansions to man-sions to mansions,

We are trav-el-lin' from man-sions, to

Roll de Ole Chariot Along.—*Concluded.*



2 ‖:Gwine t'jine wid de hundred
An' forty-fo' thousand,
Ef ye don't hang on behin'.

3 ‖:Ef my farder will go
He shall wear a starry crown, :‖
Ef ye don't hang on behin'.

4 ‖:Ef my mudder will go
She shall wear a starry crown, :‖
Ef ye don't hang on behin'.

5 ‖:Ef de elder will go
He shall wear a starry crown, :‖
Ef ye don't hang on behin'.

6 ‖:Ef de preacher's in de way,
Jus' roll it over, :‖
Ef ye don't hang on behin',

7 ‖:Ef de deacon will go
He shall wear a starry crown, :‖
Ef ye don't hang on behin'.

Wonder Where is Good Ole Daniel?





3 ‖:By an' by we'll go an' meet him, :‖
Way over in de Promise' Lan'.

4 ‖:Wonder where's dem Hebrew children:‖
Way over in de Promise' Lan'.

5 ‖:Dey come thro' de fiery furnace, :‖
Way over in de Promise' Lan'.

6 ‖:By an by we'll go an' meet dem, :‖
Way over in de Promise' Lan'.

7 ‖:Wonder where is doubtin' Thomas, :‖
Way over in de Promise' Lan'.

8 ‖:Wonder where is sinkin' Peter, :‖
Way over in de Promise' Lan'.

In the Kingdom.

1. My moth - er has gone to jour - ney a - way,
2. My fa - ther has gone to jour - ney a - way,
3. My sis - ter has gone to jour - ney a - way,

My moth - er has gone to jour - ney a - way,
My fa - ther has gone to jour - ney a - way,
My sis - ter has gone to jour - ney a - way,

My moth - er has gone to jour - ney a - way,
My fa - ther has gone to jour - ney a - way,
My sis - ter has gone to jour - ney a - way,

FINE.

In the king - dom, in the king - dom to - day.

In the Kingdom.—*Concluded.*

In the king - dom,..... In the king - dom,.....



In the king-dom, in the kingdom, In the king-dom, sweet king-dom,

In the king - dom,..... .... In the king - dom,.....



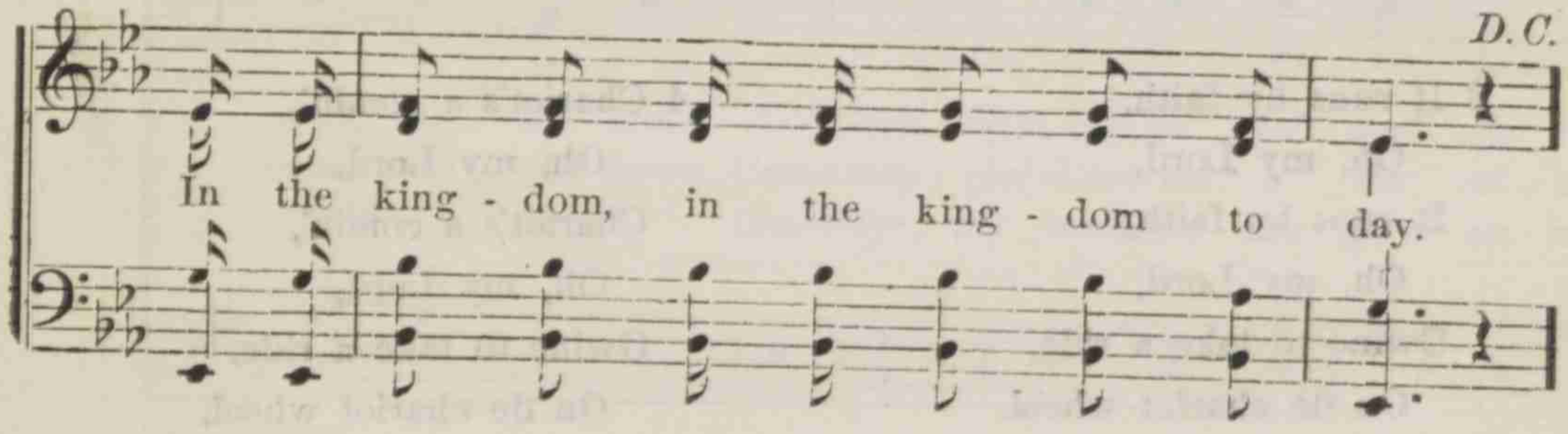
In the king-dom, in the kingdom, In the God-bless-ed king-dom,

In the king - dom..... In the king - dom,.....

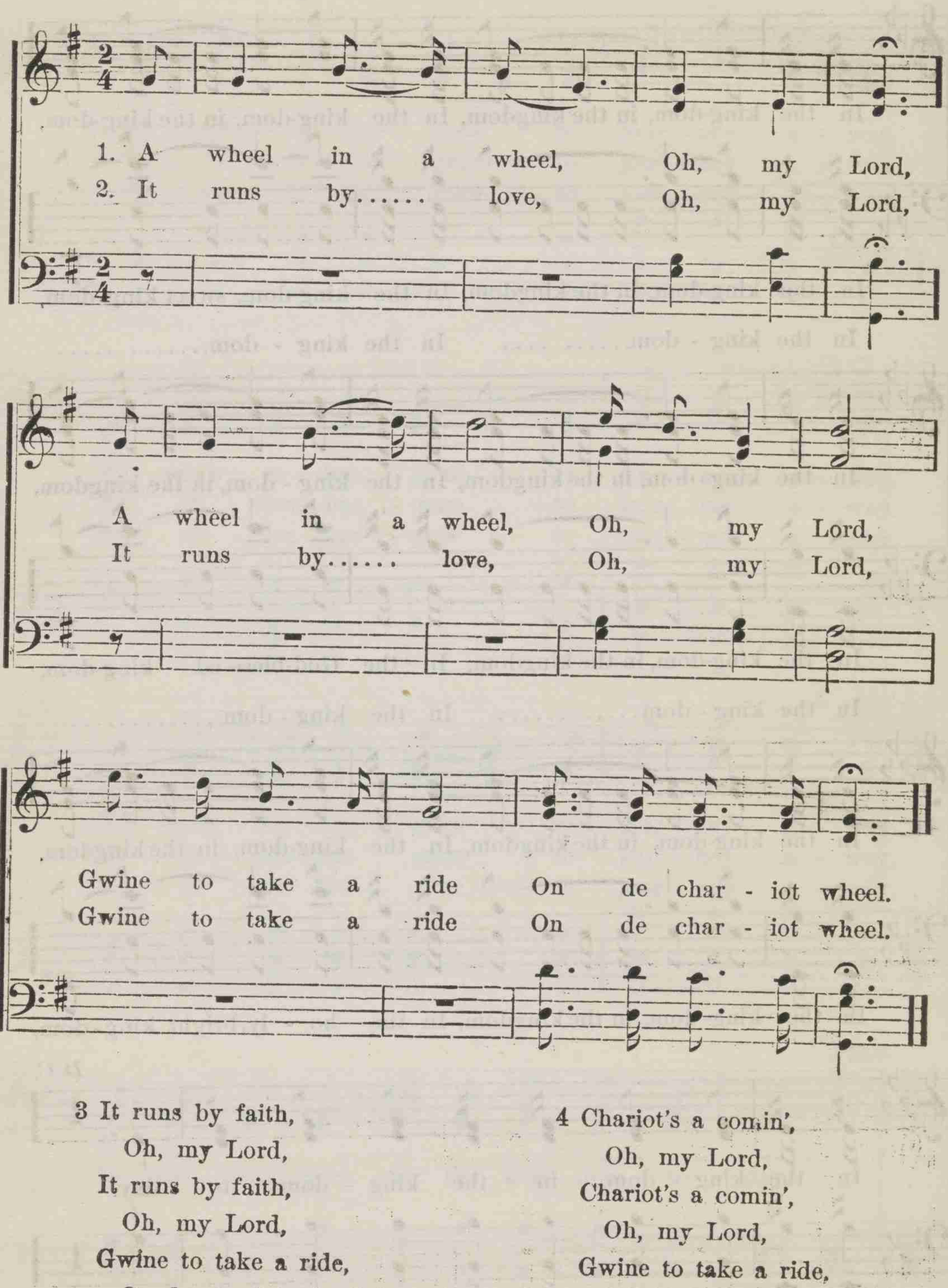


In the king- dom, in the kingdom, In the ho - ly, bright king-dom,

D.C.



A Wheel in a Wheel.

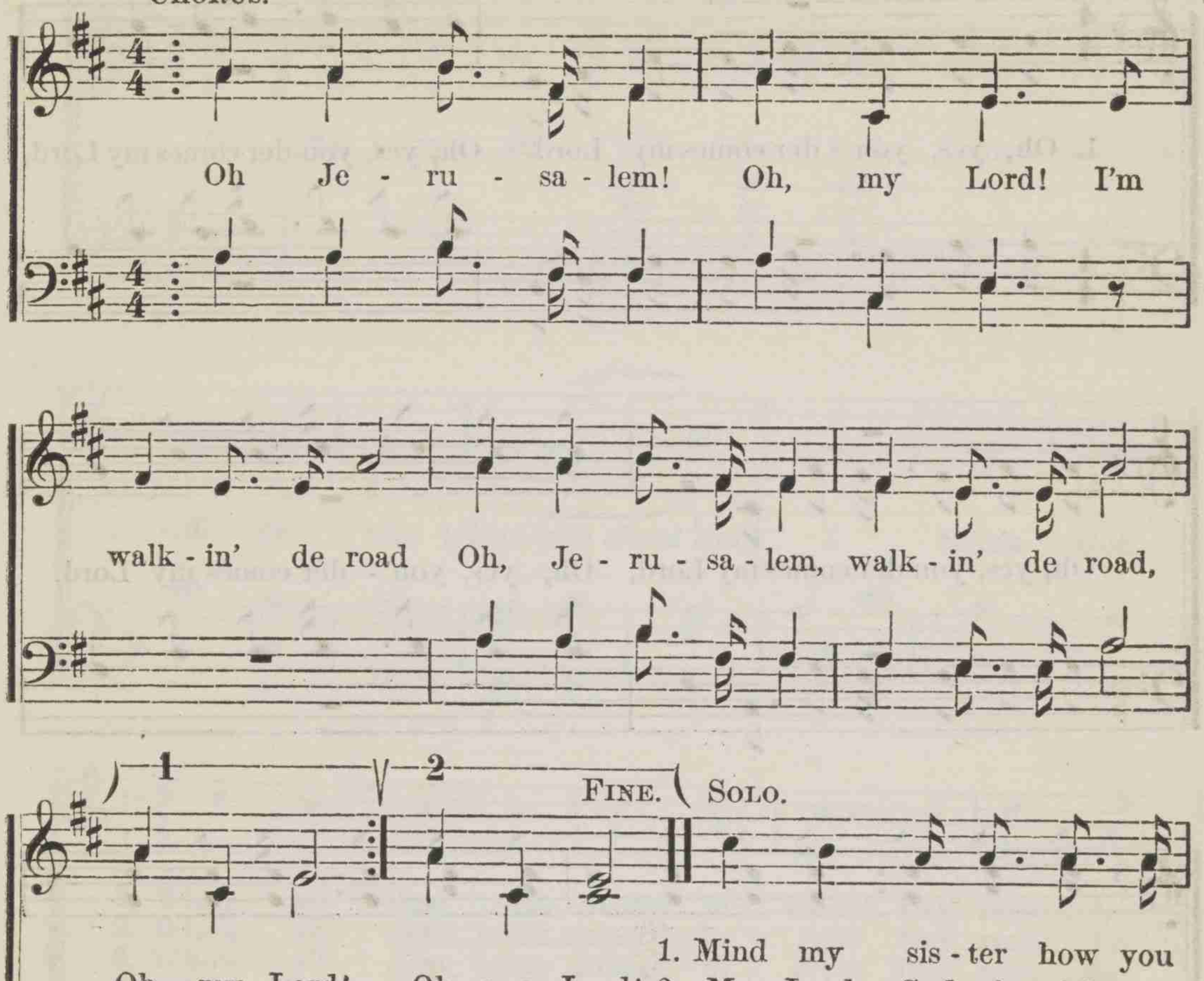


3 It runs by faith,
Oh, my Lord,
It runs by faith,
Oh, my Lord,
Gwine to take a ride,
On de chariot wheel.

4 Chariot's a comin',
Oh, my Lord,
Chariot's a comin',
Oh, my Lord,
Gwine to take a ride,
On de chariot wheel.

Oh, Jerusalem!

CHORUS.





Oh Yes, Yonder Comes My Lord.



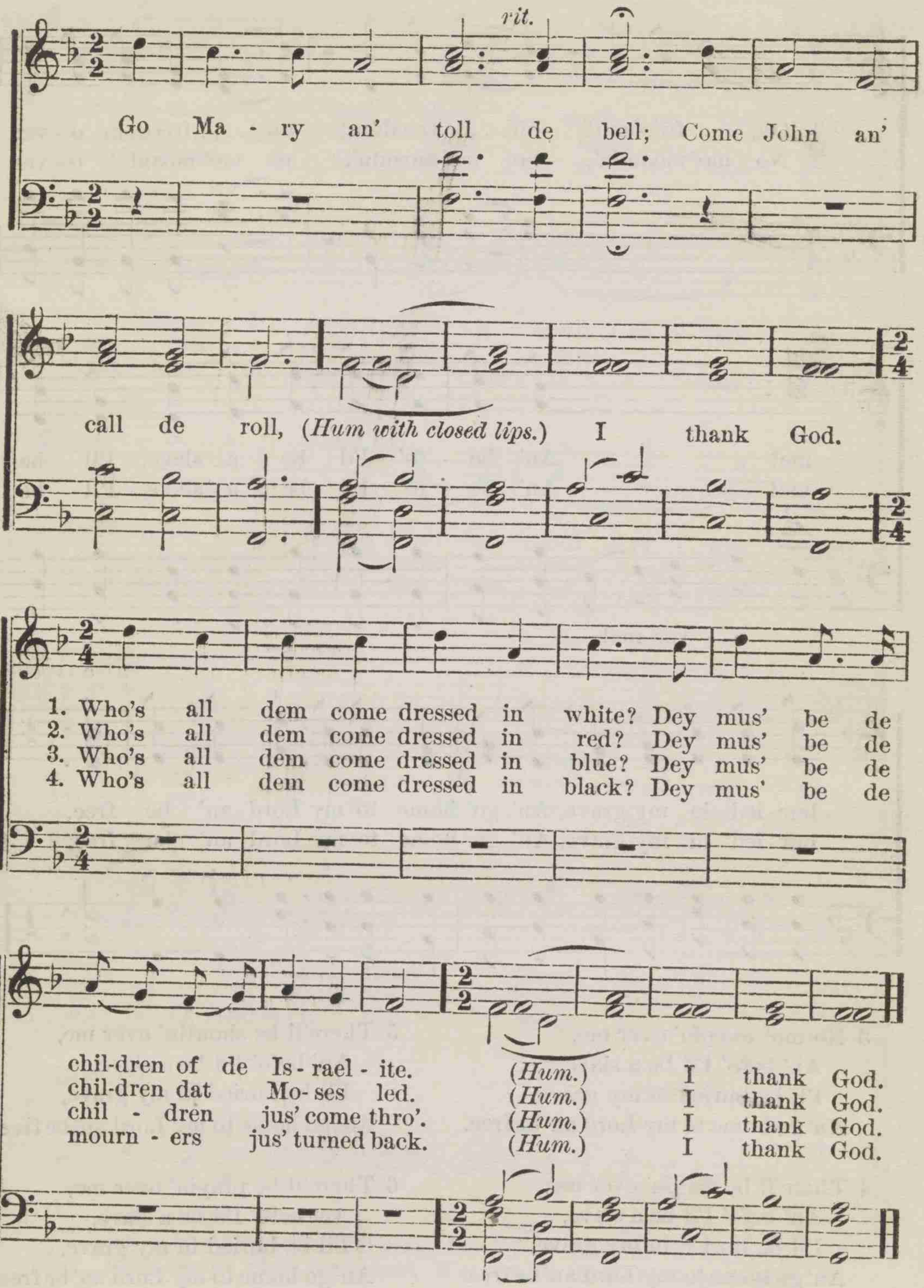
2 He is comin' this a way.

3 With His sword in his han'.

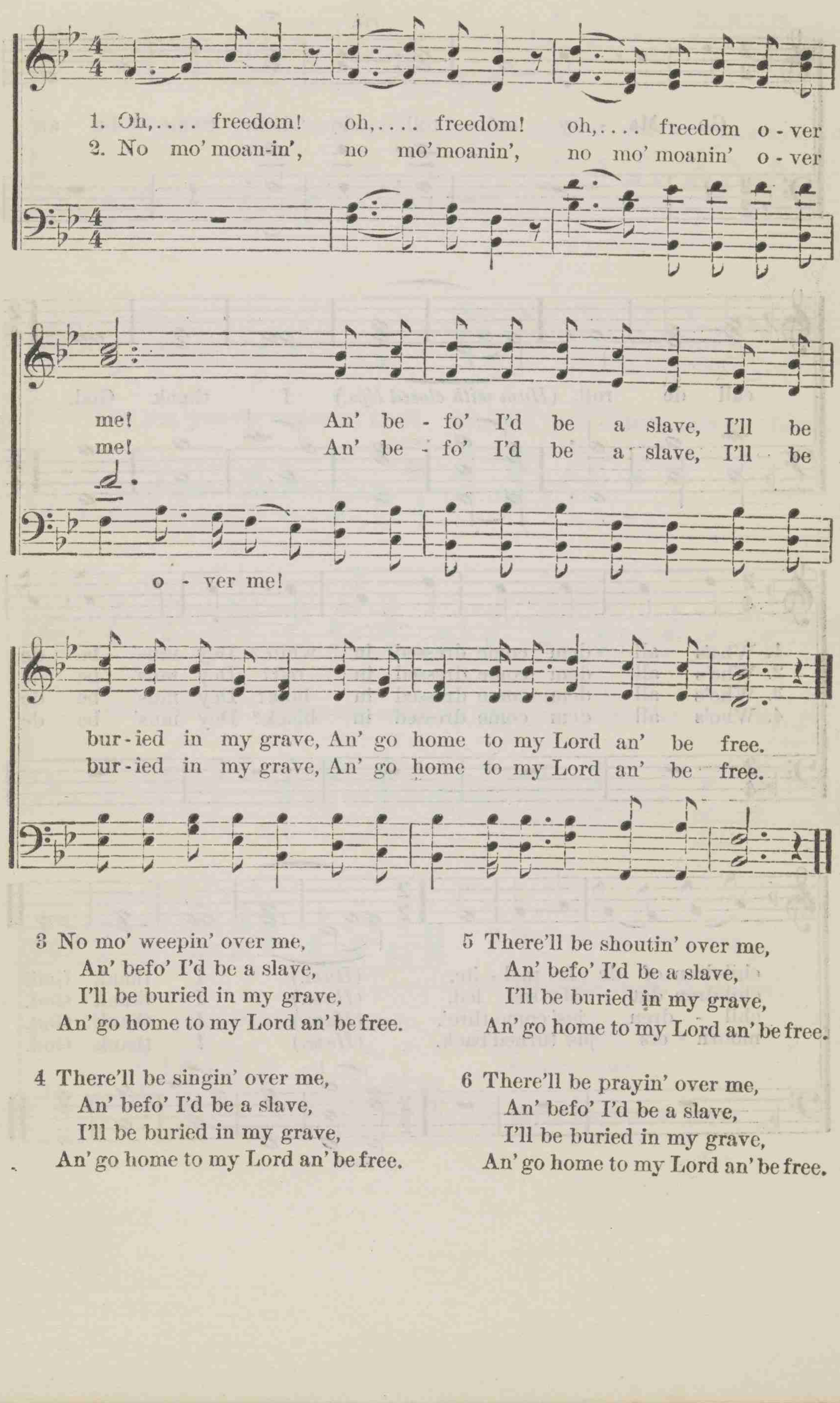
4 He's gwine t'hew dem sinners down.

5 Right level to de groun'.

Go Mary, an' Toll de Bell.



Oh, Freedom!



3 No mo' weepin' over me,
An' befo' I'd be a slave,
I'll be buried in my grave,
An' go home to my Lord an' be free.

4 There'll be singin' over me,
An' befo' I'd be a slave,
I'll be buried in my grave,
An' go home to my Lord an' be free.

5 There'll be shoutin' over me,
An' befo' I'd be a slave,
I'll be buried in my grave,
An' go home to my Lord an' be free.

6 There'll be prayin' over me,
An' befo' I'd be a slave,
I'll be buried in my grave,
An' go home to my Lord an' be free.

Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child.



1. Some - times I feel like a moth - er - less child,
2. Ef this.... was judg - ment ..... day,
3. Some - times I feel like I'm al - mos' gone.



Some - times I feel like a moth - er - less child,
Ef this.... was judg - ment ..... day,
Some - times I feel like I'm al - mos' gone,



Some - times I feel like a moth -- er - less child,
Ef this..... was judg - ment..... day,
Some - times I feel like I'm al - mos' gone,



A long ways from home..... A
Eb - 'ry lit - - tle soul would pray, Eb -
Way up in de Heb - ben - ly lan! Way



long..... ways from home. True be - liev - er.
'ry lit - tle soul would pray. True be - liev - er.
up in de Hebben-ly lan'. True be - liev - er.

REFRAIN. *pp*



A long ways from home,.... A long ways from home.
Eb - 'ry lit - tle soul would pray, Eb- 'ry lit- tle soul would pray.
Way up in de Heb-benly lan', Way up in de Hebben-ly lan'.

We Raise a Poor Lazarus.

1. Oh, He raise a poor Laz - a - rus,

Raise him up,

He raise him from de dead, While

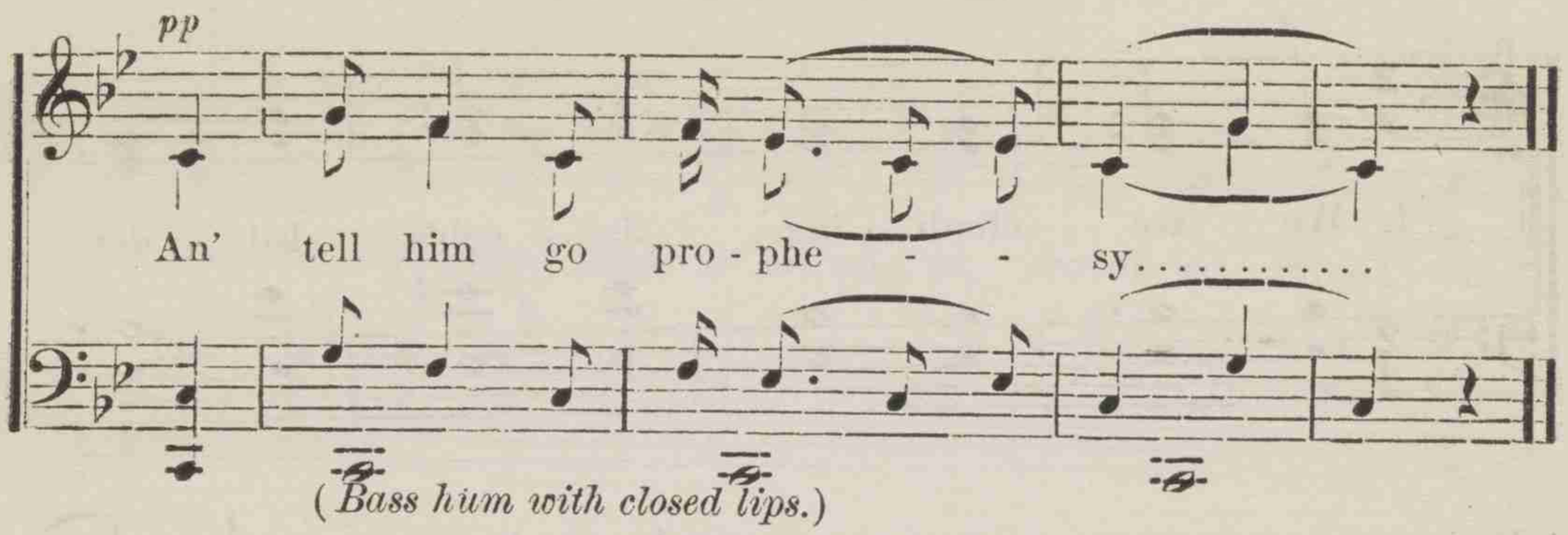
I tol' ye so,

ma - ny were stand - in'..... by,.....

Je - sus loos - en' de man from un - der de groun',

An' tell him "Go pro - phe - - sy.".....

He Raise a Poor Lazarus.—*Concluded.*

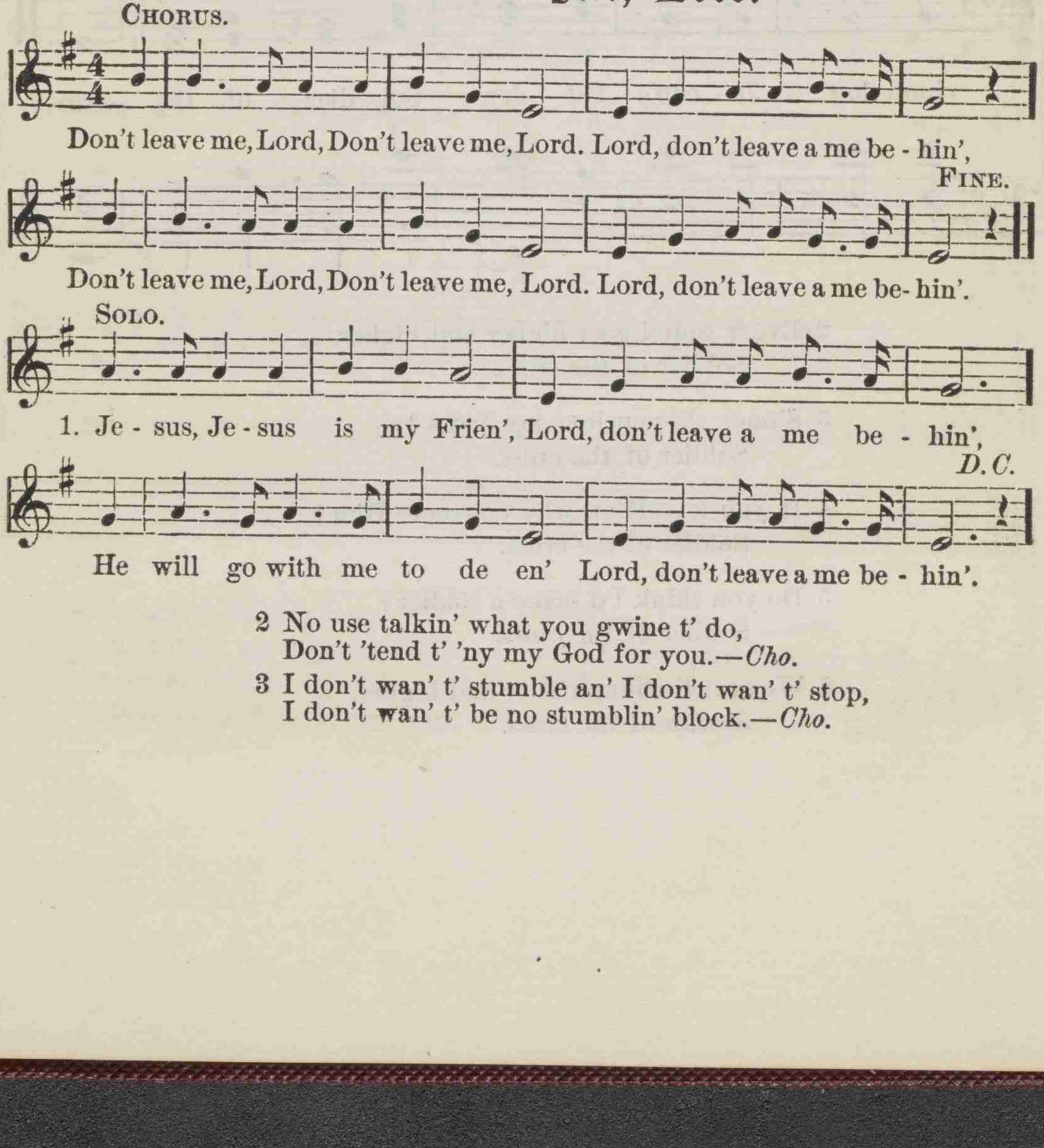


(*Bass hum with closed lips.*)

2 He give heal unto de sick—yes, He did,
He give sight unto de blin'—I know He did,
He done able de cripple to walk,
Oh, He raise de dead from under de groun'
An' give dem permission to talk.

3 Oh, moan along,—moan along,
Oh, ye moanin' souls!—ye moanin' souls
Heaven is my home—
Jesus been here one time, Lord, He's comin' agin,
Git ready and let us go home.

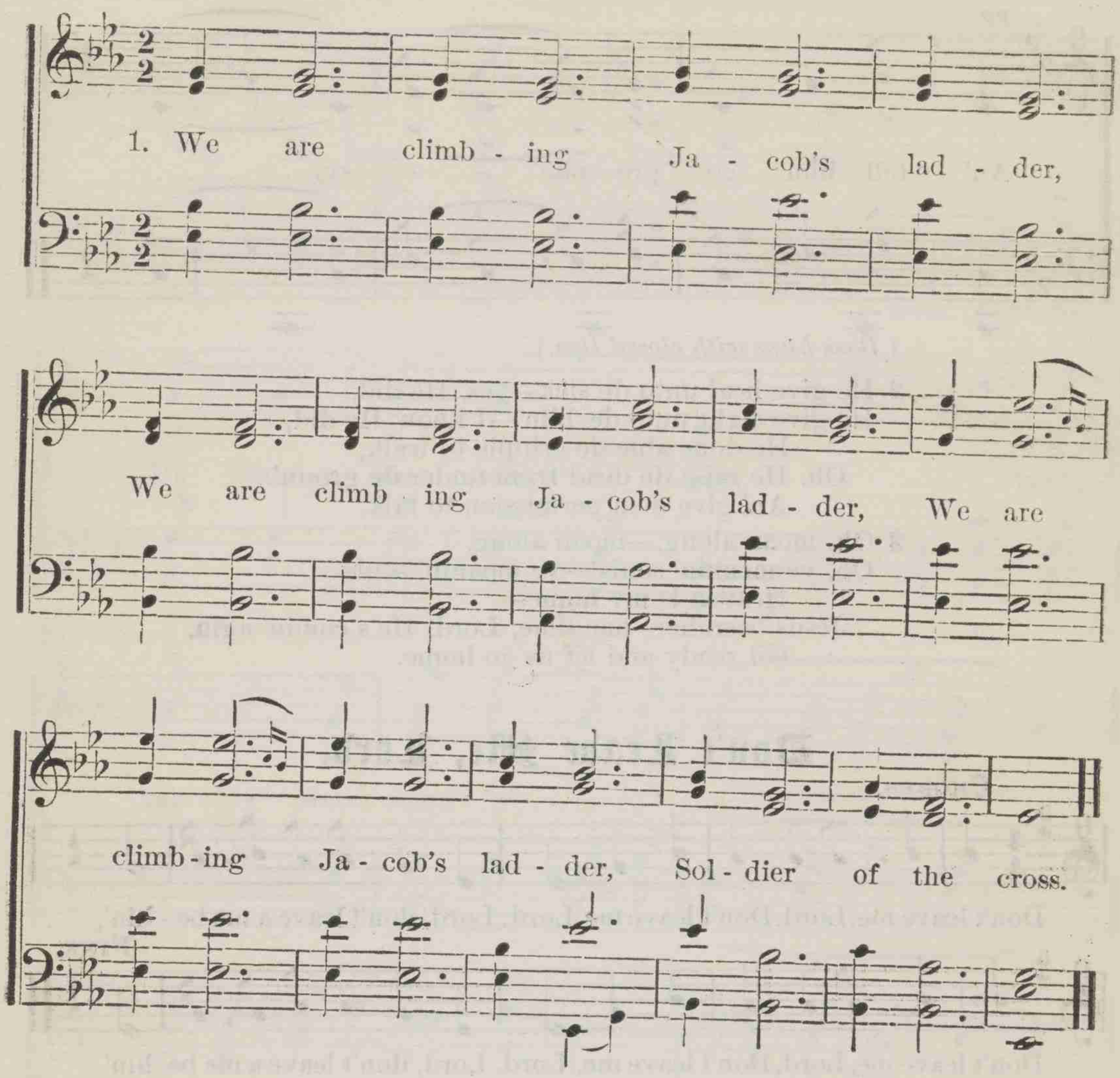
Don't Leave Me, Lord.



2 No use talkin' what you gwine t' do,
Don't 'tend t' 'ny my God for you.—*Cho.*

3 I don't wan' t' stumble an' I don't wan' t' stop,
I don't wan' t' be no stumblin' block.—*Cho.*

Jacob's Ladder.



2 Every round goes higher and higher,
Soldier of the cross.

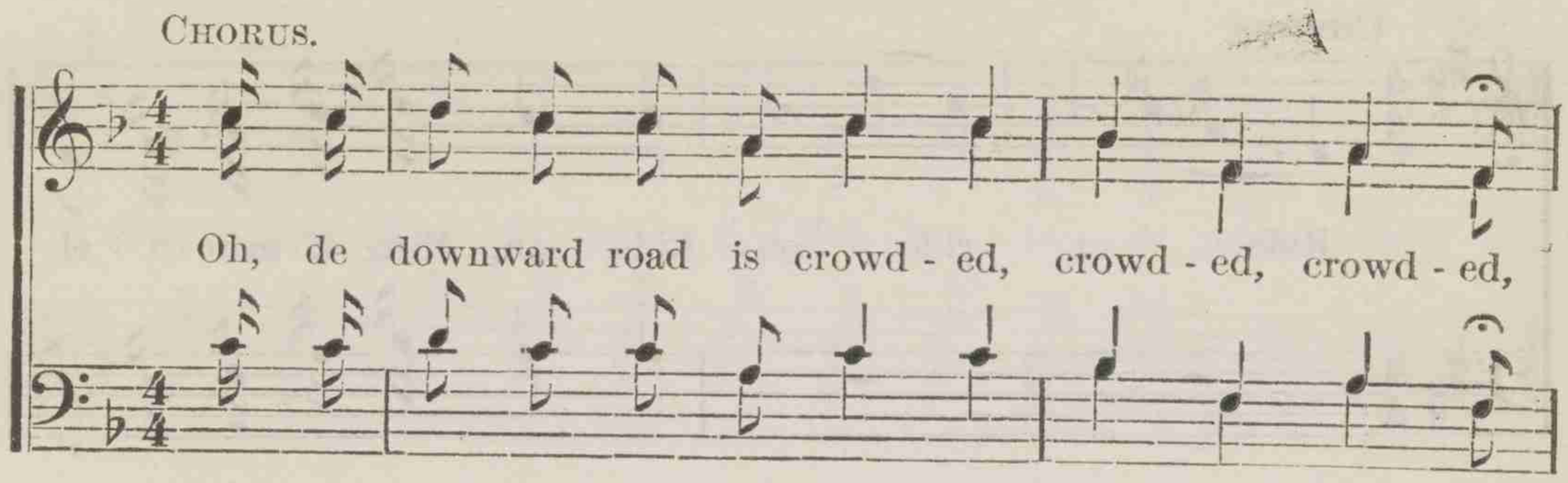
3 Sinner, do you love my Jesus?
Soldier of the cross.

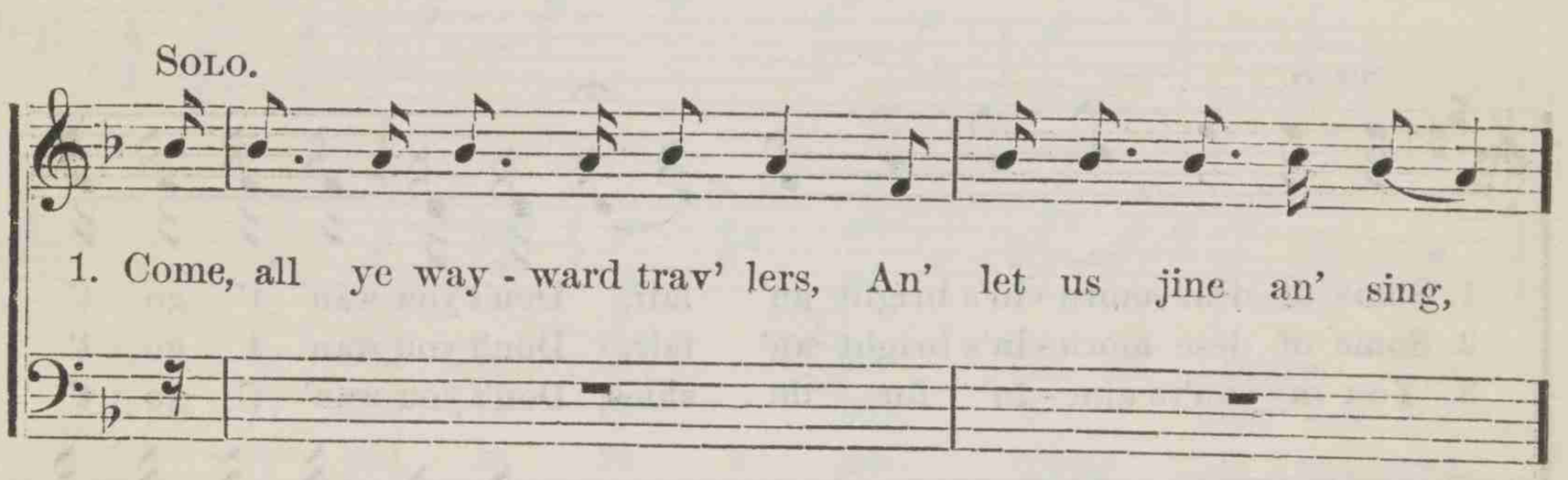
4 If you love Him, why not serve Him?
Soldier of the cross.

5 Do you think I'd make a soldier?
Soldier of the cross.

6 We are climbing higher and higher,
Soldier of the cross.

The Downward Road Is Crowded.



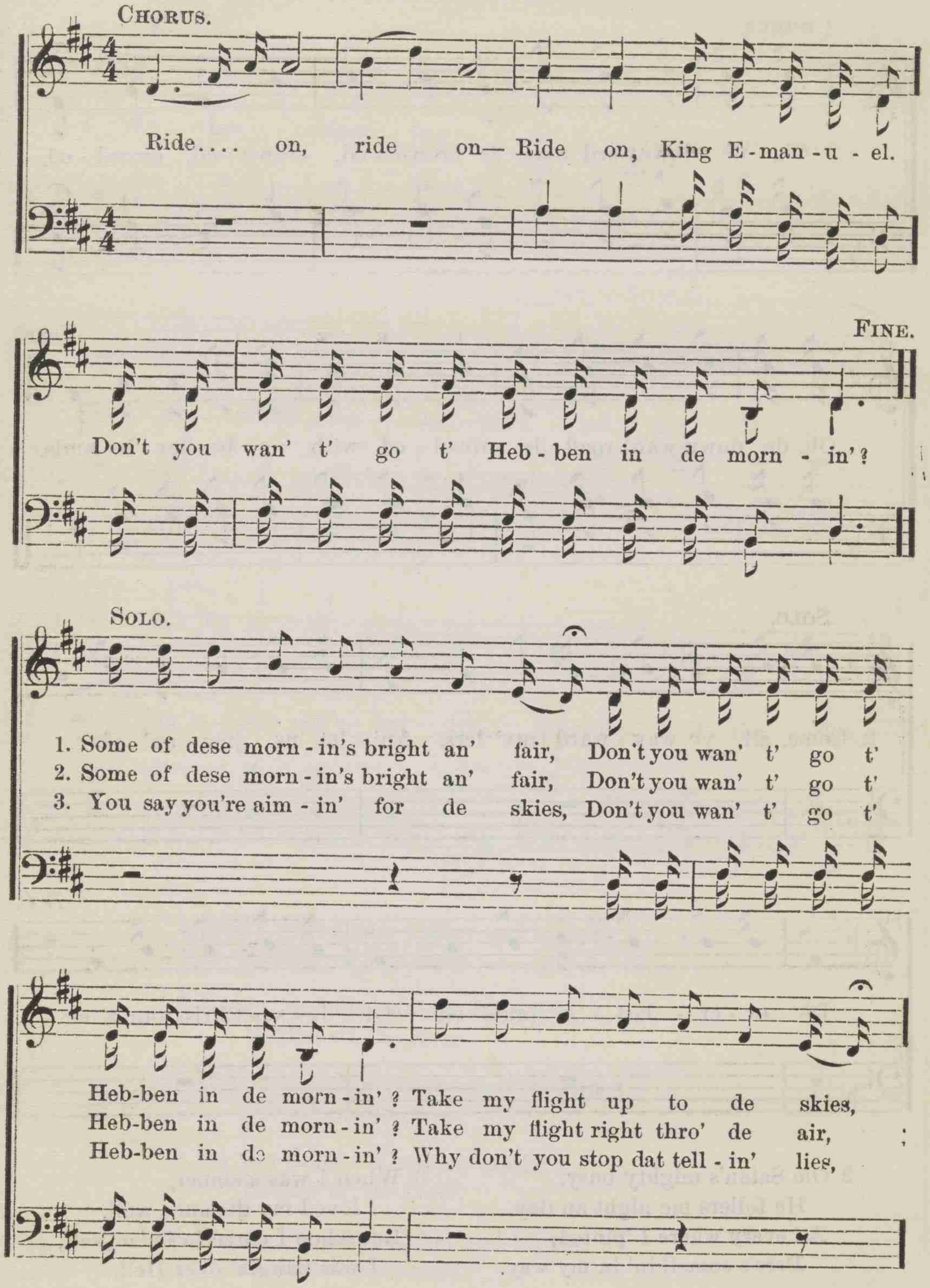


2 Ole Satan's mighty busy,
He follers me night an day,
An every where I 'pinted,
Dere's somethin' in my way.

3 When I was a sinner,
I loved my distance well,
But when I come to fin' myself,
I was hangin' over Hell.

Ride On.

CHORUS.



Ride On.—*Concluded.*

D.C.

Don't you wan' t' go t' Heb - ben in de morn - in'?

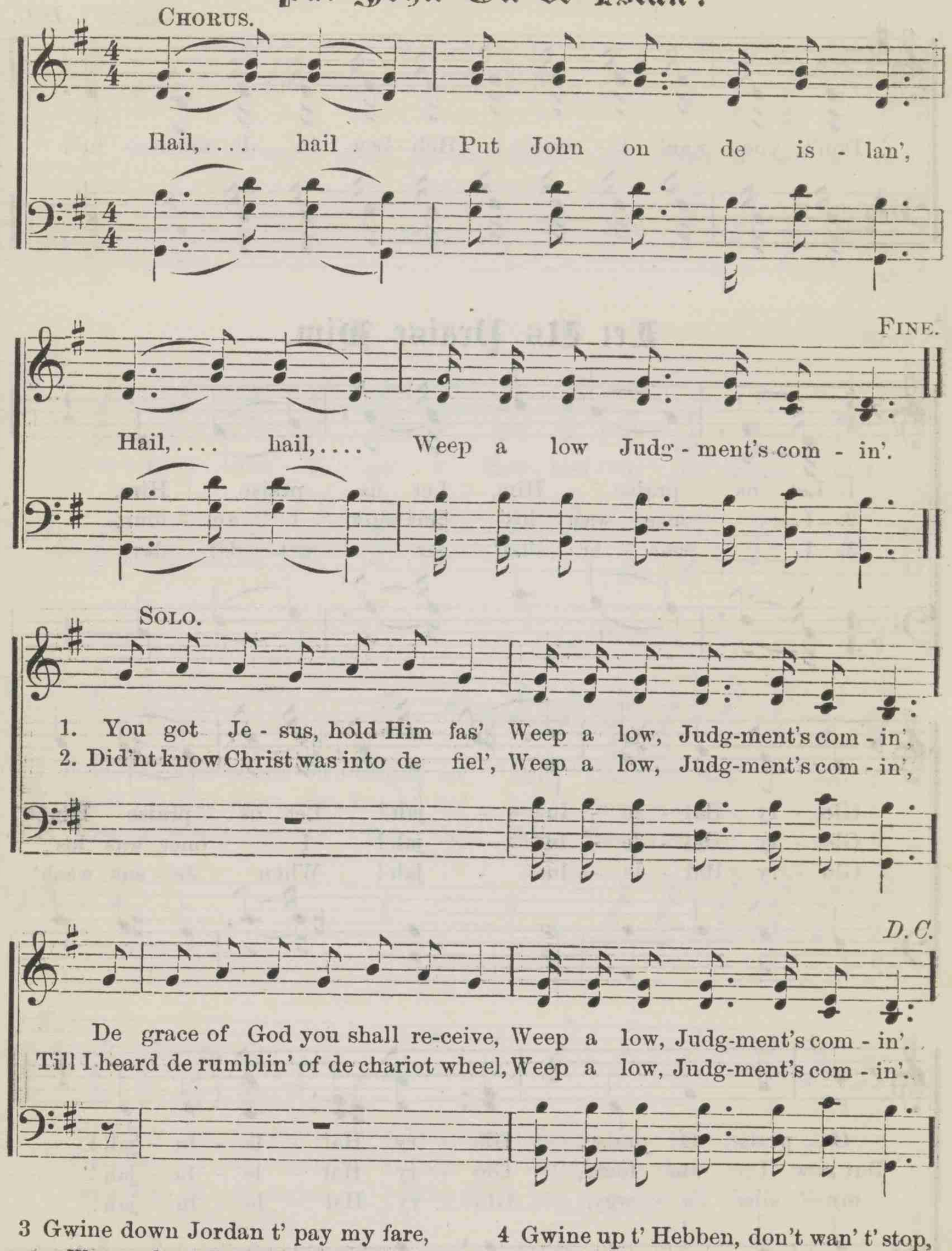
Let Us Praise Him.

1. Let us praise Him, Let us praise Him,
2. I.... once was los' But now I am foun',
3. I... nev - er shall for - - get dat day,

Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! Let us praise Him,
Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! I.... once was los',
Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! When Je - sus wash'

O praise, O praise, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah!
But now I am foun', Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah!
my sins a - way, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah!

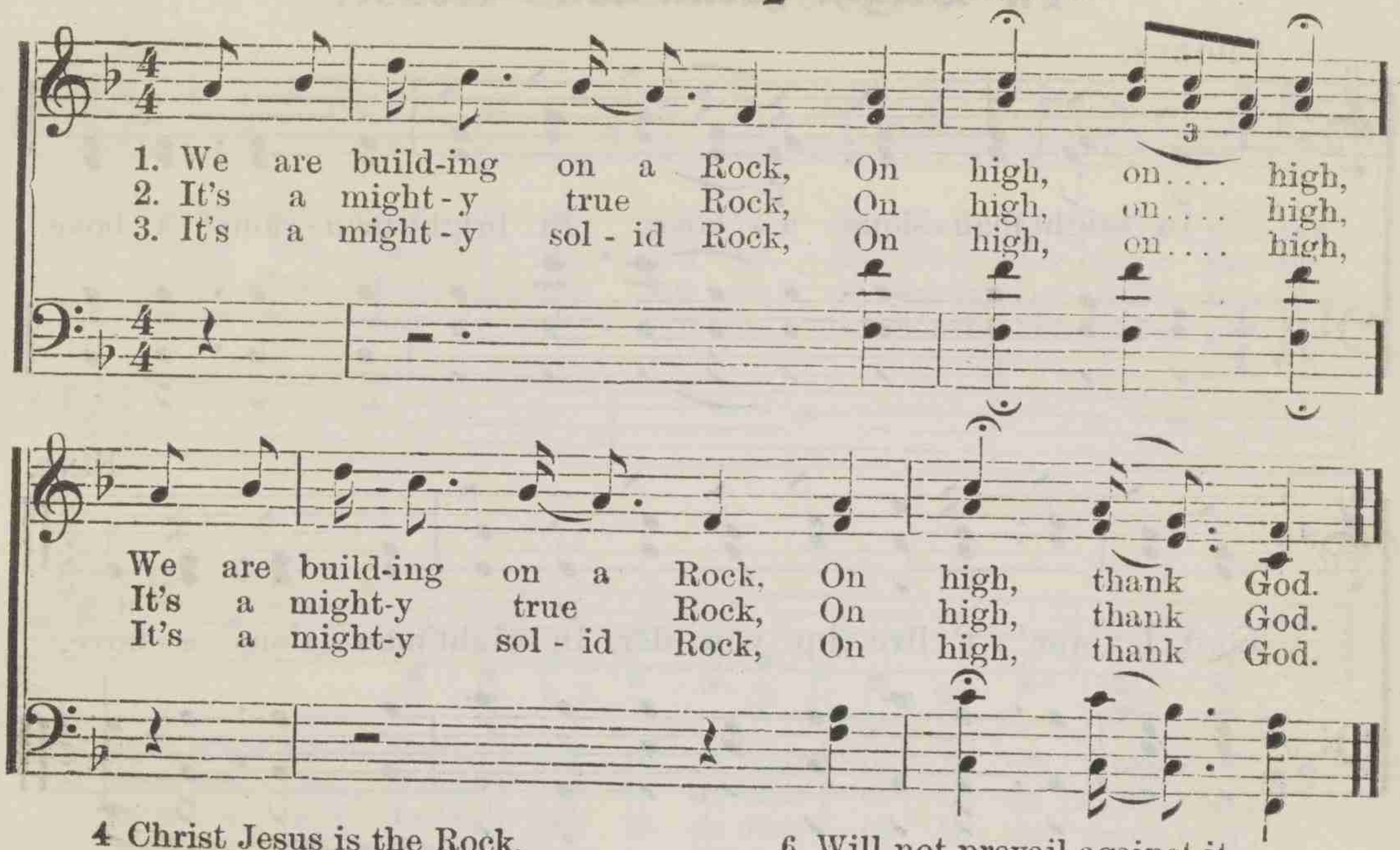
Put John On de Eslan'.



3 Gwine down Jordan t' pay my fare,
Weep a low, Judgment's comin',
Have a little meetin' when I gits dere,
Weep a low, Judgment's comin'

4 Gwine up t' Hebben, don't wan' t' stop,
Weep a low, Judgment's comin',
Don't wan' t' be no stumblin' block,
Weep a low, Judgment's comin'.

We Are Building on a Rock.



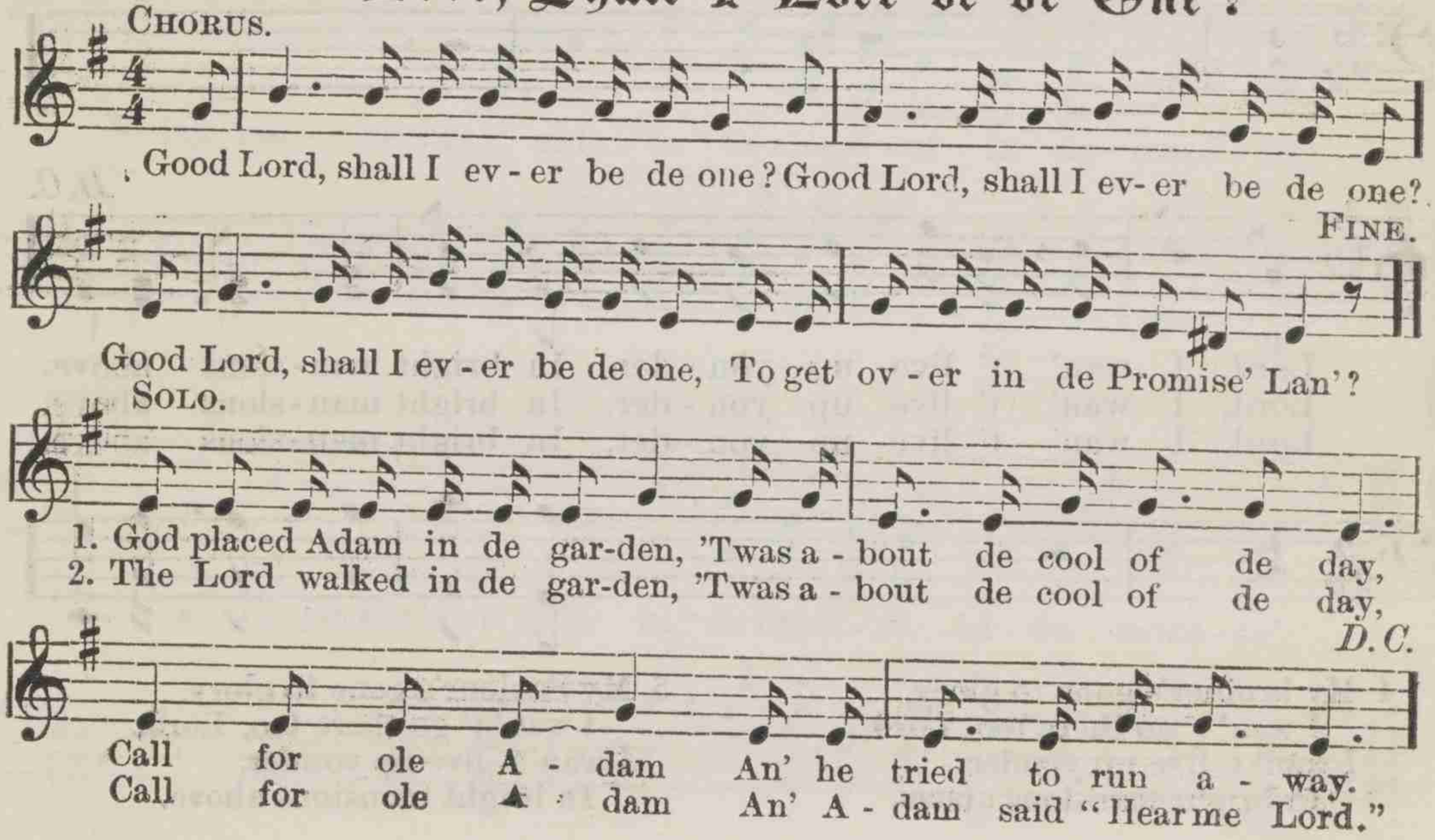
4 Christ Jesus is the Rock,
On high, on high.
Christ Jesus is the Rock,
On high, thank God.

5 The very gates of Hell,
On high, on high,
The very gates of Hell,
On high, thank God.

6 Will not prevail against it,
On high, on high,
Will not prevail against it,
On high, thank God.

7 Help me to build on the Rock,
On high, on high,
Help me to build on the Rock.
On high, thank God.

Good Lord, Shall I Ever be de One?

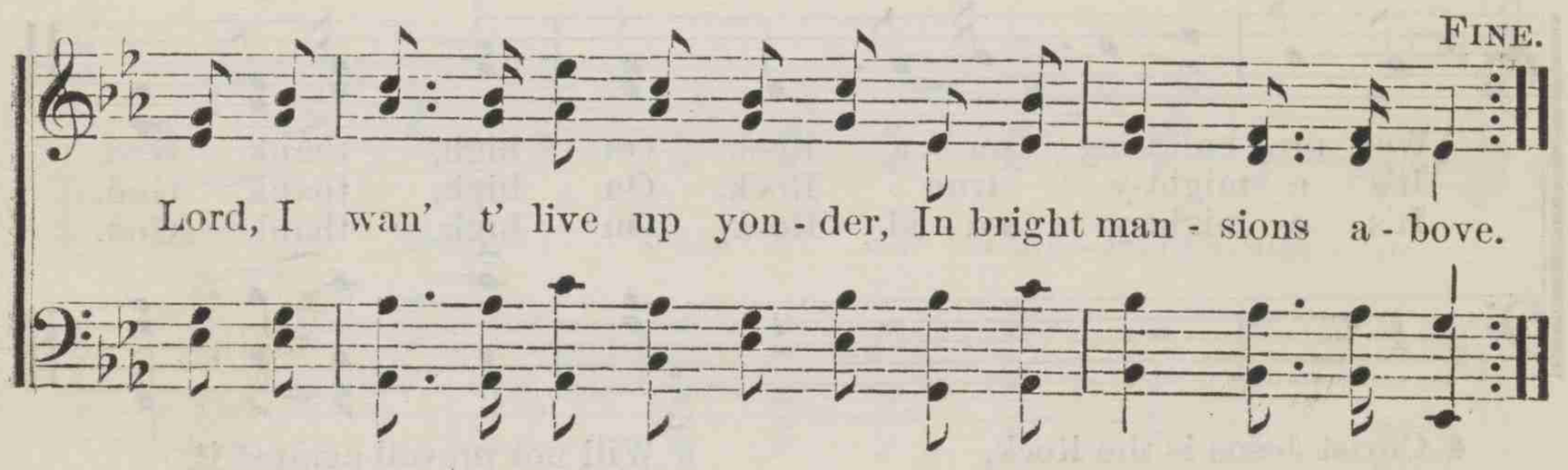


In Bright Mansions Above.

CHORUS.



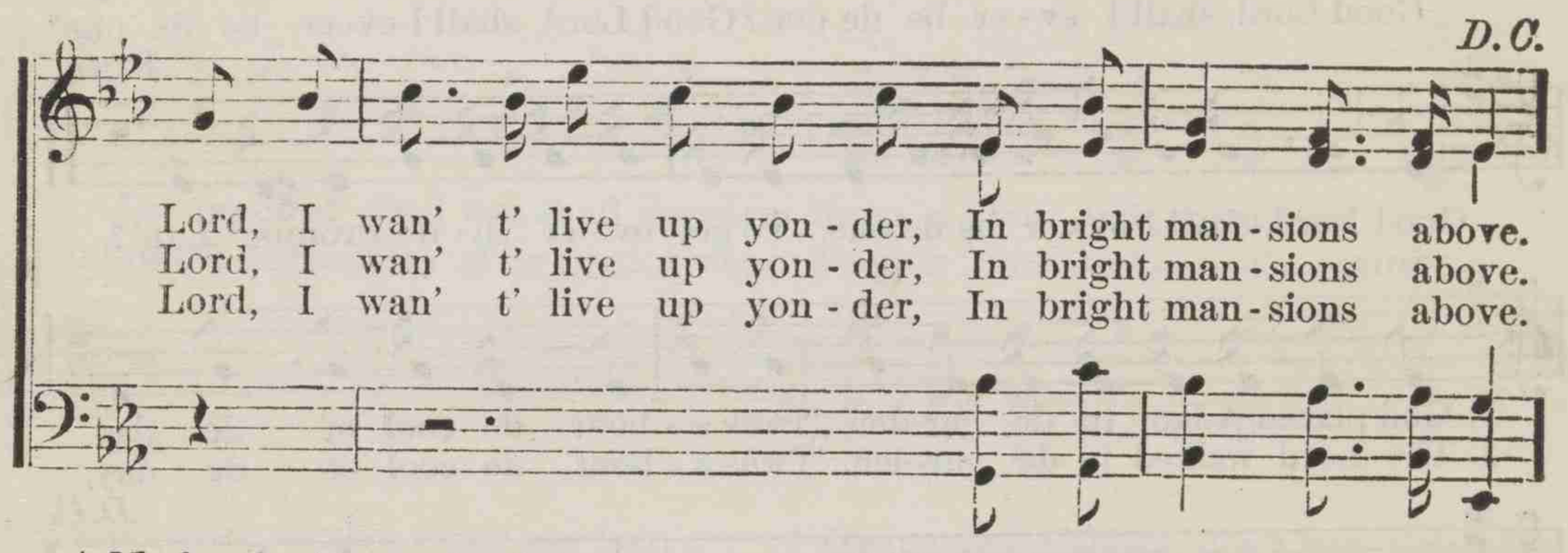
FINE.



SOLO.



D.C.



4 My brother's gone to glory,
I wan' t' go there too, Lord,
I wan' t' live up yonder,
In bright mansions above.

5 My Saviour's gone to glory,
I wan' t' go there too, Lord,
I wan' t' live up yonder,
In bright mansions above.

Swing Low, Chariot.

Solo.

1. Swing low, char - i - ot, low in de Eas', Let God's peo- ple
2. Swing low, char - i - ot, low in de Wes', Let God's peo- ple
3. Swing low, char - i - ot, low in de North, Let God's peo- ple
4. Swing low, char - i - ot, low in de South, Let God's peo- ple

have some peace, Gwine t' ride in de char-i - ot in de morn - in'.
have some res', Gwine t' ride in de char-i - ot in de morn - in'.
have a talk, Gwine t' ride in de char-i - ot in de morn - in'.
have a shout, Gwine t' ride in de char-i - ot in de morn - in'.

Repeat pp

Swing low— Gwine t' ride in de char-i - ot in de morn - in';

E - li- jah, Gwine t' ride in de chari - ot in de morn - in'.

Pilgrim's Song.

Unison.

1. I'm a poor, way- far - in' stranger, While journeyin' thro this world of woe, Yet there's no sick - ness, toil, and dan - ger, In that bright
2. I know dark clouds will gath-er round me, I know my way is rough an' steep, Yet bright fields lie just be - fore me, Where God's re -
3. I'll soon be free from ev - 'ry trial, My body will sleep in the ole church- yard, I'll drop the cross of self de - ni - al, An' en - ter

world to which I go, I'm go - in' there to see my
deemed their vi-gils keep, I'm go - in' there to see my
on . . . my great re - ward, I'm go - in' there to see my

fa - ther, I'm go - in' there no more to roam, I'm just a
moth - er, She said she'd meet me when I come, I'm just a
Sav-iour, To sing His praise in Heav - en's dome, I'm just a

2d. time pp

Bass (hum 2d. time.)

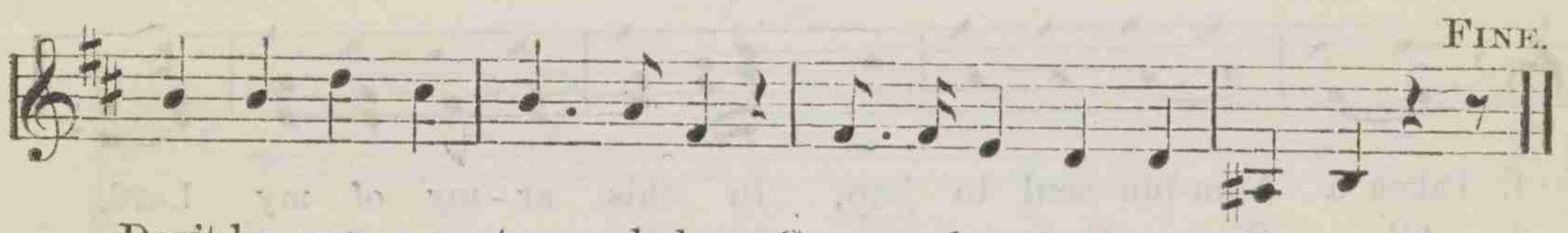
Pilgrim's Song.—*Concluded.*



Don't Be Weary, Traveller.

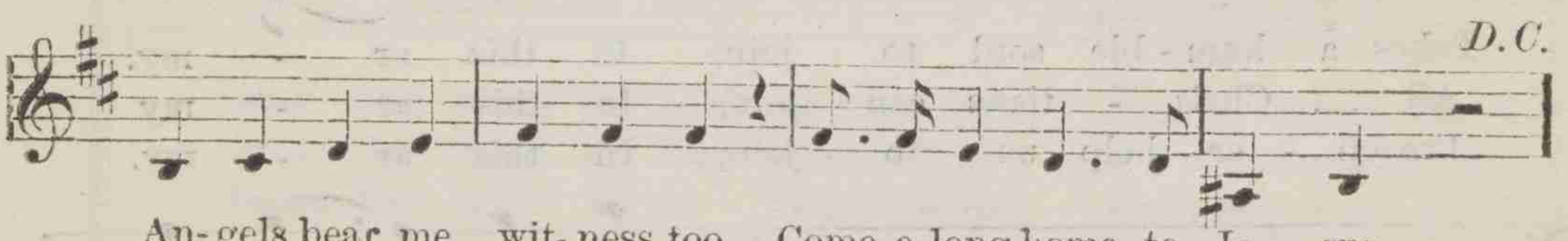
CHORUS *Voices in Unison.*





SOLO.





I Am Goin' to Join in This Army.

1. I am go - in' to join in this ar - my of my Lord,

I am go - in' to join in this ar - my.

FINE.

1. Takes a hum-ble soul to join, In this ar - my of my Lord,
2. All... Chris - tians can join, In this ar - my of my Lord,
3. Preach - er, help us to join, In this ar - my of my Lord,

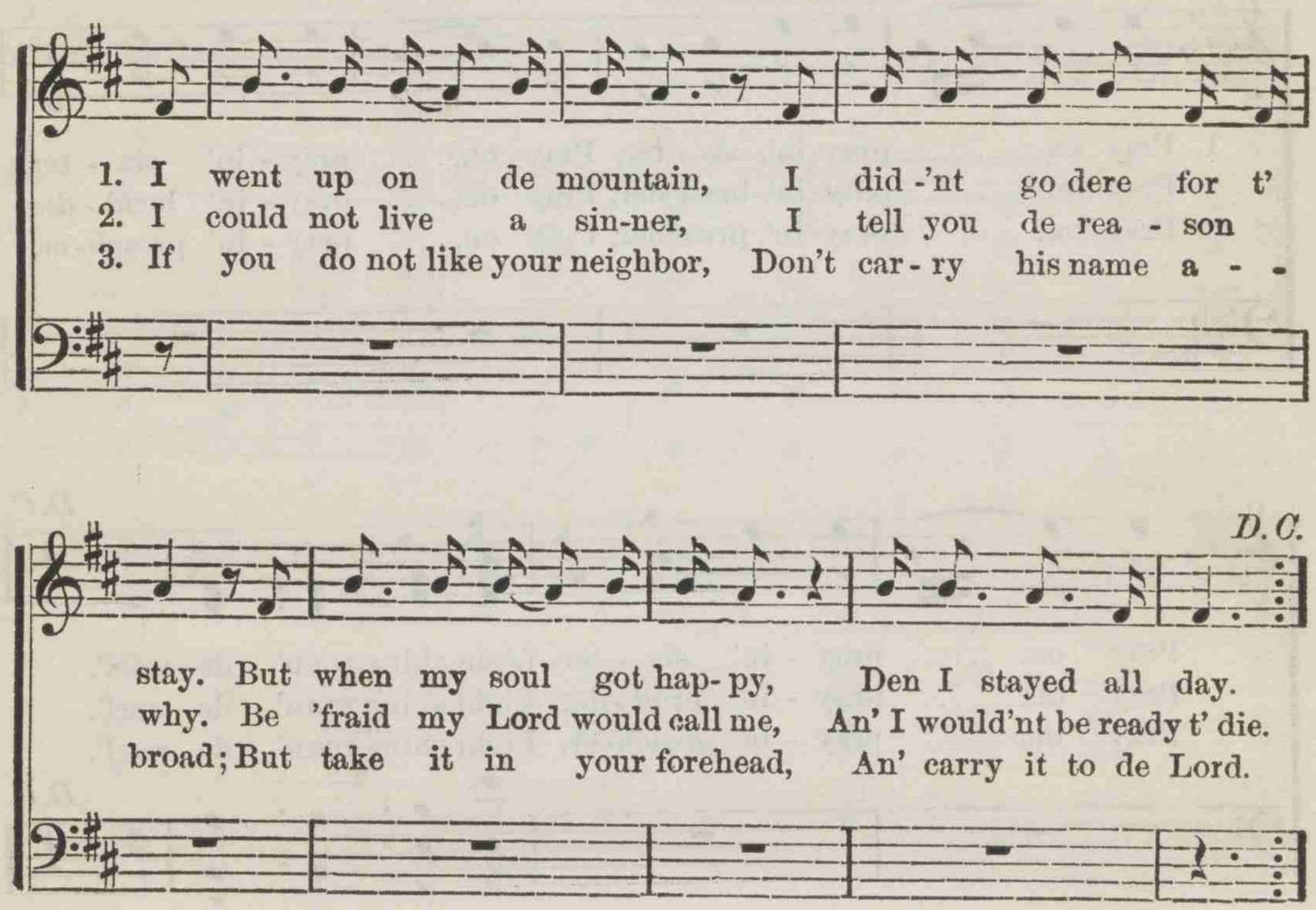
Takes a hum - ble soul to join, In this ar - my.
All .... Chris - tians can join, In this ar - my
Preach - er help us to join, In this ar - my.

D.C.

Tell Jesus.

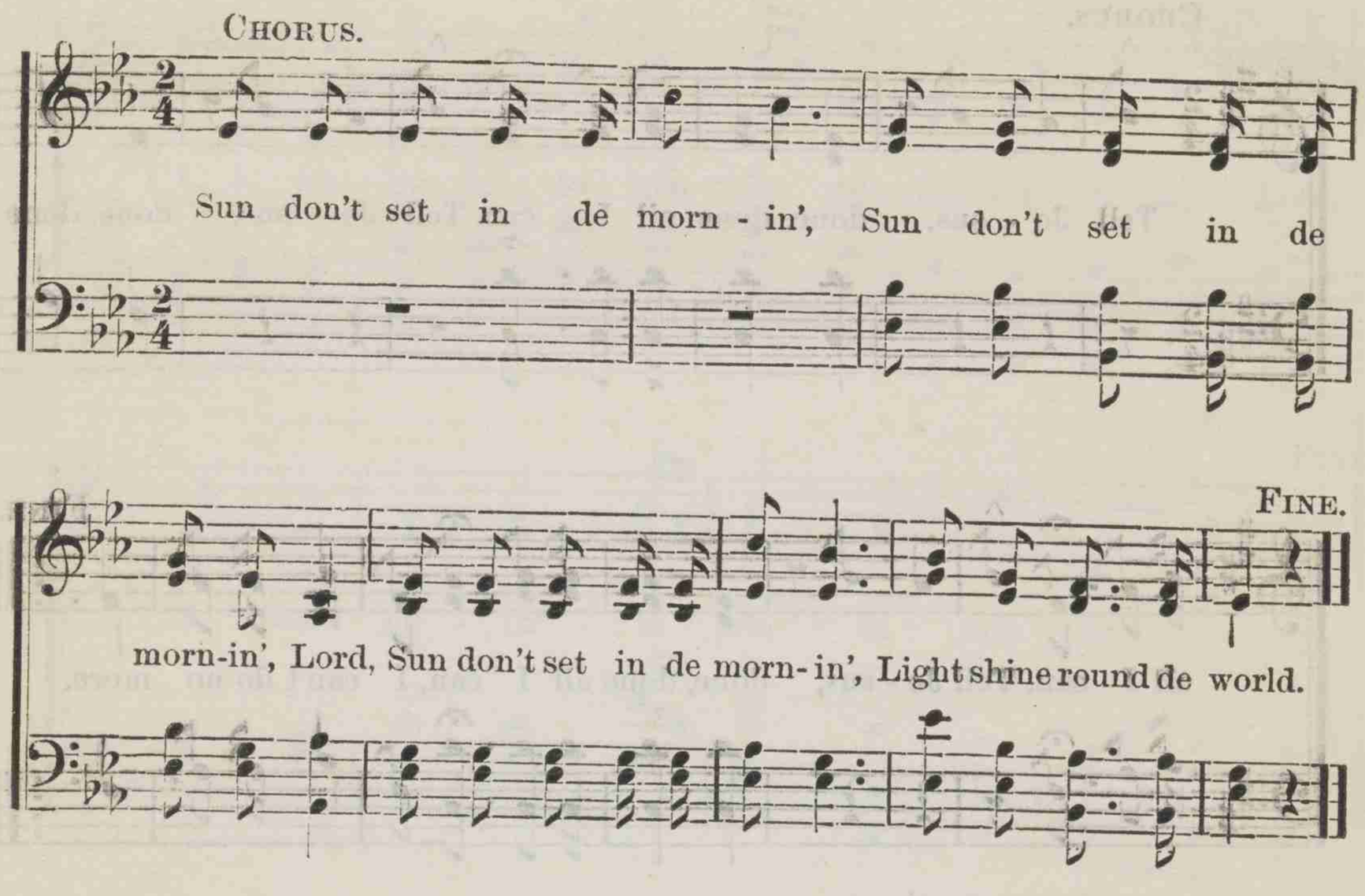
CHORUS.

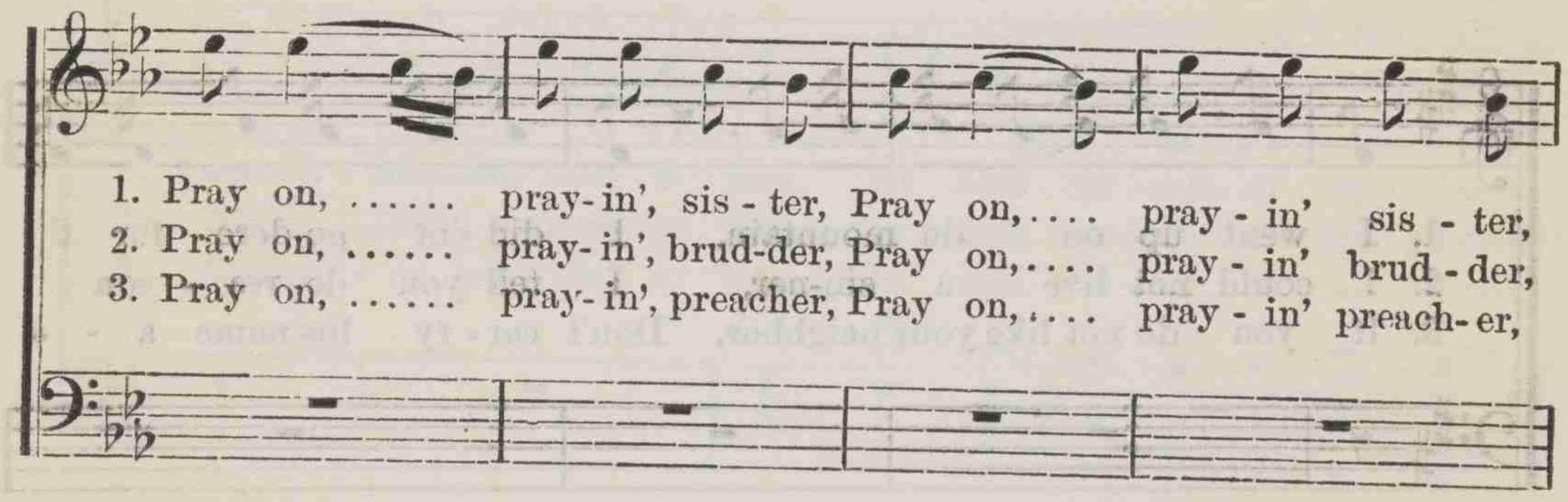




Sun Don't Set in de Mornin'.

CHORUS.







Raslin' Jacob.

CHORUS.

Ras - lin' Ja - cob, let me go, Ras - lin' Ja - cob, let me go,

Ras - lin' Ja - cob, let me go. I will not let you go.

FINE.

1. Day is break - in', Ja - cob, let me go, Day is break-in',
2. If you'll bless my soul, I'll let you go, If you'll bless my
3. When I'm sink - in' down, pit - y me, When I'm sink - in'

Ja - cob, let me go, Day is break - in', Ja - cob,
soul, I'll let you go, If you'll bless my soul, I'll
down, pi - ty me, When I'm sink - in' down,

D.C.

let me go, I will not let you go.
let you go, I will not let you go.
pit - y me, I will not let you go.

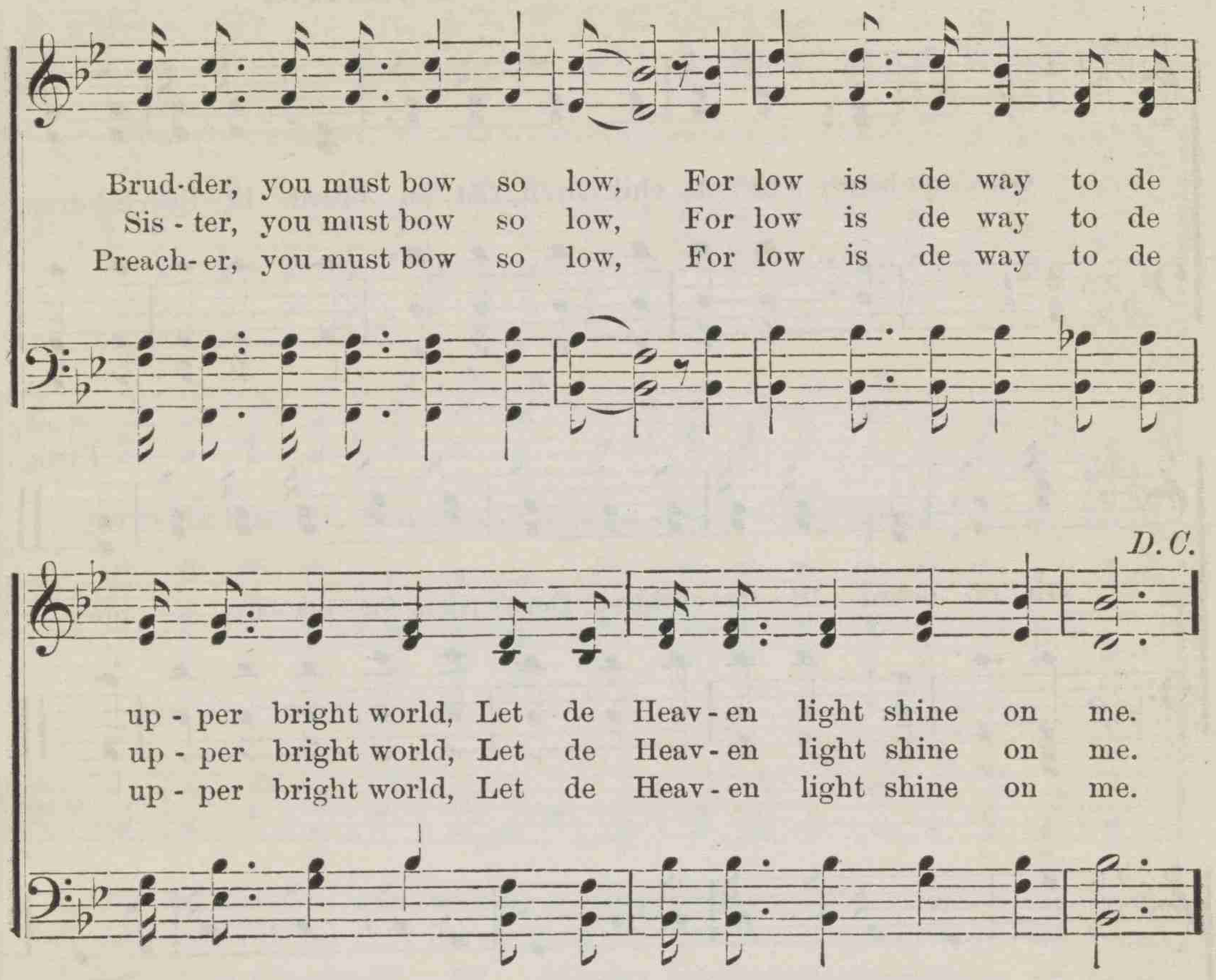
Let de Heaven Light Shine on Me.

CHORUS.



SOLO.

Let de Heaven Light Shine on Me.—*Concluded.*

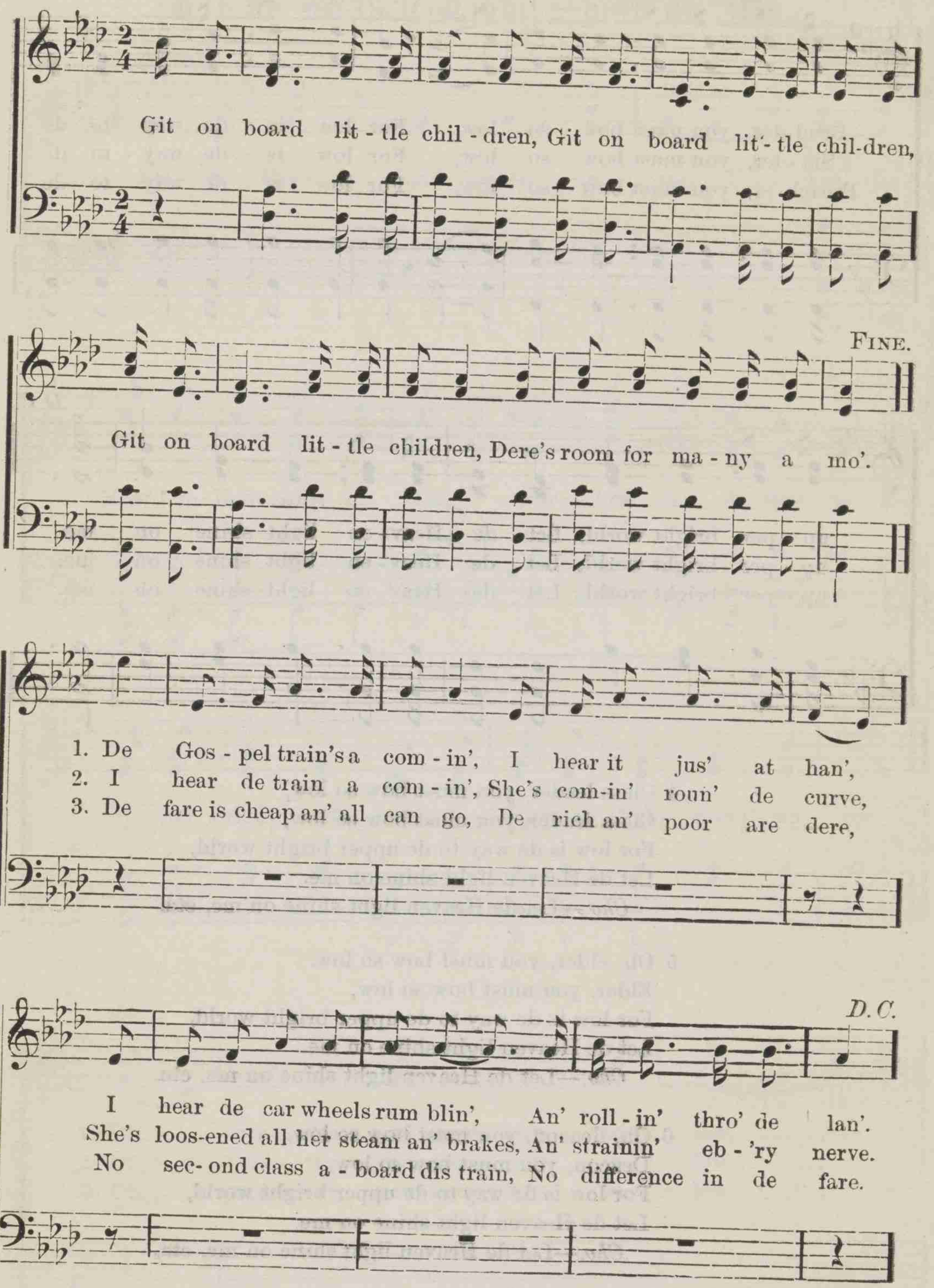


4 Class leader, you must bow so low,
Class leader, you must bow so low,
For low is de way to de upper bright world,
Let de Heaven light shine on me.
Cho.—Let de Heaven light shine on me, etc.

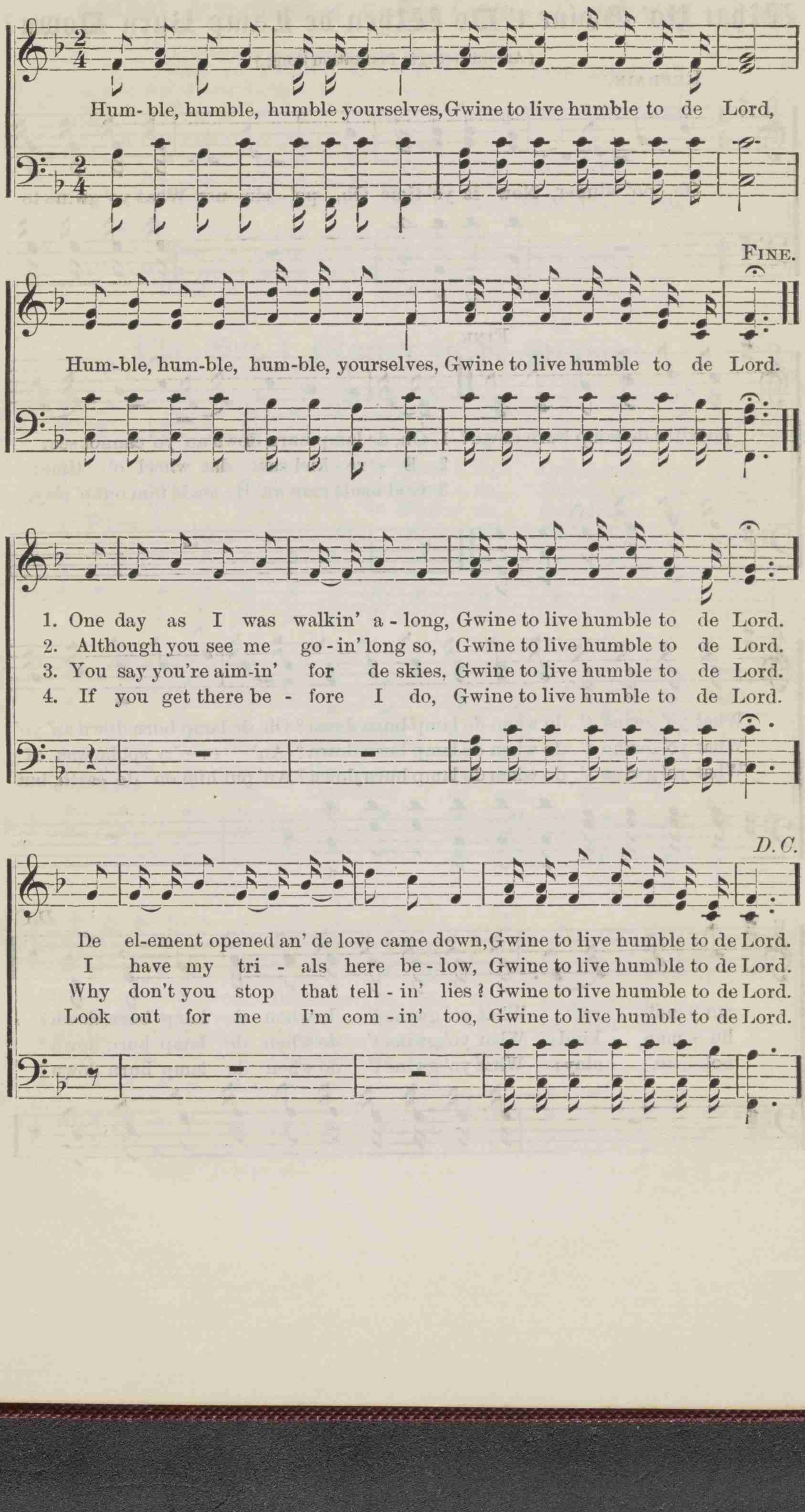
5 Oh, elder, you must bow so low,
Elder, you must bow so low,
For low is de way to de upper bright world,
Let de Heaven light shine on me.
Cho.—Let de Heaven light shine on me, etc.

6 Oh, deacon, you must bow so low,
Deacon, you must bow so low,
For low is de way to de upper bright world,
Let de Heaven light shine on me.
Cho.—Let de Heaven light shine on me, etc.

Git on Board Little Children.



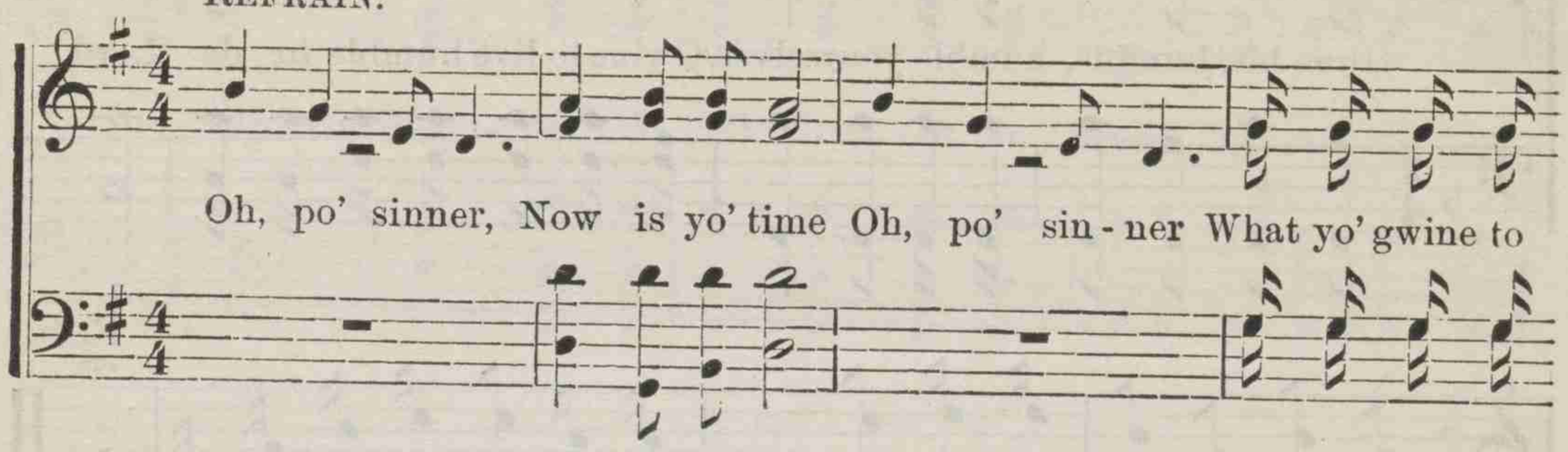
Gwine to Live Humble to de Lord.



What Yo' Gwine t' Do When de Lamp Burn Down?

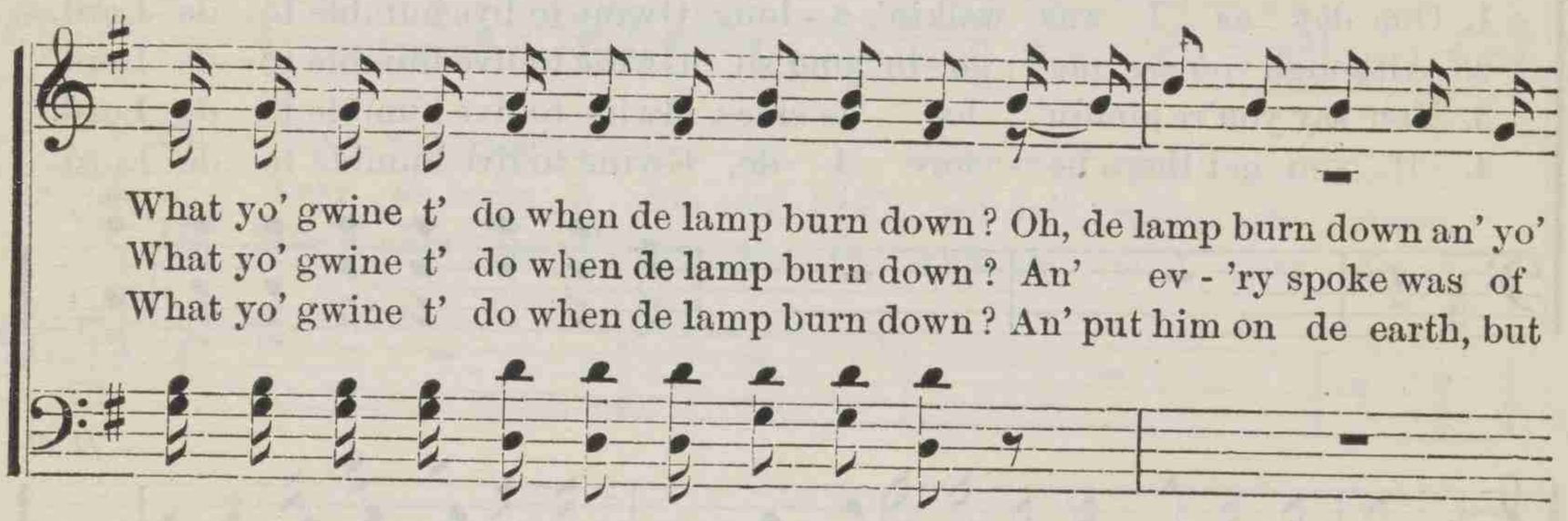
(An old Georgia Plantation Song.)

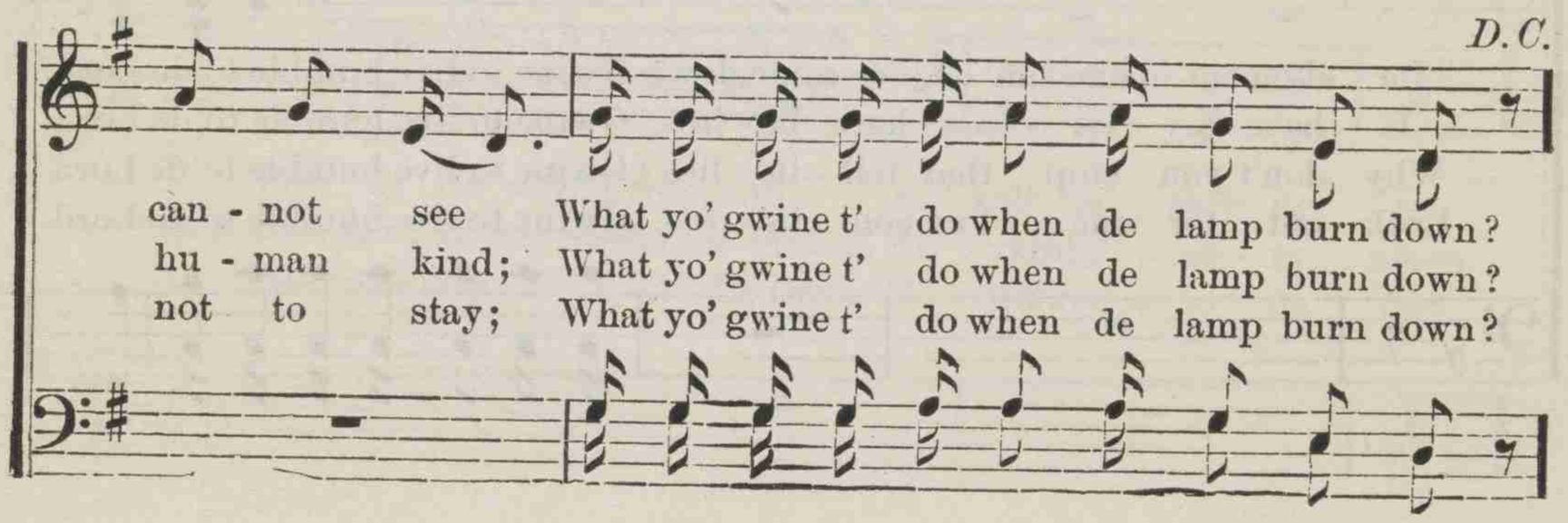
REFRAIN.



FINE.







What Yo' Gwine t' Do? etc.—*Concluded.*

4 Dey cast ole Daniel in de lion's den;
What yo' gwine t' do when the lamp burn down?
An' Jesus locked de lion's jaw;
What yo' gwine t' do when de lamp burn down?—*Ref.*

5 Ole Satan's mad an' I am glad:
What yo' gwine t' do when de lamp burn down?
He miss one soul he thought he had,
What yo' gwine t' do when de lamp burn down?—*Ref.*

6 Ole Satan's a liar an' a conjurer too;
What yo' gwine t' do when de lamp burn down?
If yo' don't mind, he slip it on yo'
What yo' gwine t' do when de lamp burn down?—*Ref.*

I've Got a Mother in de Heaven.



Come Down, Sinner.

(An old Plantation Song in common use in Gloucester County, Va.)



3 ‖: Bow low, bow low.
Bow low, sinner, yo' none too late: :‖
Wen' down de hill t' say my prayer,
Come down, sinner, yo' none too late;
When I got dere, ole Satan was dere,
Come down, sinner, yo' none too late.

4 ‖: Seek hard, seek hard,
Seek hard, sinner, yo' none too late; :‖
What do yo' tink ole Satan say?
Come down, sinner, yo' none too late;
"Jesus dead, an' God gone away,"
Come down, sinner, yo' none too late.

5 ‖: Shout hard, shout hard,
Shout hard, sinner, yo' none too late; :‖
What t' do, I did not know,
Come down, sinner, yo' none to late:
Right back home I had to go,
Come down, sinner, yo' none too late.

6 ‖: Mourn hard, mourn hard,
Mourn hard, sinner, yo' none too late; :‖
Something spoke unto my soul,
Come down, sinner, yo' none too late;
"Go in peace, an' sin no mo',"
Come down, sinner, yo' none too late.

Little David, Play on Your Harp.

CHORUS.

Lit - tle Da - vid, play on.... your harp, Hal - le - lu'...

Hal - le - lu.'

FINE.

..... Lit - tle Da - vid play on.... your harp, Hal - le - lu.'

Hal - le - lu.'

1. God told Mo-ses, O Lord! Go down in - to E - gypt, O Lord!
2. Down in de val-ley, O Lord! Did-n't go t' stay, O Lord! My
3. Come down an-gels, O Lord! With ink an' pen, O Lord! An'

D.C.

Tell ole Pha - ro', O Lord! Loose my peo - ple, O Lord!
soul got hap - py, O Lord! I stayed all day, O Lord!
write sal - va - tion, O Lord! To dy - in' men, O Lord!

Oh, When I Git t' Heaven.

(Old Plantation Song from Alabama.)

Oh, when I git t' Heaven, gwine t' sit right down,
Tell it Tell it Tell it Tell it
Tell it Tell it Tell it Tell it

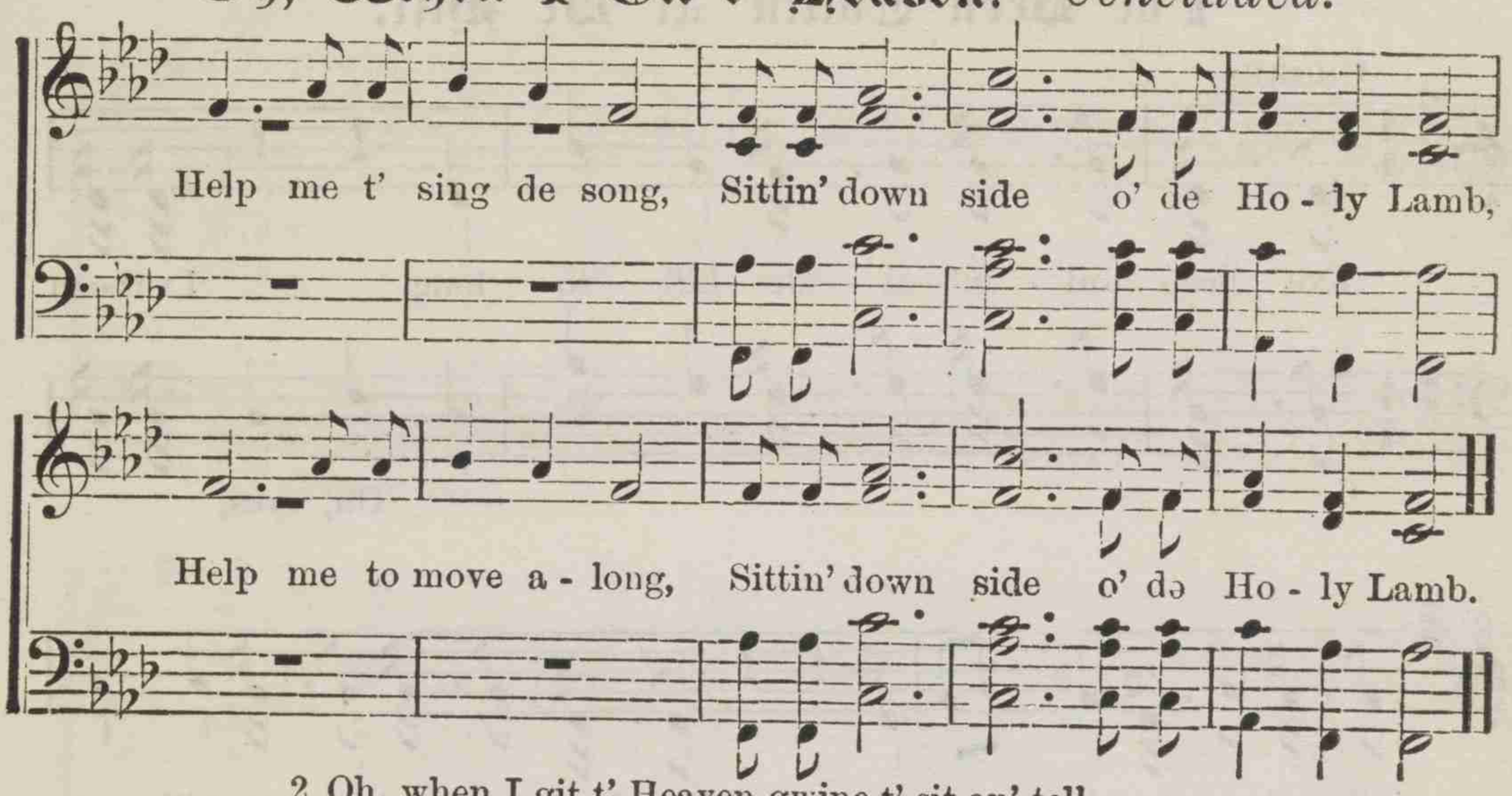
Ask my Lord for a star - ry
Tell it Tell it Tell it
Tell it Tell it Tell it

crown, Sit - tin' down side o' de Ho - ly Lamb.
Tell it
Tell it

REFRAIN.

Fa - ther A - bra - ham, Sit-tin' down side o' de Ho - ly Lamb,
Fa - ther A - bra - ham, Sit-tin' down side o' de Ho - ly Lamb,

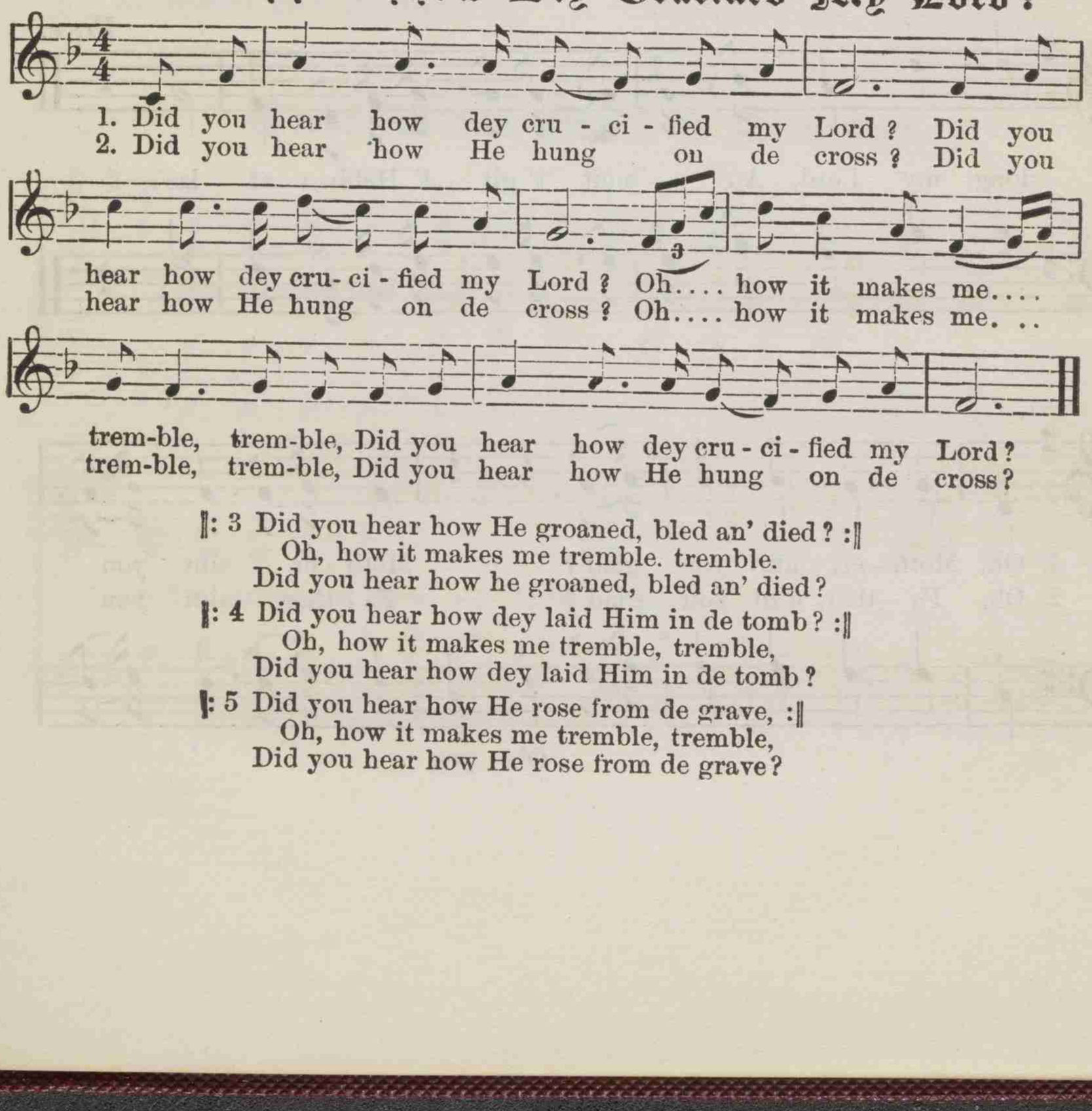
Oh, When I Git t' Heaven.—*Concluded.*



2 Oh, when I git t' Heaven gwine t' sit an' tell,
Three archangels gwine t' ring dem bell,
Sittin' down side o' de Holy Lamb.—*Ref.*

3 Oh, when I git t' Heaven gwine t' ease, ease,
Me an' my God gwine t' do as we please,
Sittin' down side o' de Holy Lamb.—*Ref.*

Did You Hear How Dey Crucified My Lord?



‖: 3 Did you hear how He groaned, bled an' died? :‖
Oh, how it makes me tremble. tremble.
Did you hear how he groaned, bled an' died?

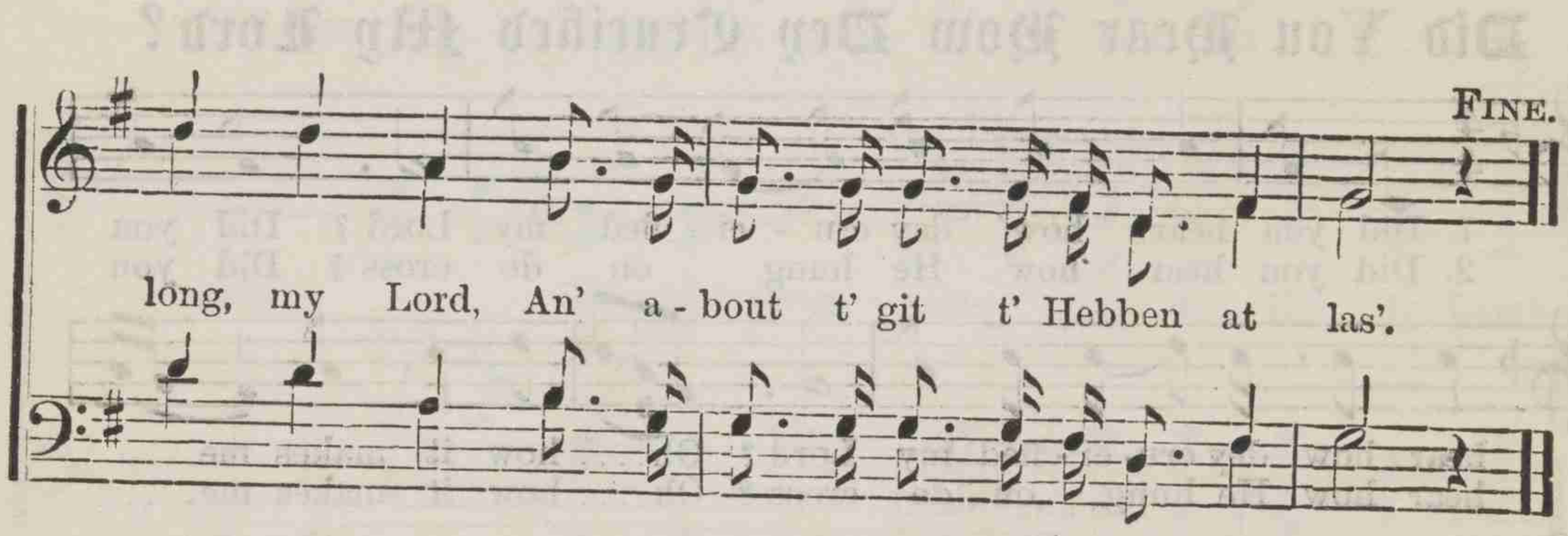
‖: 4 Did you hear how dey laid Him in de tomb? :‖
Oh, how it makes me tremble, tremble,
Did you hear how dey laid Him in de tomb?

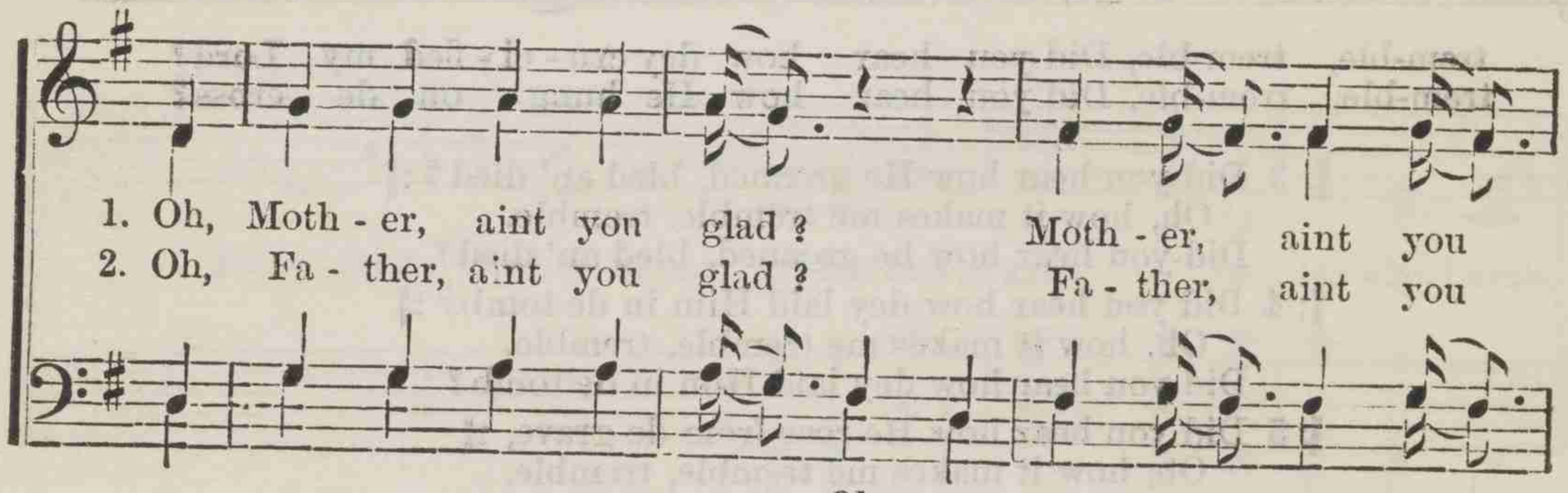
‖: 5 Did you hear how He rose from de grave, :‖
Oh, how it makes me tremble, tremble,
Did you hear how He rose from de grave?

I've Been Toilin' at De Hill.

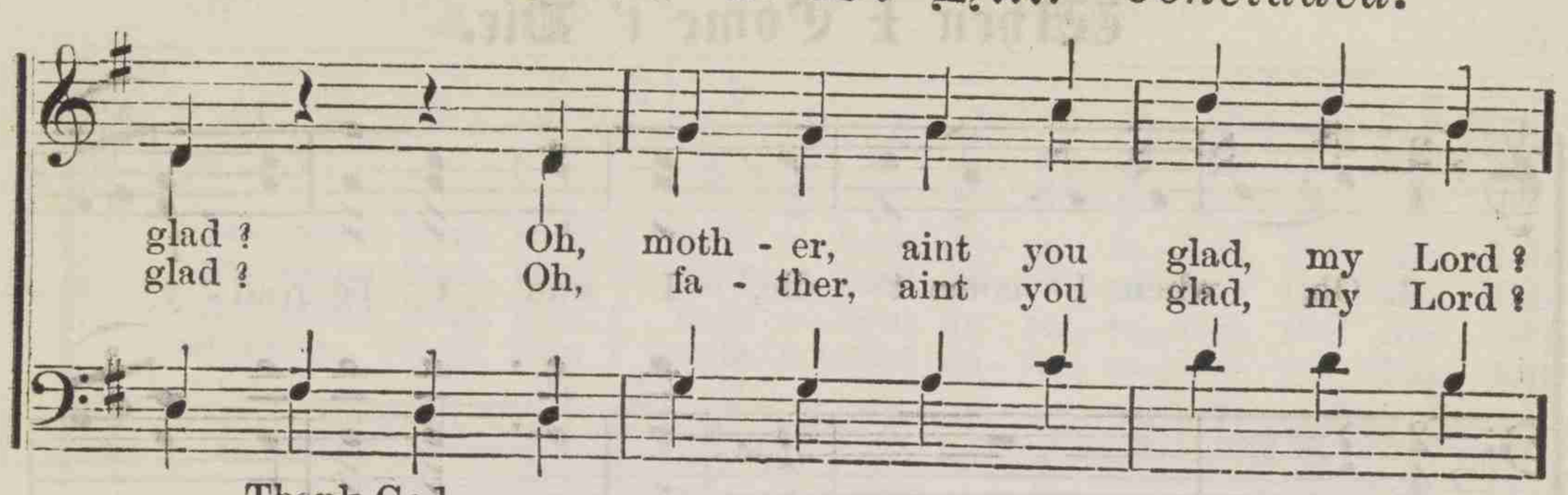
CHORUS.







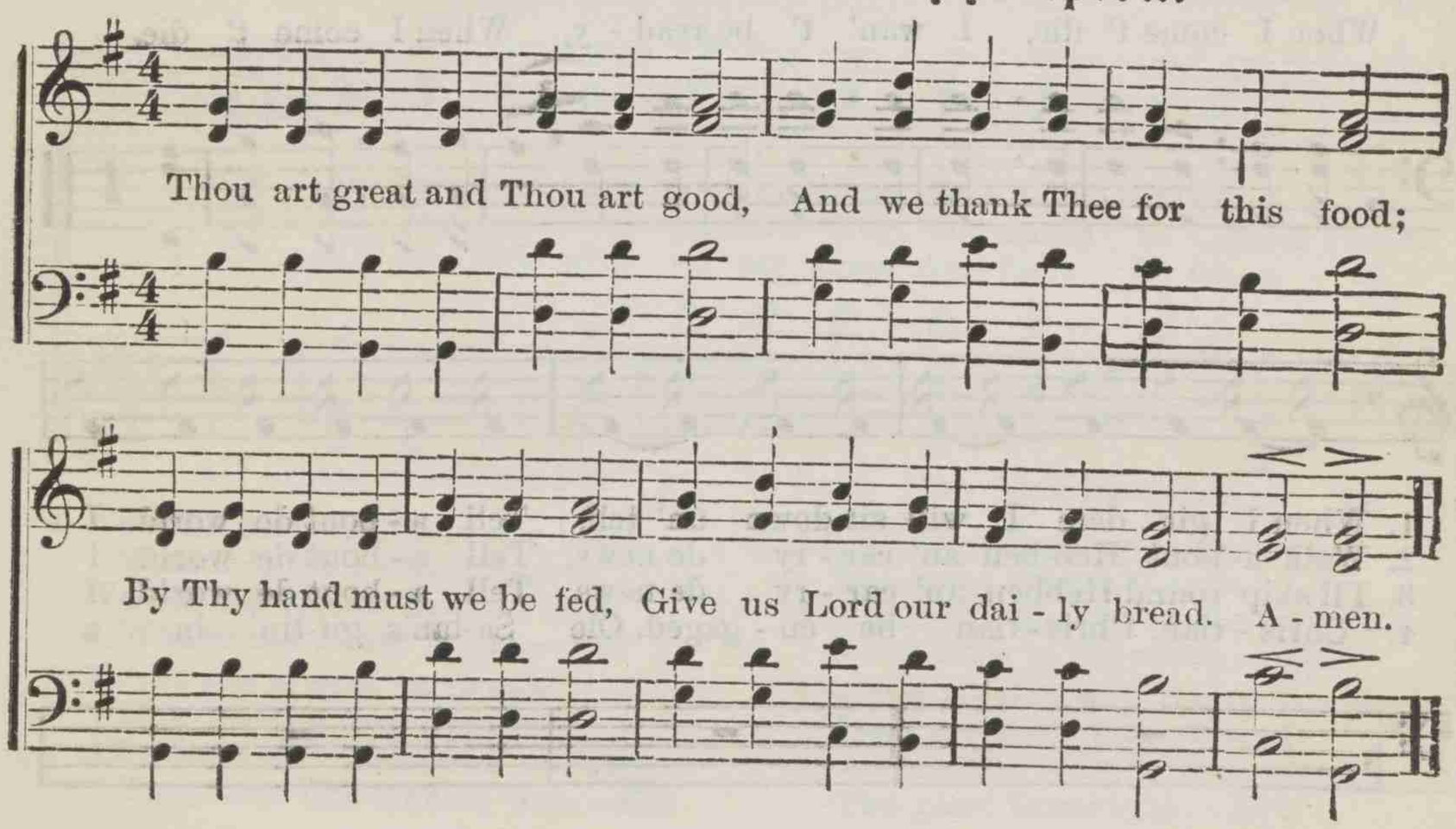
I've Been Toilin' at De Hill.—*Concluded.*



3 Oh, sister. aint you glad?
Sister, aint you glad?
Oh, sister, aint you glad, my Lord?
An' about t' git t' Hebben at las'.
Cho.

4 Oh, brother, aint you glad?
Brother, aint you glad?
Oh, brother, aint you glad, my Lord?
An' about t' git t' Hebben at las'.
Cho.

Grace Before Meat at Hampton.



When I Come t' Die.

1. Oh, when I come t' die, I wan' t' be read - y,
When I come t' die, Wan' t' walk about Je-ru-sa-lem jus' like Job.
When I come t' die, I wan' t' be read - y, When I come t' die.

FINE.

1. When I git dere I will sit down an' tell, Tell a - bout de world I
2. Walk a - bout Heb-ben an' car - ry de news, Tell a - bout de world I
3. I'll skip 'round Hebben an' car - ry de news, Tell a - bout de world I
4. Chris - tian, Chris - tian be en - gaged, Ole Sa-tan's git-tin' in a

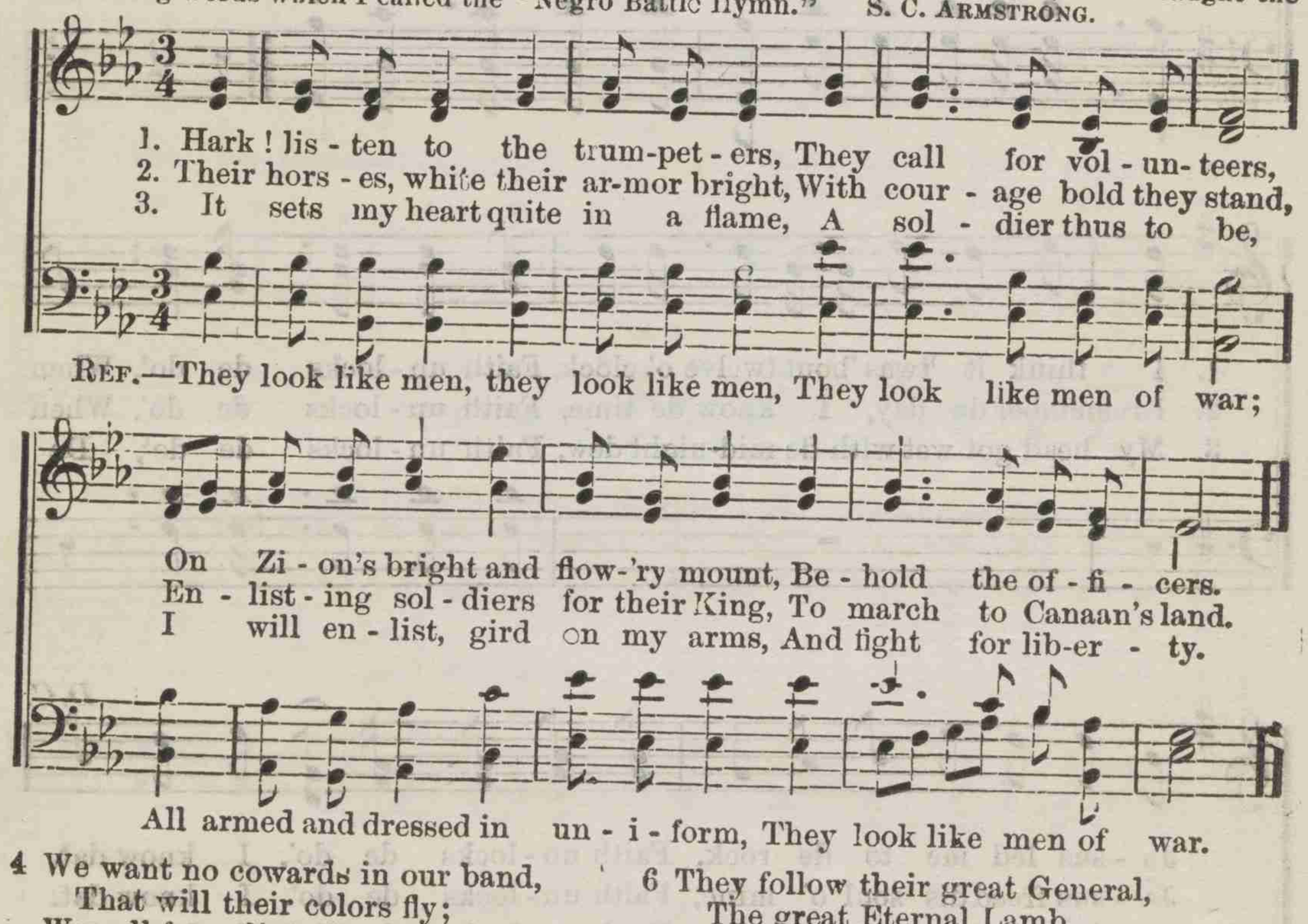
When I Come t' Die.



The Enlisted Soldiers.

(Sung by the men of the U. S. Colored Volunteers.)

NOTE.—While recruiting and drilling the 9th. Regiment, U. S. Colored troops at Benedict, Maryland, in the winter of 1863-64, the men gathered around the camp-fire would sing by the hour the melodies of the plantation slave life that they had just left—not always very melodious; but late one evening I was startled by a magnificent chorus from nearly a thousand black soldiers, that called me from my tent to listen to its most inspiring strains, and I caught the following words which I called the "Negro Battle Hymn." S. C. ARMSTRONG.



4 We want no cowards in our band,
That will their colors fly;
We call for valiant hearted men,
Who're not afraid to die.—*Ref.*

5 To see our armies on parade,
How martial they appear,
All armed and dressed in uniform,
They look like men of war.—*Ref.*

6 They follow their great General,
The great Eternal Lamb,
His garment stained in His own blood,
King Jesus is His name.—*Ref.*

7 The trumpets sound, the armies shout,
They drive the host of Hell,
How dreadful is our God to adore,
The great Immanuel.—*Ref.*

Prayer is de Key of Heaven.

CHORUS.

Prayer is de key of Heav - en, Prayer is de key of Heav -en,

Prayer is de key of Heav-en, Faith un - locks de do' I know dat.

FINE.

1. I think it 'twas 'bout twelve o' clock, Faith un - locks de do', When
2. I remember de day, I know de time, Faith un - locks de do', When
3. My head got wet with de mid-night dew, Faith un - locks de do', De

Je - sus led me to de rock, Faith un - locks de do'. I know dat.
Je - sus freed dis soul o' mine, Faith un - locks de do'. I know dat.
morn-in' star was wit-ness too, Faith un - locks de do'. I know dat.

D. C.

My Soul Wants Something That's New.

CHORUS.

My soul wants something that's new, that's new, My soul wants something that's

new, My soul wants something that's new, that's new, My

FINE.

soul wants something that's new.

1. Dark was the night and cold the ground, On which the Lord was laid,
2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned upon the tree?

His sweat like drops of blood run down, In ag - o - ny He prayed.
A - maz- ing pi - ty, grace un - known, And love be - yond de - gree.

D.C.

I Know I Would Like To Read.

CHORUS.

I know I would like to read, ... like to read,

Like to read a sweet sto - ry of old, I would like to read,

like to read, ... I would like to read a sweet sto-ry of old;

I would like to read, like to read, Like to read a sweet

sto - ry of old, I would like to read, like to read.

I Know I Would Like To Read.—*Concluded.*

FINE.



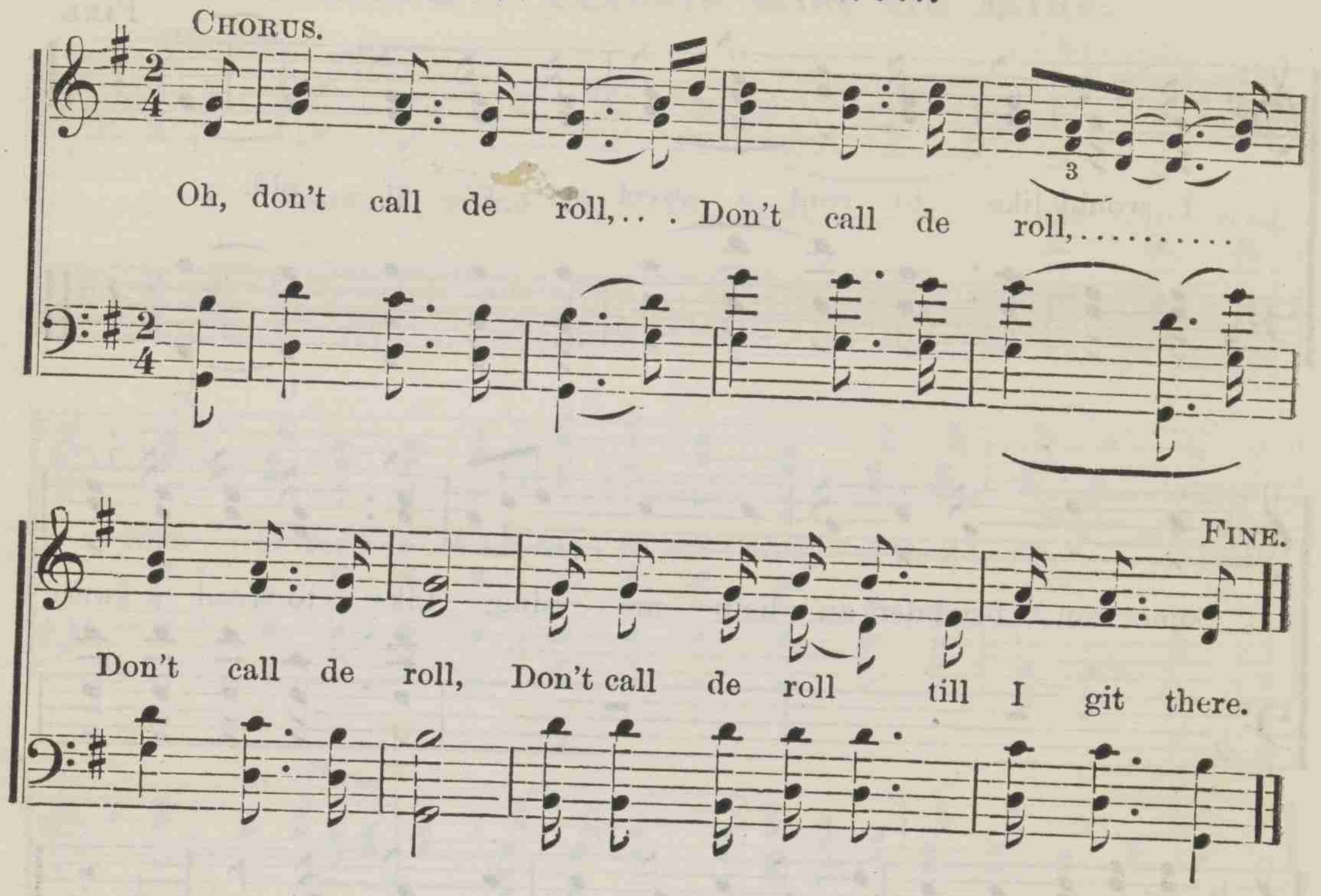
D.C.

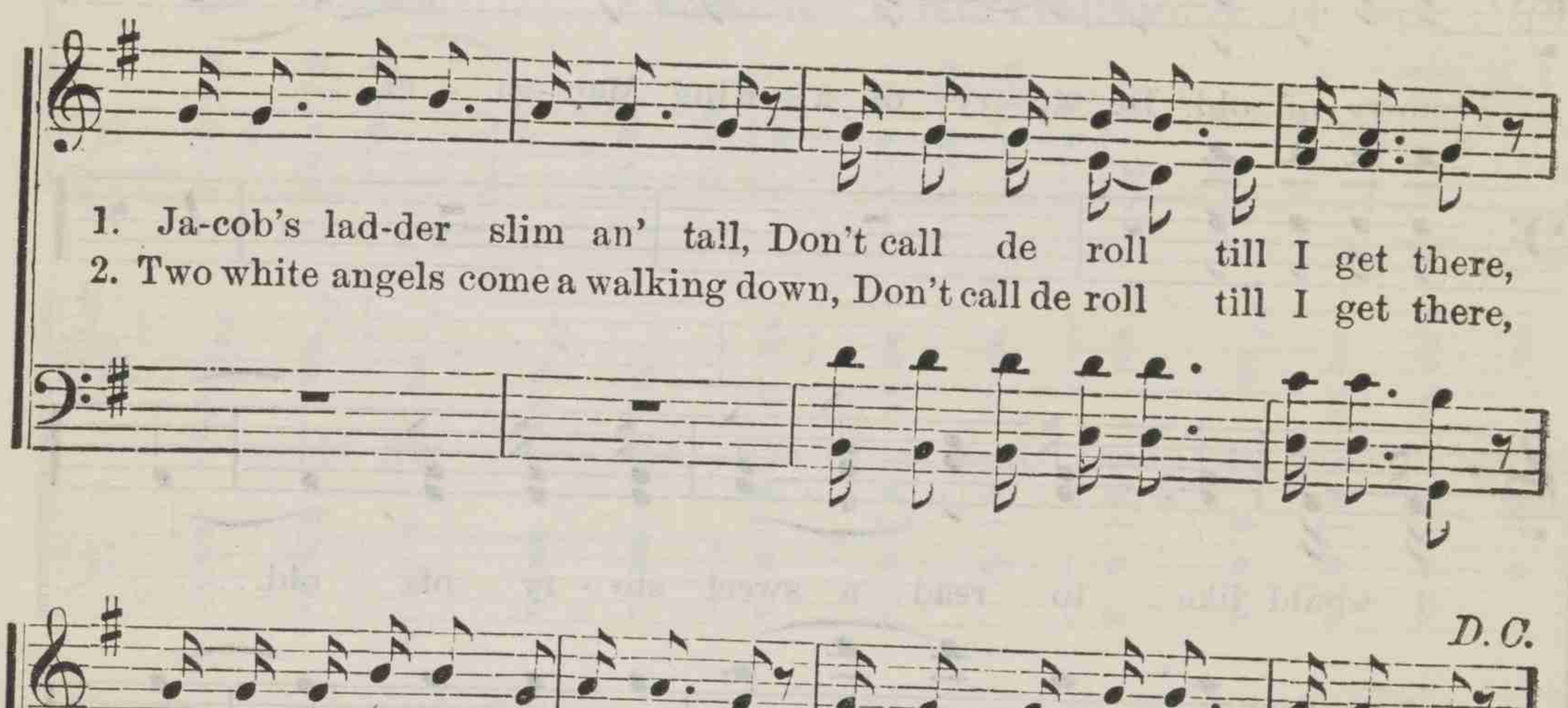
2 If ebber I get up on de other sho'
Like to read a sweet story of old.
By de grace of God I'll come here no mo'
I would like to read a sweet story of old.
Cho.

3 I des wan' to get up on de mountain top,
Like to read a sweet story of old.
I'll praise my God an' nebber stop,
I would like to read a sweet story of old.
Cho.

Don't Call De Roll.

CHORUS.





Jesus Ain't Comin' Here t' Die No Mo'.





1. Vir - gin Ma - ry had one Son, The cru - el Jews had him hung.

2 Hallelujah t' de Lamb,
Jesus died for every man.
But He ain't comin' here t' die no mo',
Ain't comin' here t' die no mo'.

3 He died for yo' He died for me,
He died t' set po' sinner free.
But He ain't comin' here t' die no mo',
Ain't comin' here t' die no mo',

4 He died for de rich, He died for de po'
He ain't comin' here to' die no mo',
But He ain't comin' here t' die no mo',
Ain't comin' here t' die no mo'.

5 He died for de blind, He died for de lame,
He bore de pain an' all de blame.
But He ain't comin' here t' die no mo',
Ain't comin' here t' die no mo'.

Steal Away to Jesus

CHORUS *pp* *p* *m*

Steal a - way, steal a - way, Steal a - way to Je - sus.

m *f* *ff*

FINE.

Steal a - way, steal a - way home, I ain't got long to stay here.

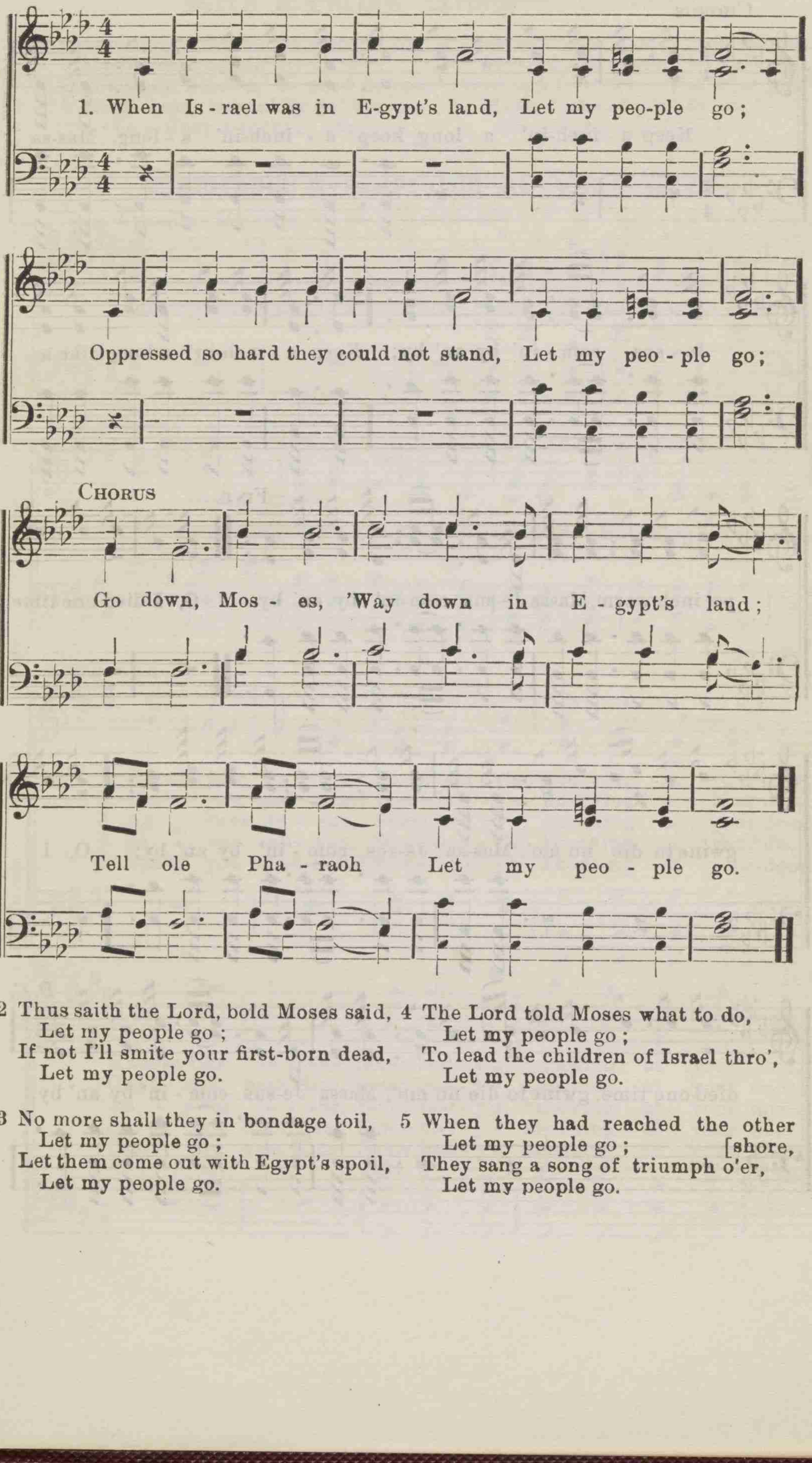
ff

1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun - der;
2. Green trees are bend - ing, Poor sin - ner stands a - trem-bling;
3. Tomb-stones are burst - ing, Poor sin - ner stands a - trem-bling;
4. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the light - ning;

(*die away.*) D.C.

The trumpet sounds with-in-a my soul, I ain't got long to stay here.

Go Down, Moses



2 Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said,
Let my people go;
If not I'll smite your first-born dead,
Let my people go.

3 No more shall they in bondage toil,
Let my people go;
Let them come out with Egypt's spoil,
Let my people go.

4 The Lord told Moses what to do,
Let my people go;
To lead the children of Israel thro',
Let my people go.

5 When they had reached the other shore,
Let my people go;
They sang a song of triumph o'er,
Let my people go.

Keep a-Inchin' Along

CHORUS

Keep a - inch-in' a - long, keep a - inch-in' a - long, Mas-sa

Je - sus com - in' by an' by; Keep a - inch-in' a-long like a

po' inch worm, Massa Je-sus com-in' by an' by. 1. O, I died one time,

gwine to die no mo', Mas-sa Je-sus com - in' by an' by; O, I

died one time, gwine to die no mo', Massa Je-sus com - in' by an' by.

FINE.

D. C.

Keep a-Inchin' Along—*Concluded*

2 O you in de word an' de word in you,
Massa Jesus comin' by an' by;
O you in de word an' de word in you,
Massa Jesus comin' by an' by,
Cho.—Keep a-inchin', etc.

3 How can I die when I'm in de word?
Massa Jesus comin' by an' by;
How can I die when I'm in de word?
Massa Jesus comin' by an' by.
Cho.—Keep a-inchin', etc.

Somebody's Knocking at Your Door



Lord, I Want to be a Christian

1. Lord, I want to be a Christian In - a my heart, in - a my
2. Lord, I want to be more lov - ing In - a my heart, in - a my
3. Lord, I want to be more ho - ly In - a my heart, in - a my
4. I don't want to be like Ju - das In - a my heart, in - a my
5. Lord, I want to be like Je - sus In - a my heart, in - a my

heart, Lord, I want to be a Christian In - a my heart..
heart, Lord, I want to be more lov - ing In - a my heart..
heart, Lord, I want to be more ho - ly In - a my heart..
heart, I don't want to be like Ju - das In - a my heart .
heart, Lord, I want to be like Je - sus In - a my heart..

REFRAIN.

In - a my heart,..... In - a my heart,.....
In - a my heart, In - a my heart,

Lord, I want to be a Chris-tian In - a my heart..
Lord, I want to be more lov - ing In - a my heart..
Lord, I want to be more ho - ly In - a my heart..
I don't want to be like Ju - das In - a my heart..
Lord, I want to be like Je - sus In - a my heart..

Daniel Saw the Stone

CHORUS

Dan - iel saw the stone, Roll - ing,.... roll - ing,

Dan - iel saw the stone Cut out the mountain without hands.

FINE.

1. Nev - er saw such a man be-fore, Cut out the mountain without hands,
2. Dan - iel pray'd in the li - ons' den, Cut out the mountain without hands,
3. Dan - iel pray'd three times a day, Cut out the mountain without hands,

D. C.

Preaching gos-pel to the poor, Cut out the mountain without hands.
Spite of all those wicked men, Cut out the mountain without hands.
Drive the dev - il far a - way, Cut out the mountain without hands.

Listen to de Lambs

Weirdly. pp *p* *f*

Listen to de lambs; Listen to de lambs; Listen to de

Sotto voce.

all a-cry-in', ... all a-cry - in'; ....

1 2 FINE.

lambs cry - in', I want to go to Heaven when I die. O die.

..... all a - cry - in', I want to go to Heaven when I die. O die.

1. Come on sister with your ups an' downs, Want to go to Heaven when I die;
2. Come on sis-ter, an' a-don't be shame, Want to go to Heaven when I die;
3. Mind out brother how you walk de cross, Want to go to Heaven when I die;

D. C.

Angels waiting for to give you a crown, Want to go to Heaven when I die. O
Angels waiting for to write your name, Want to go to Heaven when I die. O
Foot might slip an' your soul get lost, Want to go to Heaven when I die. O

Swing Low

Slow

Swing low, sweet char-i - ot, Coming for to car-ry me home, ... Swing low, sweet

FINE.

char-i - ot, Coming for to carry me home. 1. I looked o - ver Jordan, and 2. If you get there be - 3. I'm some- times up, I'm

what did I see, Coming for to car-ry me home? A band of an- gels
fore I do, Coming for to car-ry me home; Tell all my friends I'm
some-times down, Coming for to car-ry me home: But still my soul feels

D.C.

com - ing af - ter me, Com-ing for to car - ry me home.
com - - ing too; Com-ing for to car - ry me home.
heav - en - ly bound, Com-ing for to car - ry me home.

I Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray



*The interjections used here are not the only ones which can be used, but may be changed according to the emotions of the leader.

† Let this stanza be exceedingly slow, about half as fast as the others, and the Chorus very soft. But go into the Refrain *a tempo*.

I Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray—*Concluded*

ad libitum.

On my knees!.....
In the Jor - dan!....
Trou-bles o - ver!....

mf

could - n't hear no - bod - y pray, A -

With my bur-den!.....
Crossing o - ver!.....
In the king-dom!.....

couldn't hear no-bod-y pray, A-couldn't hear no-bod- y

D. C.

And my Sav - iour!.....
In - to Ca - naan!.....
With my Je - sus!.....

O Lord!
O Lord!
O Lord!

pray, A - couldn't hear no-bod - y pray.

Were You There?

1. Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? (were you there?)
2. Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree? (to the tree?)
3. Were you there when they pierced Him in the side? (in the side?)
4. Were you there when the sun re-fused to shine? (were you there?)
5. Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb? (in the tomb?)

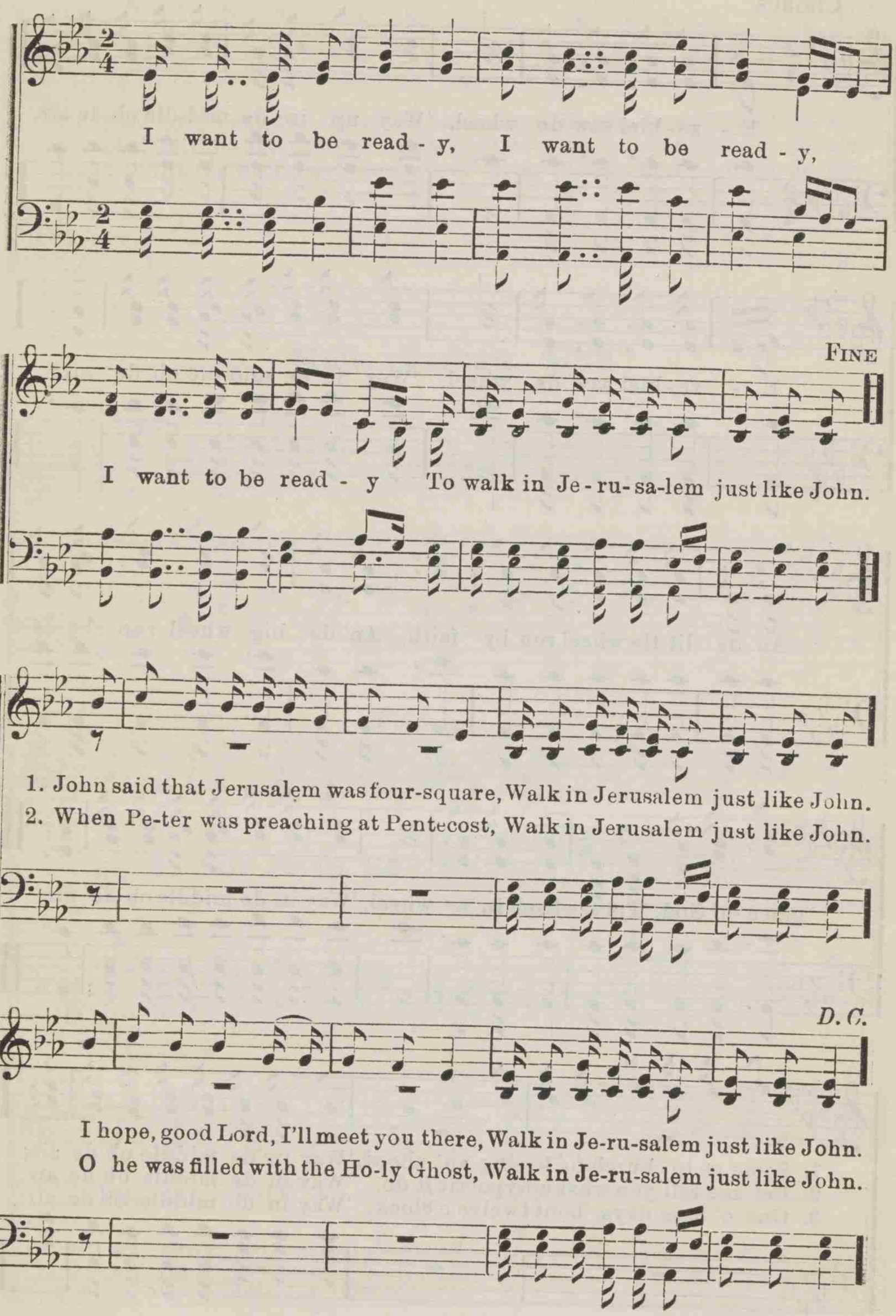
Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? Oh!.....
Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree? Oh!.....
Were you there when they pierced Him in the side? Oh!.....
Were you there when the sun re - fused to shine? Oh!.....
Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb? Oh!.....

Some - times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble,
Some - times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble,
Some - times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble,
Some - times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble,
Some - times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble,

trem - ble, Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
trem - ble, Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?
trem - ble, Were you there when they pierced Him in the side?
trem - ble, Were you there when the sun re - fused to shine?
trem - ble, Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?

I Want to be Ready

CHORUS



Ezekiel Saw de Wheel

CHORUS

E - ze-kiel saw de wheel, 'Way up in de mid-dle ob de air,

E - ze-kiel saw de wheel, 'Way in de mid-dle ob de air;

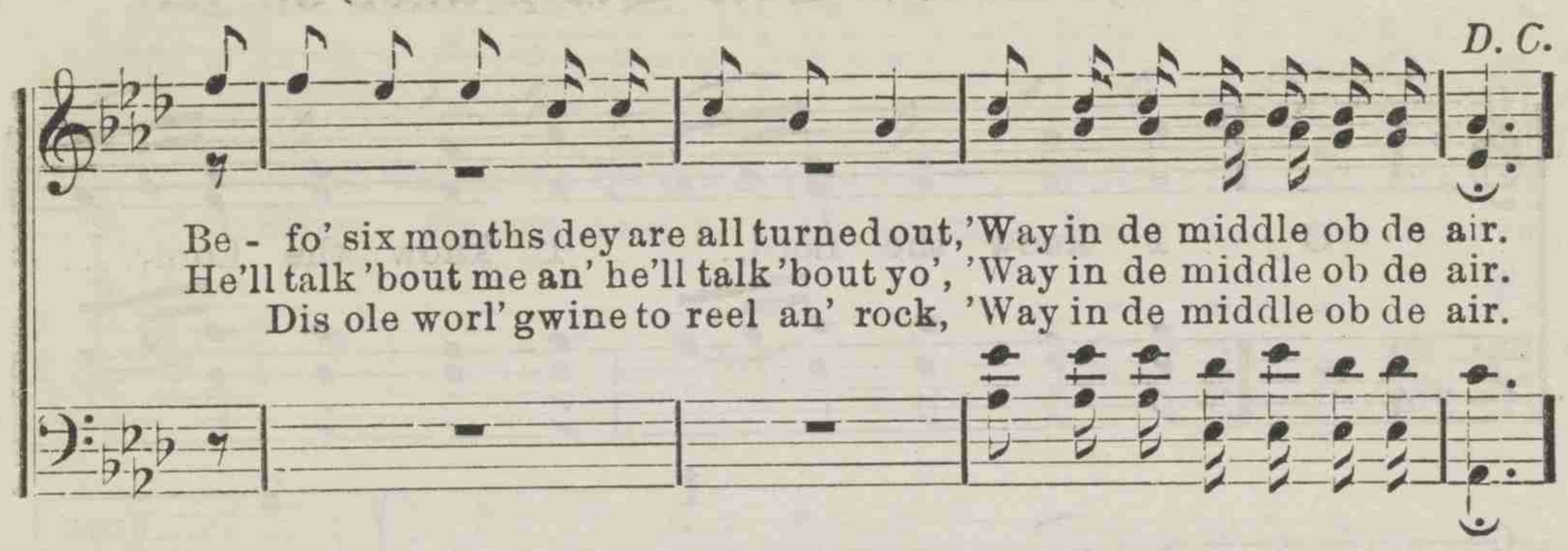
An' de lit-tle wheel run by faith, An' de big wheel run by de

grace ob God, 'Tis a wheel in a wheel, 'Way in de middle ob de air.

FINE.

1. Some go to church fo' to sing an' shout, 'Way in de middle ob de air;
2. Let me tell you what a hypocrit'll do, 'Way in de middle ob de air;
3. One o' dese days, 'bout twelve o'clock, 'Way in de middle ob de air;.

Ezekiel Saw de Wheel—*Concluded*



Roll, Jordan, Roll





I Know the Lord's Laid His Hands on Me

CHORUS

O I know the Lord,.... I know the Lord,....

I know the Lord's laid His hands on me, O hands on me.

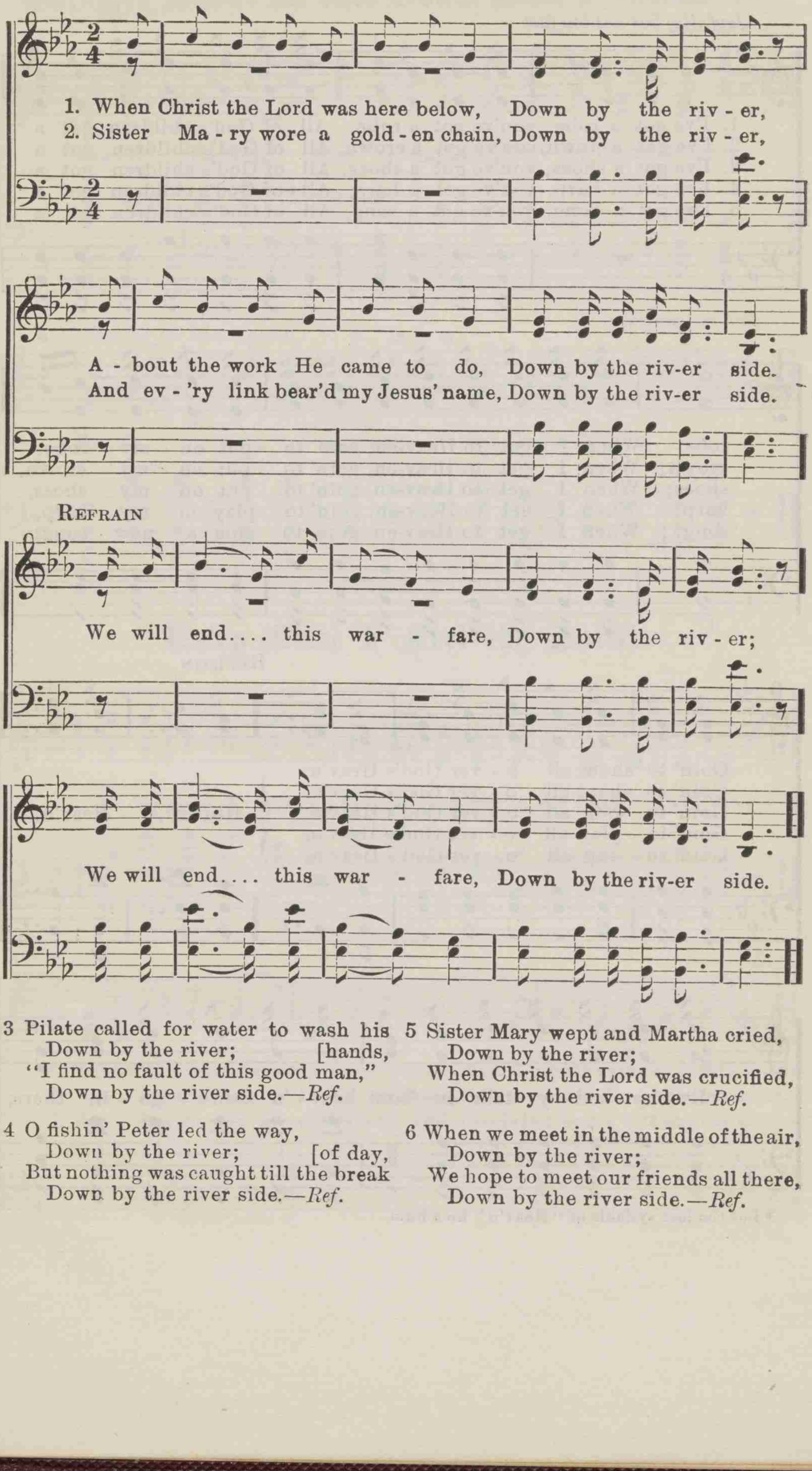
1. Did ev - er you see the like be - fore?
2. O Je - sus preach- ing to the poor.
3. was - n't that a hap - py day,
4. Je - sus washed my sins a - way?

Some seek the Lord and don't seek Him right,
fool all day and pray at night,
My Lord's done just what He said,
healed the sick and raised the dead,

I know the Lord's laid His hands on me, King
I know the Lord's laid His (*Omit.....*)
I know the Lord's laid His hands on me, When
I know the Lord's laid His (*Omit.....*)
I know the Lord's laid His hands on me, They
I know the Lord's laid His (*Omit.....*)
I know the Lord's laid His hands on me, He's
I know the Lord's laid His (*Omit.....*)

hands on me.
hands on me.
hands on me.
hands on me.

Down by the River



3 Pilate called for water to wash his hands,
Down by the river;
"I find no fault of this good man,"
Down by the river side.—*Ref.*

4 O fishin' Peter led the way,
Down by the river;
But nothing was caught till the break of day,
Down by the river side.—*Ref.*

5 Sister Mary wept and Martha cried,
Down by the river;
When Christ the Lord was crucified,
Down by the river side.—*Ref.*

6 When we meet in the middle of the air,
Down by the river;
We hope to meet our friends all there,
Down by the river side.—*Ref.*

Going to Shout all over God's Heav'n

Joyfully, but not too fast

1. I've got a robe, you've got a robe, All of God's children got a robe;
2. I've got a crown, you've got a crown, All of God's children got a crown;
3. I've got a shoes, you've got a shoes, All of God's children got a shoes;
4. I've got a harp, you've got a harp, All of God's children got a harp;
5. I've got a song, you've got a song, All of God's children got a song; ;

When I get to Heav-en, goin' to put on my robe,
When I get to Heav-en, goin' to put on my crown,
When I get to Heav-en, goin' to put on my shoes,
When I get to Heav-en, goin' to play on my harp,
When I get to Heav-en, goin' to sing a new song;

REFRAIN

Goin' to shout all o - ver God's Heav'n.
Goin' to shout all o - ver God's Heav'n.
Goin' to walk all o - ver God's Heav'n.
Goin' to play all o - ver God's Heav'n.
Goin' to sing all o - ver God's Heav'n.

Heav'n*, Heav'n,

Ev - 'ry - bod - y talk - in' 'bout heav - 'n ain't go - in' there,

* Let the last syllable of "Heav'n" be a hum

Going to Shout all over God's Heav'n—*Concluded*



Ev'ry Time I Feel the Spirit



Want to Go to Heaven When I Die

1. Want to go to Heav-en when I die, Want to go to Heav - en
2. Want to see my mother when I die, Want to see my moth - er
3. Want to see my fa-ther when I die, Want to see my fa - ther
4. Want to see my sis-ter when I die, Want to see my sis - ter
5. Want to see my Je- sus when I die, Want to see my Je - sus

when I die, Want to go to Heav-en when I die; Good Lord,
when I die, Want to see my mother when I die; Good Lord,
when I die, Want to see my fa-ther when I die; Good Lord,
when I die, Want to see my sis - ter when I die; Good Lord,
when I die, Want to see my Je - sus when I die; Good Lord,

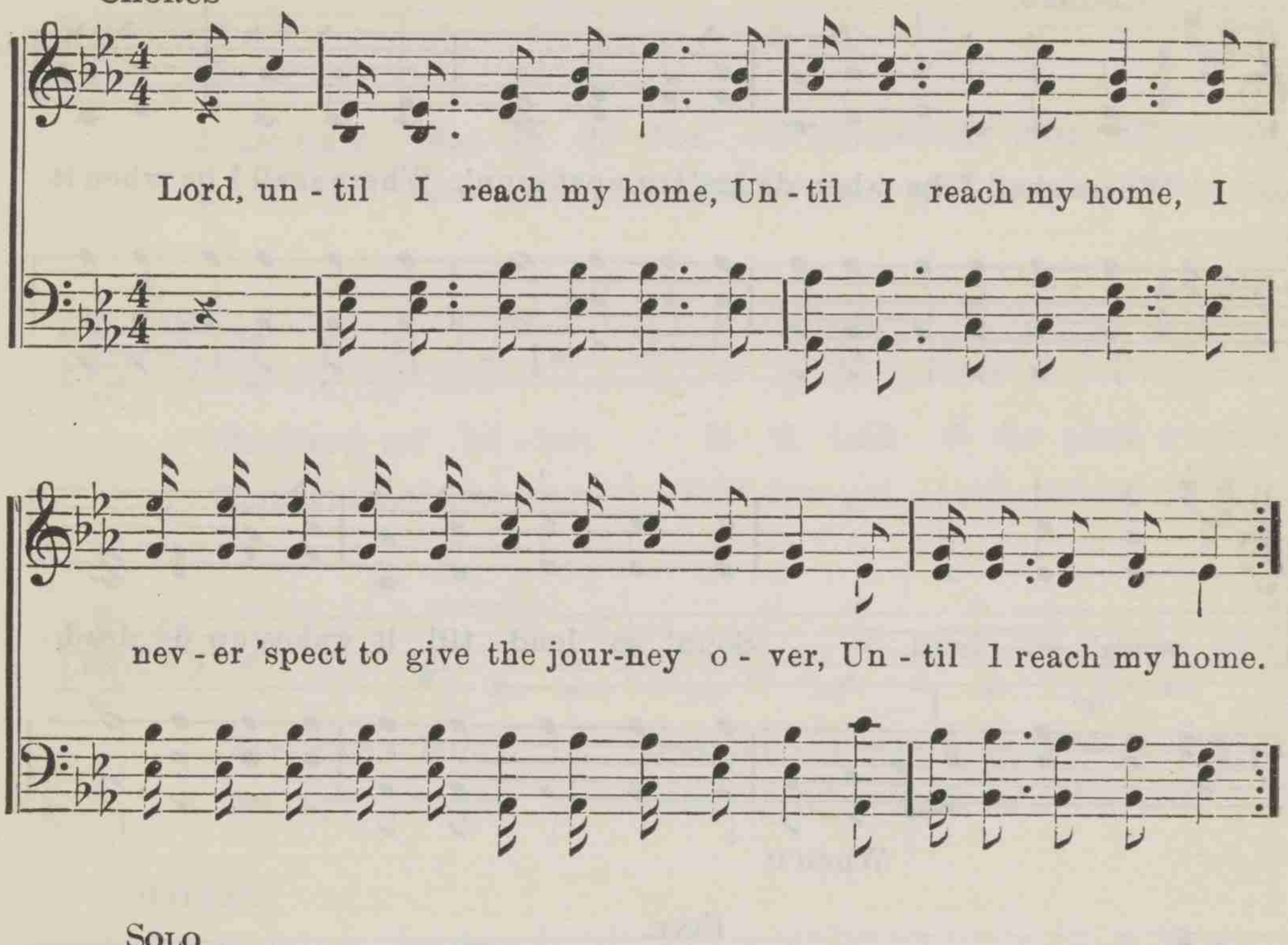
when I die, Good Lord, when I die, Good Lord, when I die,

Good Lord, when I die, Good Lord, when I die.

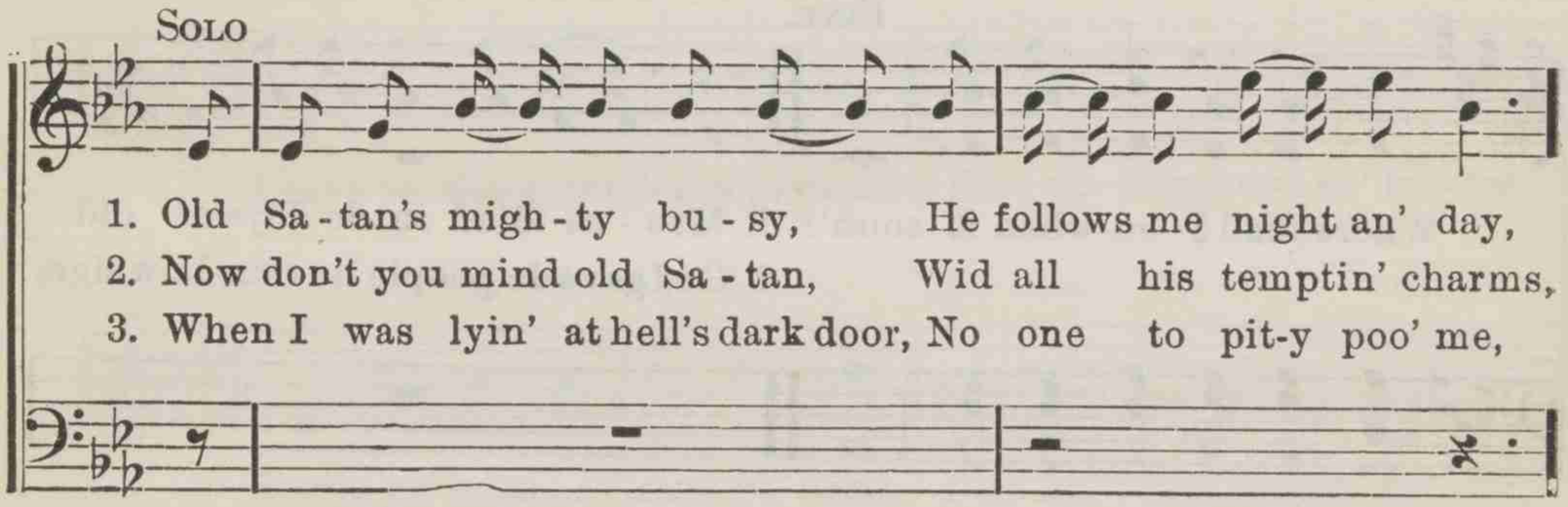
LEADER—Shout o-ver!

Lord, Until I Reach My Home

CHORUS



SOLO



Where Shall I Be When de Firs' Trumpet Soun'?

CHORUS

Where shall I be when de firs' trumpet soun', Where shall I be when it soun' so loud, Soun' so loud till it wakes up de dead, When it

FINE.

Where shall I be when it soun'? 1. Mos - es died in de days of old,
2. God gave de people de rain-bow sign,

D. C.

Where shall I be? Where he was buried has never been told, Where shall I be? Oh,
Where shall I be? No more water, but fire next time, Where shall I be? Oh,

Rise Up, Shepherd, an' Foller

(CHRISTMAS PLANTATION SONG)



1. Dere's a Star in de Eas' on Christmas morn, Rise up,
2. If yo' take good heed to de an - gel's words, Rise up,



Shepherd, an' fol - ler; It 'll lead t' de place where de
Shepherd, an' fol - ler; Yo'll for - get yo' flocks, yo'll for-



Sav - iour's born,.... Rise up, Shepherd, an' fol - ler;
get yo' herds,... Rise up, Shepherd, an' fol - ler;

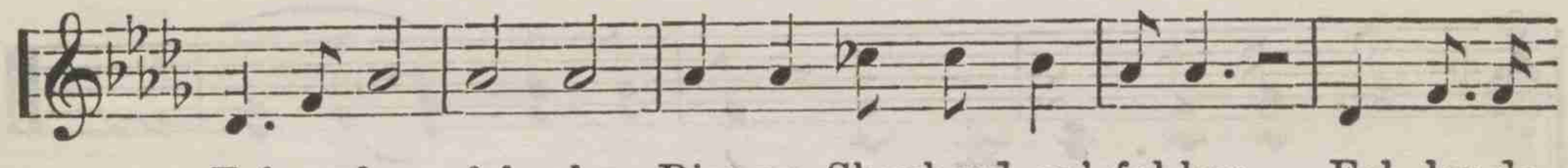
REFRAIN



Leave yo' sheep and leave yo' lambs, Rise up, Shepherd, an' fol- ler,



Leave yo' ewes an' leave yo' rams, Rise up, Shepherd, an' fol - ler;



Fol - ler, fol - ler, Rise up, Shepherd, an' fol-ler; Fol - ler de



Star o' Beth-le - hem,.... Rise up, Shepherd, an' fol - ler.

Go Tell it on de Mountain

(CHRISTMAS PLANTATION SONG)

1. When I was a seek - er I sought both night an' day,
2. He made me a watch-man Up - on a cit - y wall,

I ask' de Lord to help me, An' He show' me de
An' if I am a chris - tian, I am de least of

CHORUS

way..... Go tell it on de moun - tain,
all.....

O - ver de hills an' ev - er - y - where; Go

tell it on de moun - tain, Dat Je - sus Christ is born.

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